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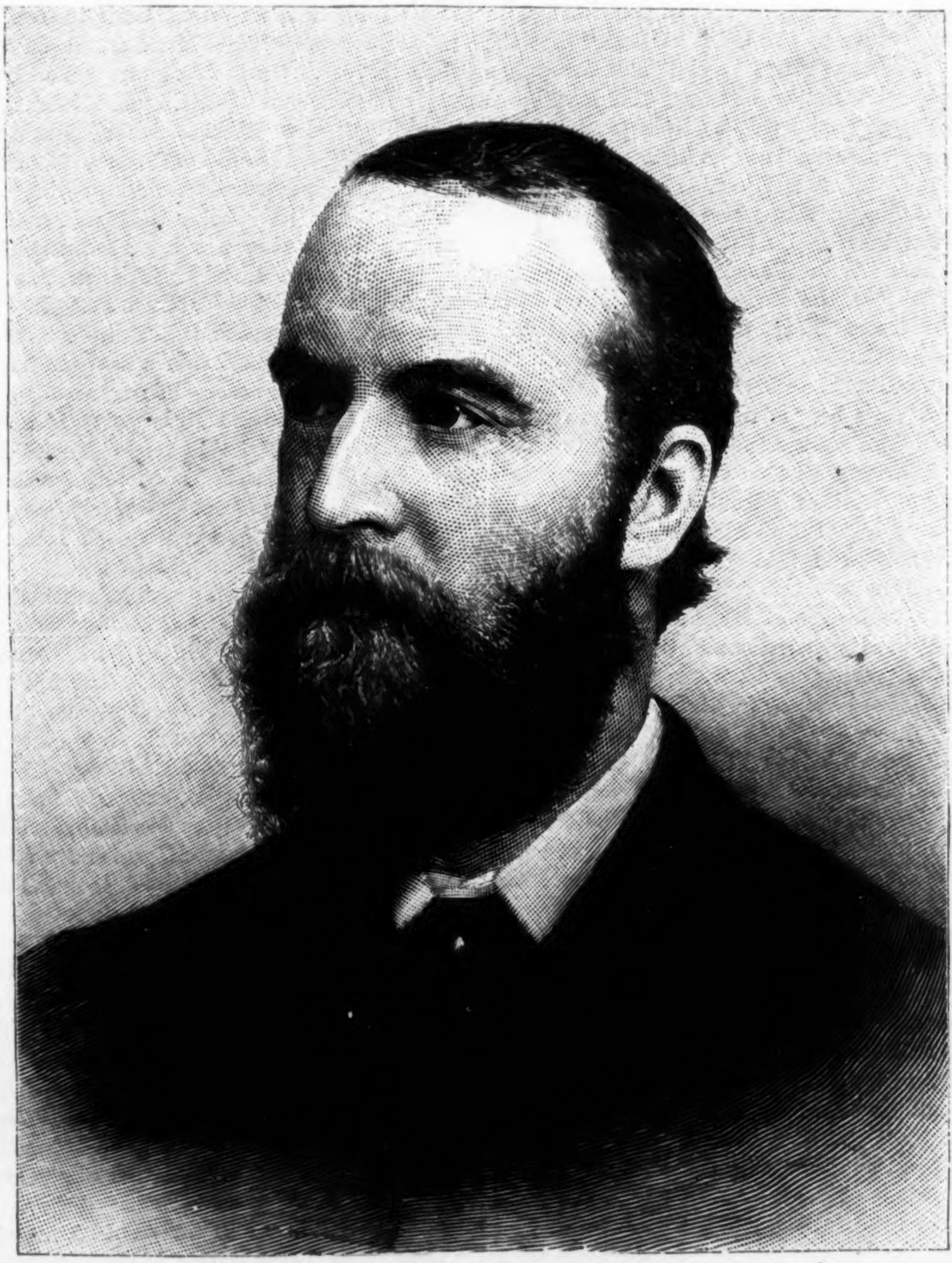
PARNELL.

By NORTON RICHARDSON.

THE month of roses, the June of 1846, presented to "Ould Ireland," and to the world, Charles Stewart Parnell. The babe that was destined within so short a space of time to convulse an empire upon which the sun never sets, and to give hope-throbbings to millions of warmest hearts, was born at Avondale, in one of the loveliest valleys in the beautiful County of Wicklow, a very garden in Erin. Avondale is a four hours' journey from dear dirty Dublin, and is reached by railway—one of the most picturesque excursions in the wide world. The pilgrim who would visit this Mecca takes the train at Westland Row Depot for Rathdrum. He passes along the coast, and close to the sad sea waves, by Sandymount and Booterstown, Blackrock and Salthill, to Kingstown. On his left lies the North Wall and the Pigeon House Fort, wherein, in the days of Parnell's grandfather, travelers desirous of crossing to England were detained for weeks by adverse winds; the packet-boats of those days differing rather materially from the ocean palaces of this year of grace. Poolbeg Lighthouse marks the mouth of the River Liffey where it debouches into Dublin Bay, and seven miles away, across the blue waters, stands the Hill of Howth, "eternal Howth," exquisitely green, if not adorned in its Summer and Autumnal robe of imperial purple heather. Sandymount is the paradise of clerks on $500 per annum; Booterstown claims the knights of the desk at $1,500; Blackrock aspires to $2,500; and Salthill goes into the four figures. Terraces and cottages and villas line the railway, and, in the distance, the



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Dublin Mountains, from the Three Rocks to Montpelier, present the most charming of backgrounds. Kingstown being the mail-packet station, and having two piers, three club-houses, and a town-hall, is a very pretentious place, but it is not good style, and is wofully snubbed by Salthill and by Killiney. From Kingstown to Dalkey the pilgrim is borne through deep cutting and into a tunnel, from whence he emerges to be greeted with so much beauty of hill and dale, and valley and mist, and sea and shore, as to call forth a mental exclamation of rapture and delight. Away to the right, the eye passing over a sea of softest greenery, are the Wicklow Mountains, with Djouce standing as an outpost, and the Sugar Loaves, like two sentinels, guarding the passes into the Glen of the Downs; Killiney Hill, dappled with picturesque villas peeping coquettishly from out blazing tufts of "blossoming furze unprofitably gay," shields the Vale of Shanganah, nestling in keenest, fullest verdure; and the eye, following the scimitar shaped coast, dwells upon frowning Bray Head and the bright-looking little town of Bray. The railway runs through Bray Head, and on the verge of giddy precipices and sheer and gruesome depths, striking Greystones, and the town of Wicklow, the green velvet sod of whose Murrough is as famous as that of the Curragh of Kildare. Running close to the Devil's Glen, "that the devil ne'er was in, or anything like sin," and through a most enchantingly picturesque country, the iron horse deposits the pilgrim at Rathdrum, where a jarvey of the good "ould anshint patthern" awaits him, and offers to "rowl his body to Avondale and his sowl to glory."

"Is it Avondale, avic, the place where our great Misther Parnell was born? Be the hole in me coat, it's the celebratetest mansi'n in the whole world now, more nor the Castle av Dublin, the curse o' Cromwell on it, or the Four Coorts aither. Faix, yer sittin' on the sate our darlint sat on last Monda' was a fortnight, an' he wid the weight of the Parli'mint on his showldhers, he says to me, says he, 'Ned,' says he, 'is this the little mare that done the rood from Glenmalure to Glendalough inside of the fringe of an hour wid Misther Corbet and me?' says he. 'Thrue for ye, Misther Parnell,' says I. 'Then,' says me jewel, says he, 'I'll pay double fare any day for to sit behind her'—and that's the very baste that's rowlin' ye over to Avondale this blessed minit."

The road to the residence of Mr. Parnell is literally embowered in foliage, the interlacing of the trees overhead producing a refreshing shade, while the hedges and banks on either side are luminous with ferns and lichens and mosses.

The entrance to Avondale, as will be seen in our illustration, is of the old-fashioned style—great stone pillars, with plain iron gates, seldom if ever closed. The lodge is picturesque, and under the protecting boughs of enormous trees. The drive up to the house is partly beneath densest foliage. The home of Ireland's uncrowned king is a massive structure, and of a style of architecture to be found all over the Emerald Isle: an oblong square, with some little attempt at ornamentation on the façade, in the form of portico and entablature. It is essentially a snug residence, more than an imposing one; although, viewing it from the river, as in our illustration, it stands out boldly, if not handsomely, backed by extensive woods. In this river "Charlie" Parnell learned to snare his first trout, and in the grove behind the house he fired his first shot. Apropos of shooting, Mr. Parnell is a devoted sportsman, and the 12th of August would find him on the Wicklow Hills after the grouse, did the exigencies of Parliament permit. As it is, he rushes off to Aughavana with his devoted friend and adherent, Mr. William Corbet, senior Member of Parliament for the County of Wicklow, to a shooting-box owned by Mr. Corbet, where the two bag grouse and talk over Ireland a Nation. Mr. Corbet is the proud possessor of the finest breed of Irish red setter in the wide world, and his beautiful seat, Spring Farm, has a reputation for hospitality nobly won, and as nobly maintained.

Ere we enter the halls of Avondale, let us briefly see who Mr. Parnell is? The family of Parnell comes from Congleton, in Cheshire, and it is from this town that one branch, raised to the peerage, has taken its title. Thomas Parnell, the poet, was one of the family. The Parliamentary distinction dates, in the Parnell family, from the early part of the last century. John Parnell was Member for Maryborough in the Irish House of Commons, one hundred and fifty years ago. He was son of a Judge of the Queen's Bench. He died in 1782, and was immediately succeeded by his son John, afterward Sir John. In 1787, Sir John was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. John Henry Parnell, who was grandson of Sir John Parnell, and nephew of the first Lord Congleton, married an American lady, Miss Stewart, daughter of Commodore Charles Stewart, whose name, it will be seen, was bestowed upon the present Irish leader. Born in Avondale, in June, 1846, Mr. Parnell has just turned his fortieth year. Curiously enough, nearly the whole of his early life was passed in England, in entirely English surroundings. He went to school first in Yeovil. Hence the complete absence of brogue from Mr. Parnell's delivery, which is surely the most English of any Irishman's, being icily calm and cool and deliberate, the honorable member never, or scarcely ever, saying a single word more than he intends. It is probably the marvelous *sang froid* of Mr. Parnell, coupled with an iron will, that enabled him to secure and retain the leadership of so excitable a body of men.

Mr. Parnell's success in organizing a strong and formidable Irish Home Rule party is unquestionably one of the most remarkable achievements in Parliamentary history. By indomitable determination and ceaseless working, the still comparatively young Home Ruler has gained for Ireland a triumph Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt labored in vain to win.

Offering the greatest possible contrast physically to his white-haired *bon vivant* leader (Mr. Butt), Parnell, slender, fair and full-bearded, had scarcely entered the House when he gave promise that his coolness, reserve, and inflexible resolution would prove of far greater service to his cause than the flowery oratory of Isaac Butt. This, however, shall be tested later on, and we will now, with our Parnell pilgrim, enter the halls of Avondale.

Mr. Parnell's library is a veritable workshop. None of your gilded touch-me-if-you-dare volumes grace his shelves. Each and every book looks as though it had, to use a nautical metaphor, to work its passage, and seems ready to go into action at the word of command. Poor, genial, learned, light-hearted John Cornelius O'Callaghan's labored, but trustworthy, "History of the Irish Brigade" stands prominently forth, flanked by the "Speeches of Burke and Grattan." It was at the residence of Mr. Corbet, Mr. Parnell being a guest, that O'Callaghan told the story of having come to a dead halt in his history of the Brigade, and being driven to despair for the want of the commission of a certain captain who led in the famous charge at Fontenoy. One day, while crossing the River Shannon in a skiff, known as a "pram," Mr. O'Callaghan was wrecked, and had to swim ashore. Repairing to the home of a poor farmer, he was compelled to lie in a loft up to his chin in hay, while his garments were being dried at the only available fire. The couch was not of crumpled rose-leaves, and a portion of it was so hard that the historian, in energetically shifting his quarters, displaced a worm-eaten parchment document. With a yell of delight, Mr. O'Callaghan recognized the commission, signed by King James, of the very officer whose name, rank and pedigree became so vitally important to the progress of the "History of the Irish Brigade." Every table in the library is piled with books, while Parliamentary Reports and "Blue-books" litter the floor. Mr. Parnell works in a snug corner, the window giving upon as fair a scene as beautiful Wicklow affords. The next apartment of importance used by the Irish leader is the billiard-room, a very fine, lofty room, with an intense air of snugness about it. A billiard-room in Great Britain must needs be spacious, for a full-sized billiard-table is 12x6 feet, and ample elbow-room is absolutely necessary to the players. Mr. Parnell's table is full-sized, and a very "lively" one to boot. Over a quaintly carved table is the antlered skull of a stag of ten tyne, shot by Mr. Parnell's father, while surmounting a doorway is a smaller trophy that fell to the "bow and spear" of "Masther Charlie," as the natives around Avondale love to call their cherished chieftain. On the table are specimens of ore and old iron instruments. A pair of Canadian snowshoes, a couple of otter-spears, and a brace of brushes once adorning the hindquarters of two luckless foxes, hang gracefully from the wall. Over the mantel hangs a valuable engraving, and beside it an illuminated address in a glistening frame. It is to this apartment that the visitors at Avondale repair after dinner and a bottle of one of the Châteaux, there to play billiards, smoke, tap some real John Jameson, and interchange racy stories of the House of Commons, or the election platform. To spend a night at Avondale is something to remember, for an "Irishman all in his glory is there."

Mr. Parnell is the very perfection of a host, allowing his guests to do exactly as they please; so much so that one of them, an Englishman, tight-laced and starchy, after a visit to Avondale, observed to a friend: "By Jove! I imagined all the time that I was host, and Parnell my guest."

In the drawing-room, one night, at Avondale, some years ago, a lady asked young Parnell to read to her. He was home for his vacation from the University of Cambridge. She imagined that he would drone out "Locksley Hall," or something from one of the fleshly poets. The lad sought for a book and returned with it. This book was Sir Jonah Barrington's "Memoirs," and the chapter selected for reading was the last scene in the last night in the Irish House of Commons. This historical and thrilling episode in the history of Ireland a Nation will bear appropriate repetition here: "The Commons House of Parliament, on the last evening, afforded the most melancholy example of a fine, independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a State, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her Parliament to vote away the Constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the Royal Charter of the Irish Nation, guaranteed by the British Government, sanctioned by the British Legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the Great Seal of their monarch.

"The situation of the Speaker on that night was of the most distressing nature. A sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence and his eloquence. It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance bespoke the inquietude of his feelings; solicitude was perceptible in every glance; and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

"The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable; they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches; scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members; nobody seemed at ease; no cheerfulness was apparent; and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

"At length, the expected moment arrived. The order of the day for the third reading of the Bill for a "Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland" was moved by Lord Castlereagh. Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips, and, as a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

"At that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat with the utmost composure and indifference.

"Confused murmurs again ran through the House; it was visibly affected. Every character in a moment seemed involuntarily rushing to its index—some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few countenances to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose slowly from the chair which had been the proud source of his honor and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent. With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him in the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone: 'As many as are of opinion that *this Bill* do pass, say Ay.'

"The affirmative was languid, but indisputable; another momentary pause ensued; again his lips seemed to decline their office; at length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, 'The Ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced; for an instant he stood statue-like; then, indignantly and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit.

"An independent country was thus degraded into a province—Ireland, as a nation, was thus extinguished."

One can almost fancy Mr. Parnell reading this wondrous bit of descriptive at this crisis in the fate of Ireland; ay, and reading it with enchaining dramatic effect.

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Charlie Parnell at school was a quiet, thoughtful, say-nothing-to-anybody sort of boy, who, however, would stand no nonsense, and was ready to do battle for old Ireland upon all and every occasion. He was a dangerous lad to tackle, for he was so "gamy" as to stick to his opponent when another boy would have thrown up the sponge. He was eighteen years of age when he

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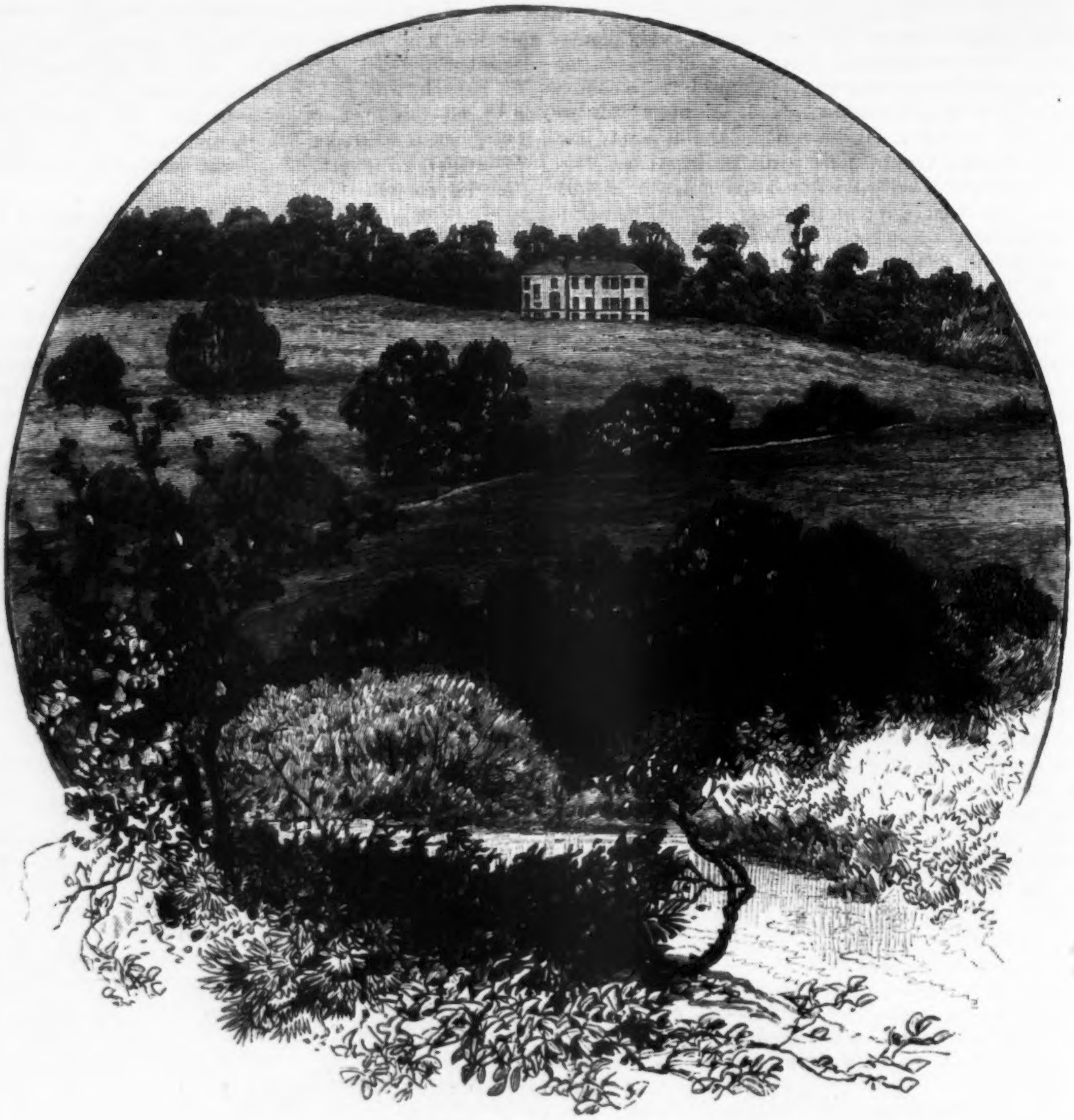


DISTANT VIEW OF AVONDALE.

"went up" to Cambridge, where he remained for two years. He did not graduate, and *Alma Mater* possessed no charms for him. His vacations were always spent at Avondale, to the great disadvantage of the trout in all the neighboring streams, and his favorite haunt was at "The Meeting of the Waters," in the Vale of Avoca, about three miles from his home. There *is* not in this wide world a valley so sweet as that to be viewed from the Wooden Bridge Hotel, a hostelry famed for its trout, boiled chicken and bacon, roast leg of lamb and peas—*such* peas—and red-currant tart. Hither the famous Judge Keogh—"Billy Keogh"—was wont to repair and crack a bottle of port with some *viveur* of the Bench or Bar. How often—oh, how often!—has young Parnell passed this house of entertainment for man and beast, his fishing *impedimenta* on his back, little imagining that one day he would play the chief *rôle* in the thrilling drama of "Ireland a Nation"? He cannot pass to-day without a hundred "God speed ye's!" while every tourist rushes outdoors to obtain a glimpse of the famous Parnell. A young American lady, last Autumn, naïvely exclaimed, as the uncrowned king strode past the inn: "Oh, my, but isn't he quite too lovely for anything, in his knickerbockers!"

Mr. Parnell came over to this country on leaving Cambridge, in company with his elder brother, John H. Parnell, who is as famous for his peaches as is Charles for his patriotism. He made a tour of the United States, and then returned to farm in Wicklow, and led the humdrum life of an Irish county gentleman, which meant, for him, hunting with the Wicklow harriers, fishing in every available stream, shooting grouse in Autumn, repairing to Wicklow town for the Assizes—running up to Dublin for the levees and carpet dances at the Castle, and a little loo at the Kildare Street or Stephen's Green clubs, with an occasional dash by the "Wild Irishman" up to London, ten and a half hours from Dublin.

The year 1874 altered Parnell's career. In that year the Home Rulers, then a select few led by Isaac Butt, and Professor Galbraith, a Fellow of Trinity College, resolved upon breaking up that Orange phalanx known as "the Dublin Six." In other words, Dublin City returned two Conservatives; Dublin County, two more; and

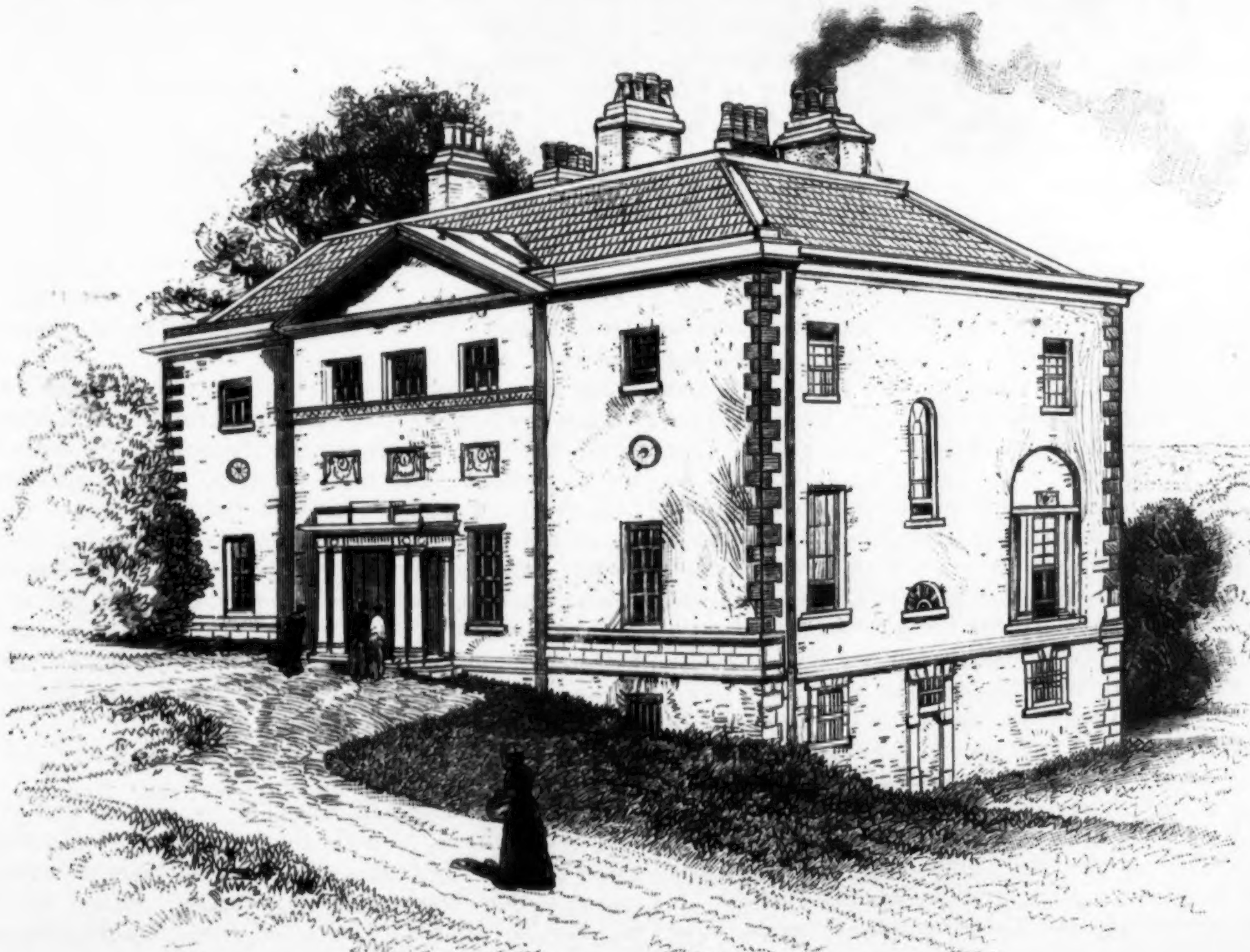
Trinity College, founded by Good Queen Bess, another brace. A famous demagogue, John Reynolds, had forced the pass a few years earlier in the city, but the county was simply impregnable, and in the pockets of Colonel Taylor and his son Frank Hamilton. The case was desperate. It was a forlorn hope, and Charles Stewart Parnell led the storming party into "the imminent deadly breach." In his address to the voters of this constituency, which may be accepted as his first public utterance or enunciation of his principles, he pledged himself to "by all means seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament." Mr. Parnell was badly beaten, and the impression made upon the minds of the men who put him forward on account of his honored name was in no way one of color.

The year 1875 beheld John Mitchel stand for the County Tipperary. Mr. Parnell wrote to the public Press, with a check for $125, backing the National candidate, who was elected by a majority that spoke trumpet-tongued. All this time Mr. Parnell was performing the duties of a county gentleman, going to tennis parties, attending picnics at the Devil's Glen, the Vartry Waterworks, the Seven Churches, Luggelaw, the Dargle and Powerscourt Waterfall. He played cricket at Coolattin Park, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, and performed his magisterial duties on a Bench which gleefully boasted that "not a single Papist was in the Commission of the Peace for the County."

The maidens of Wicklow are as beautiful and as bewitching as the scenery of this lovely county, and of these Charlie Parnell had to run the gantlet. To use the words of the immortal Sairey Gamp, "there's no a-tellin' wot might 'ave 'appened" had not two vacancies occurred in the Home Rule party by the deaths of John Mitchel and honest John Martin, leaving two seats vacant, Tipperary and Meath. One of these was due to Mr. Parnell, who had so pluckily dashed into the breach in the election for the County Dublin. Mr. Butt selected him to stand for Royal Meath, and on the 19th of April, 1875, Charles Stewart Parnell was enabled to write M.P. after his name.

On the 22d of April, 1875, Mr. Parnell entered the House of Commons as a member of that illustrious chamber, and his first experience was a four-hour speech from Mr. Biggar, a protest against coercion.

Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar is a Belfast man, and was educated at the Belfast Academy. He gained his knowledge of business in the provision trade. Since his first election as Member for Cavan, in 1874, Mr. Biggar has been one of the most familiar figures in the House. Fiercely though Parliamentary storms raged around him, Mr. Biggar has ever preserved the even tenor of his way; and the smile that wreathed his homely face was doubtless the indication of that natural sweetness of disposition which (according to Mr. T. P. O'Connor) has endeared him to one and all of his colleagues—so much so that Mr. Biggar is the favorite toast of their festive gatherings. Although Mr. Biggar remains one of the stoutest pillars of the Home Rule party, it will be remembered that on one occasion he honored home rule more in the "breach" than in the observance, a lapse for which he was duly fined, however, by Cupid in Court. Mr. Biggar it was who electrified the House of Commons by "espying strangers" in the House. It was the right of any Member to rise in his place and exclaim, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers in the House!" Whereupon the Speaker's duty was forthwith to order the Sergeant-at-arms to clear the House of every human being save its



THE HOME OF PARNELL AT AVONDALE.

Members and privileged officers. One day came to the House the Prince of Wales and a lot of swells, to hear a brother-swell, Mr. Chaplin, make a horsy speech. H. R. H. and party occupied the gallery reserved for High Mightinesses. Mr. Biggar, who had vainly endeavored to obtain a hearing on the subject of Home Rule, was ruthlessly shoved aside to give a clear stage to the pet of the Prince. Mr. Chaplin was about to catch the Speaker's eye, when Mr. Biggar suddenly cried, "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers!" gazing sternly as he spoke in the direction of the gallery, where sat the smiling heir to the throne. The House was electrified. The Speaker rose, aghast. "Do I understand the honorable Member aright?" he gasped. "Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers!" responded the daring and imperturbable Member for Cavan. There was a howl of impotent rage from the Court hangers-on as the Sergeant-at-arms proceeded to fulfill the order of Parliament, and to clear the House of even the heir to the throne. The best abused man in Great Britain was Biggar, and the time-honored rule, after a keen debate, was subsequently altered so as to prevent Biggar and company from turning high and mighty personages into the street at will. To this hour Mr. Chaplin apostrophizes the Member for Cavan in the most sulphurous language. The speech which he had so carefully prepared for the delectation of a contingent from the Marlborough Club fell as flat as a flounder, Mr. Biggar's simple sentence having annihilated it.

Mr. Biggar at once took to Parnell, and became, as it were, his "coach" or guide in the House of Commons, and in the Home Rule party. "This party," says Mr. J. S. Mahoney, "had been returned to Parliament at the general election of 1874 with a nominal membership of more than sixty, but many of the men so returned could not be depended upon. Some of the members had done faithful service in the cause of Ireland, but there were not a few others—expectant lawyers and worn-out office-seekers—who had taken up the cry of Home Rule from selfish motives, and who, having been borne into office on the popular wave, now snapped their fingers at their constituencies, ignored or neglected the duties devolving upon them, and intrigued only to secure their own advancement in the good graces of the Government. And the Government was not slow to hold out bait for them to catch at.

The Irish leader at this time was Isaac Butt, a most sincere, excellent and able man, but one scarcely fitted, either by training or temperament, for the trying position of leader of an independent party in the House of Commons. In his earlier years he had been the champion of the Protestant ascendency in the Dublin municipal affairs, and was a vigorous opponent of O'Connell in the struggle for Repeal; but as he grew older his opinions underwent a decided change. He defended the prisoners in the celebrated Fenian trials, and later he became a sincere and earnest advocate of self-government in Ireland. He was a man of brilliant and powerful intellect, and was possessed, as an orator and as a debater, of very superior gifts; but it may be questioned if he had, to any considerable degree, the special qualities which are needed in a leader of men. He was irritable and hasty in temper, and was given to magnifying trifling differences of opinion into factious and flagrant acts of opposition, to such a degree as made it hard for men of independence and spirit to get along with him; and these faults grew upon him with years.

Referring to this side of Mr. Butt's character, Justin McCarthy, writing in the London *Times* for June, 1879, said: "It might have been possible to find a man of far inferior gifts as a debater who could have led the party better. It was surely a mistake in the practical art of leadership when Mr. Butt publicly denounced, in the face of the House of Commons, the action of the more extreme among his followers. A leader has, in truth, to put up with a good deal of independent, or even eccentric, action on the part of some of his followers now and then, and so long as they are loyal to him on the one question which is the cause and the purpose of the party, he does wisely by letting them have a good deal of their own way."

The mistake alluded to by Mr. McCarthy was made during the debate on the South African Bill in the House of Commons in the session of 1877. Messrs. Biggar and Parnell had been seizing every opportunity that offered to put their obstructive tactics into practice, and in the long sitting on the Bill they had given a free rein to the new policy. The result was, many scenes of excitement and passion, and an open rupture between Mr. Butt and the Obstructionists. The veteran chief of the Home Rulers did not regard these tactics with favor, and he gave expression to his displeasure in a very severe speech. But he did not confine himself to this, for, outside as well as inside the House, he made speeches and wrote letters denouncing the new policy in the most vigorous language at his command. "Either Obstruction will put down the House of Commons," he used to say, "or the House of Commons will put down Obstruction," and it was evidently his opinion that the latter result would be the case.

But the Irish leader was even then bending under the influence of painful disease and approaching death, and if Biggar and Parnell lost his good opinion, they more than made up for it by the rapidity with which they grew in popular favor. The Irish people were in earnest in this struggle, and if England would not accede to their reasonable demands, they gladly gave their support to the men who made all possible trouble for her, and practically paralyzed legislation in her Parliament by their obstructive methods. When the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain met in Liverpool in the Autumn of that year, the Irishmen of England showed their approbation of the course of the Obstructionists by electing Charles Stewart Parnell to the presidency of that body in the place of Isaac Butt.

Oh, how this little party was hated in England, and how the newspapers went for them! "What the deuce does Parnell, a man of family and position, mean by allying himself with such tagrag and bobtail?" was the question in the clubs, where Biggar's "espying strangers" was still a burning question. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar availed themselves of apt obstruction's aid. They elevated it to a fine art, and made of it so potent a weapon that Governments were compelled to listen to them. "These blawsted Irish fellows are turning the House of Commons upside down," was the impotent howl of the irate English Members. What was persistently refused to the late Mr. Butt was yielded to Mr. Parnell, whose stronger political backbone speedily caused him to be chosen as actual leader of the Home Rulers, instead of amiable Mr. Shaw.

Mr. Parnell made an immense hit in returning his man, Mr. Lysaght Finnigan, for Ennis, in the teeth of Mr. Shaw, who supported Mr., now Judge, O'Brien, while a Conservative tried the little game of creeping in between the two. Parnell carried his man by six votes, a result that foreshadowed the result of the general elections then looming up. In April, 1879, the Land League agitation leaped into being at a meeting of tenant farmers held at Inchtown, in the County Mayo. Mr. Parnell plunged into the thickest of the fray, crying: "Keep a firm grip on your homesteads," "The land is for the people," "Reform the land laws," and "Remember the three F's." "I would never have taken off my coat," Mr. Parnell said afterward in Dublin, "and gone to work in this land movement, had I not known that we were laying the foundation for the legislative independence of Ireland."

Mr. Parnell was in Montreal in the March of 1880, when the news of the dissolution of Parliament called him back to the Emerald Isle. He was not yet strong enough to challenge all the constituencies on the question of his policy, for the Land League and the Parliamentary party were at that time distinct organizations, and his connection with the one did not help him much with the other. Neither, as yet, were the Catholic clergy enthusiastic in the great work.

"Up to this point," says Mr. Mahoney, "he had not made it clear, even to some of his friends, that he possessed definite aims, or broad or statesmanlike qualities such as a leader should possess. His efforts in Parliament had been confined, for the most part, to what his opponents contemptuously termed 'making a row,' and many good men and earnest patriots looked upon his policy, so far as he defined it, as unwise and perilous. His advice to farmers to 'keep a firm grip on their holdings,' was interpreted to convict him of socialistic tendencies, and many other causes tended to weaken his canvass, not the least of which was the fact that Mr. Shaw was looked upon as the natural successor of Isaac Butt, and regarded generally as a safe man to follow."

It came to an election by the party, May 17th, 1880, to the leadership, and Mr. Shaw had 18 votes, while Mr. Parnell received 23. Mr. Parnell in no way sought this honor, and was in favor of electing Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Justin McCarthy is a literary tower of strength to the Irish leader. One of the most popular of living historians, the charming "History of Our Own Times" having been immensely successful; a novelist whose heroines are delightfully natural and winsome; editor once of the *Morning Star*, and a journalist and leader-writer of the widest experience, Mr. Justin McCarthy is one of the most patriotic of Irishmen.

On the assembling of the new Parliament at St. Stephen's, May 20th, 1880, Mr. Parnell strode over to a seat in the Opposition below the gangway, while Mr. Shaw seated himself among the Radicals on the Government side of the House.

"I saw that Parnell meant mischief," said a Member of Parliament, "from the manner in which he strode across the floor, and, after being seated, confronted the Whig element of the party."

"This looks like a big breach," observed Mr. O'Shea.

"*Esto perpetua*," replied Mr. Finnigan.

An Amendment to the Queen's Speech at the beginning of the session of 1880 was the seed-bud that afterward developed into such weighty proportions as the Land Act of 1881.

It was on the night when this amendment was brought in that Mr. Parnell spoke for the first time since he had been elected to his new position. There was great excitement in the House, for everybody wanted to take a peep at the new leader. Mr. Parnell spoke briefly, but with vehemence and force. He was listened to with more curiosity than sympathy. He was put down as a "very violent and somewhat eccentric young man."

It was on July 5th that Mr. Gladstone uttered the memorable sentence: "In the circumstances of distress in which Ireland then was, a sentence of eviction was equivalent to a sentence of death." During the debates on the Relief of Distress Bill, Mr. Parnell, aided by his devoted band, notably by Messrs. Sexton, T. P. O'Connor and "Tim" Healy, gave the measure the most loyal and spirited support.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is a smart journalist who has done good work in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons. The sincerity of his political convictions imparts marked value to his vigorous and trenchant "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," and to his picturesque "Gladstone's House of Commons." Member for Galway, then elected for Liverpool, he is one of the most genial of Irishmen, is the possessor of considerable oratorical ability, and richly merits the distinction of being one of Mr. Parnell's most trusty colleagues.

Mr. Thomas Sexton is the most fluent of Mr. Parnell's followers. A native of Waterford, Mr. Sexton has for many years been a writer on the *Nation*. He is an orator of the highest class, and when "Sexton is up," the rush into the House to hear him is the most complimentary tribute to his masterful eloquence. As a debater he is keen, incisive and witty.

"Tim" Healy, though one of the youngest of the Home Rule Members, is of marked ability. As a legislator he is untiring. Grim in debate, Mr. Healy unbends in private life.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor, from his experience as a War Office clerk, is enabled to handle and pulverize those bones of contention known as the Estimates, and "he is a terror to the Department, you know!" Mr. O'Connor is one of the readiest debaters in the House.

Mr. William O'Brien, the irreconcilable editor of *United Ireland*, is apparently ever on the brink of asking the Chief Secretary for Ireland to "tread on the tail of his coat."

Mr. John Dillon is an outspoken politician of such transparent honesty, that he is regarded with the most cordial respect. But it is not within the scope of this article to deal with Mr. Parnell's lieutenants; we must return to the chief, and to his fight on the Coercion Bill.

The Government had announced its intention to pass a Coercion Bill for Ireland at an early day, and Parnell and his merrie men had made up their minds to offer it every obstruction that the rules of the House would permit of. Mr. Parnell began to fight in his speech on the Amendment to the Queen's Speech, affirming "that peace and tranquillity cannot be promoted in Ireland by suspending any of the constitutional rights of the Irish people." Nearly every Parnellite spoke, and kept the floor as long as it was possible for him so to do.

On January 24th the great contest against coercion commenced. "Buckshot" Forster asked leave to bring in his "Coercion Bill," and Mr. Gladstone moved that the two Coercion Bills should be proceeded with in precedence of all other business. This motion was received by Parnell and his adherents with ringing cheers of defiance, followed by motion after motion for adjournment, each motion being discussed in full.

Dilatory motions followed, one after the other, and the Parnellites were kept busily employed until 10 o'clock on the following morning, when Mr. Gladstone's motion, giving precedence to the "Coercion Bill," was finally carried by a vote of 251 to 33. Mr. Forster had yet to get leave to introduce his Bill, and on that question the Parnellites kept the House going on the 27th, and again on the 28th, and again on the 31st of January. The Ministers were driven to desperation, and the Liberals

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GATEWAY TO THE PARNELL ESTATE, AVONDALE.

and Tories were furiously angry at the little party which thus made the power of the Empire significantly impotent, and brought the dignity of Parliament into contempt. The English Press teemed with invective against them. Parnell was denounced as a disloyal scoundrel, and threats of personal violence to him and his followers were greeted with applause by crowds of Englishmen who met on the street-corners and in coffee-houses to discuss the unheard-of straits to which the time-honored Parliament of England was reduced by the implacability of a handful of Irishmen.

"On the 31st of January the Government began to resort to the system of relays, in the hope of tiring the Irishmen out and beating them by sheer force of numbers. But here again they were met by the Parnellites, who divided their little party so as to meet the attack in its new form. . . The struggle raged all through that night, then all through the next day and the next night, and when the Speaker came in at nine o'clock on the morning of the 2d of February, Mr. Biggar was in the middle of a speech, speaking with undiminished and undiminishable vigor. A large number of Members followed the Speaker into the House, the chamber began to fill up, and it was evident that the culmination of the hints and rumors which had been circulating of "something about to happen" was at hand. Mr. Biggar, who had taken his seat on the entrance of the Speaker, as is customary, arose now to resume his address. The Speaker would not "see" him, however, but declared that he was going to put the motion without listening to any more speeches. His decision was greeted with cheers by the English Members and cries of defiance from the Irish benches. Mr. Parnell was not present at the time, having gone to his hotel to snatch a few hours' sleep. Mr. Justin McCarthy attempted to address the Speaker, but the latter ignored him, and went on putting the question, "that leave be given to bring in the Coercion Bill," and on a division the motion was declared carried by a vote of 164 to 19. The second question, "that the Bill be now read," was then put. Mr. McCarthy again addressed the Speaker, and that functionary not noticing him, the Irish members marched out of the chamber and retired to one of the anterooms, where they awaited the coming of Mr. Parnell. Having been sent for, Mr. Parnell arrived in a few minutes, and was quickly made acquainted with the situation of affairs. He had been expecting something of the kind for some days, and was not, therefore, much surprised at the Speaker's action."

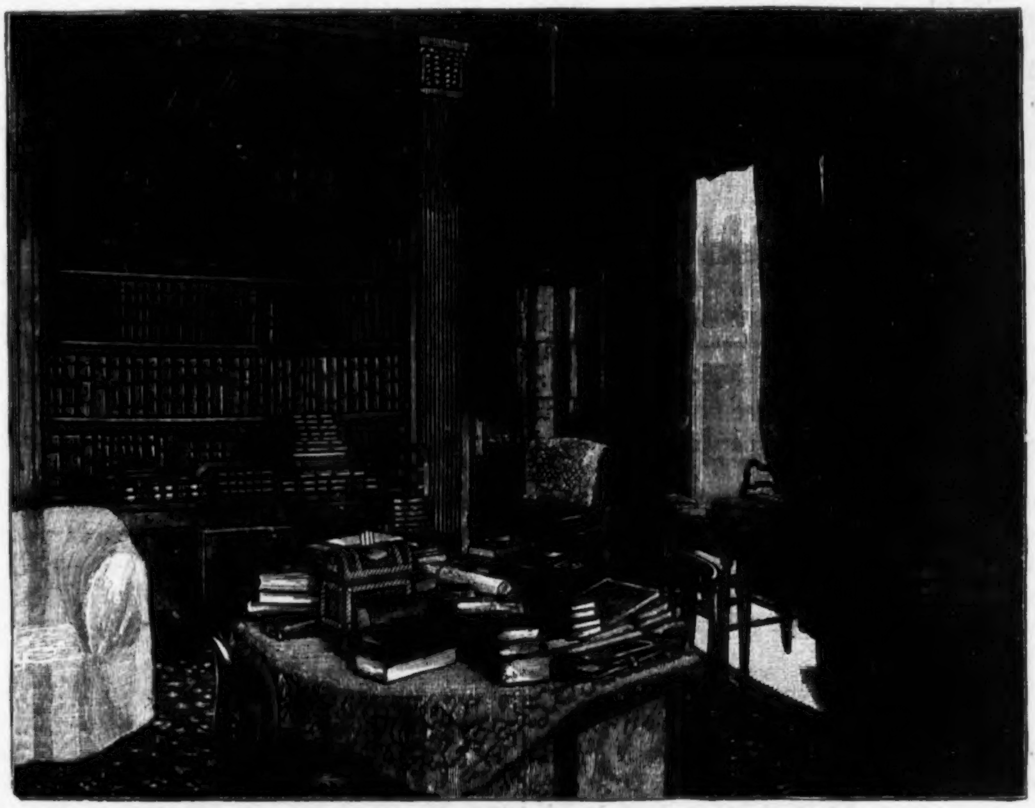
Mr. Parnell afterward said to a friend, "I did not want any sleep. My tub and dumbbells were good for forty winks."

It was owing to the determined attitude of their leader

A CARRIAGE-ROAD.

that the Home Rule party at this crisis did not leave Parliament altogether—this with a view to the organization of the agitation in Ireland. They however, had gained a victory, for had they not caused England to break through all the traditions of her Parliament, and had they not ruthlessly trampled upon time-honored constitutional privileges?

On the 7th of April, 1881, the "Grand Old Man" introduced his Land Act. Parnell, with his usual earnestness, advocated total neutrality. The party was divided, and Mr. Healy had the most radical clause in the Bill inserted, now known as the Healy Clause. The "Land Bill" passed the House of Commons on July 28th. Mr. Parnell proposed an amendment to Clause 44, suspending evictions for six months after the passing of the Act, so as to enable a judicial rent to be fixed. The House of Lords struck out Mr. Parnell's amendment, albeit the Commons had adopted it, and in August the Bill became the law of the land. Mr. Parnell solemnly warned the Government that the changes made in the Lords struck at the very core of the Bill, but the Government, to use an Irish phrase, "gave him the bothered ear."



THE LIBRARY, AVONDALE.

Mr. Parnell now considered that the Land League would be justified in intervening on behalf of the tenants, and with his usual business method set about preparing a number of test cases to submit to the courts at the expense of the League, these to work havoc with the Defense Association organized by the landlords.

"In all Ireland's history," says Mahoney, "no parallel organization can be found for the Land League at this time. In numbers, in organization, in unity, in intelligent method, and in far-reaching influence, it surpassed anything of the kind ever known in Ireland, or, indeed, any other country. Its meetings rivaled in magnitude the monster assemblages of the Repeal agitation, while they were much more numerously held. Its edicts were regarded as law by the great majority of the people, and its constitutional courts were more largely resorted to than those of the realm." At the Land League Convention, 15th September, 1881, the most thoroughly representative and enthusiastic assemblage held in Ireland since the famous Convention of the Volunteers in 1782, Mr. Parnell presided, and his attitude thereat drew upon him a tirade of the most violent abuse from the English Press. Mr. Gladstone, at a meeting held at Leeds, in October, bitterly denounced Mr. Parnell as the instigator of outrages in Ireland, and proceeded to rake the Irish leader fore and aft. To this attack Mr. Parnell replied, at Wexford, two days later, in one of the ablest and most exhaustive speeches he has made. A few days after the Wexford speech, Mr. Parnell, October 13th, was arrested as a suspect, and lodged in Kilmainham Jail. The Irish leader treated the arrest with the same contemptuous coolness with which he treated everything coming from the enemy, and, with his accustomed *sang froid,* almost on the hour of entering his "dungeon cell," with Messrs. Davitt, Kettle, Brennan, Dillon, Sexton and Egan, issued the "No Rent" manifesto," in which the tenants were advised "to pay no rent under any circumstances to their landlords until the Government relinquished the existing system of terrorism and restored the constitutional rights of the people."

"Thank God!" cried Wendell Philips, "that Gladstone has arrested Parnell! He has lifted him from being the head of the Land League to being the head of the greatest moral and humane movement of the age."

The public is acquainted with the famous Kilmainham Treaty which released Mr. Parnell, with the other suspects, on the 2d of May.

"Well, Parnell, you must have suffered terribly in prison," exclaimed a friend.

"Lots of time to work and think," was the sententious reply. The treaty was regarded as a great Irish victory. All the mighty forces of the Empire had been employed to put down the agitation, and the attempt proved a *fiasco.* While still celebrating this triumph, the foul and ghastly murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under-secretary Burke came upon the country like a sickening shock, striking Ireland with dismay and creating a furious anti-Irish feeling in England. Mr. Gladstone immediately gave notice in Parliament of his intention to introduce the "Crimes Act" of 1882, a measure more drastic in its severity than any previous Act of the kind. Mr. Parnell and his party obstructed the Bill in every conceivable lawful manner, but unsuccessfully, so they withdrew altogether from the floor of the House, and from the gallery calmly watched the progress of a Bill that in July, 1882, became law. In the recess of 1882 the National League came into existence to succeed the proclaimed Land League, and early in 1883 Carey, the informer, laid bare the infernal plots of which he had been the chief instigator. "Buckshot" Forster, on February 22d, in the House of Commons, made a

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merciless attack upon Mr. Parnell, a direct and measured accusation of connivance at assassination, and the perpetration of outrages. Mr. Parnell made no reply upon that night, but upon the following evening he answered the ex-Chief Secretary's attack in a calm and dignified speech that elicited praise even from his enemies. He wound up in the following words: "The right honorable gentleman has asked me to defend myself. I have nothing to defend myself against. The right honorable gentleman has confessed that he attempted to obtain a declaration and public promise from me, which should have the effect, had I given it, of discrediting me with the Irish people. He has admitted that he failed in that attempt, and failing in it, he lost his own position. He boasted last night that he had deposed me from some imaginary position he is pleased to assign to me. But I have this consolation, we both fell into the ditch. I do not think that in the business of pulling ourselves out I have suffered so much in the opinion of my countrymen as the right honorable gentleman has suffered in the opinion of his. Yes; the right honorable gentleman has deposed me from my position as a prominent Irish politician; I admit that he has been very successful in that. I have taken very little part in Irish politics since my release. I expressed my reason for that after the passing of the Crimes Act. I said that, in my judgment, the Crimes Act would result in such a state of affairs that between the Government and the criminals there it would be impossible to find a place for constitutional agitation. I believe so still.

"Here is the last item of news which was published in the journal of yesterday. It is that Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, who used to collect money to send to the Land League, is now collecting for a very different purpose. The right honorable gentleman may be proud of his work. I regret it. I look with apprehension to the future relations between England and Ireland. I see that it is impossible to stem the current of prejudice which has arisen during the last few days. I regret that the officials charged with the administration of this Crimes Act are unfit for their post. I am sure the present Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant must admit that to the fullest extreme. I feel that the present Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant must say of his predecessor, in the language of Scripture, 'I am not worthy to loose his shoe-latchet.' It would have been far better, if you were going to pass an Act of this kind, to have had it administered by the seasoned politician now in disgrace. Call him back to his post, send him to help Lord Spencer in the congenial work of the gallows in Ireland; send him to look after the secret negotiations of Dublin Castle; send him to superintend the payment of blood-money; send him to distribute the taxes which an unfortunate and starving peasantry have to pay for crimes not committed by them. All this would be congenial work to the right honorable gentleman.

"We invite you to man yourselves to send your ablest and best men to push forward the task of misgoverning and oppressing Ireland. For my own part, I am confident as to the future of Ireland. Though the horizon may now seem cloudy, I believe her people will survive the present oppression, as they have survived many worse ones. Although our progress may be slow, it will be sure. The time will come when the people of this country will admit once again that they have been mistaken and have been deceived—that they have been led astray as to the right way of governing a noble, a brave and an impulsive people—and that they will reject their present guides and leaders with just as much determination as they rejected the services of the right honorable gentleman, the Member for Bradford."

It now became known that Avondale, the ancient patrimony of the Parnells, would have to be brought to the hammer for debt, and that Mr. Parnell would be unable to redeem it.

Archbishop Croke inaugurated a movement by a subscription of $250 toward a fund that rose to the princely sum of $190,000; and thus the Parnells shall enjoy sweet Avondale for ever more.

We have no space to go into the Franchise question, the Dublin Castle scandals, or the events that led to the ousting of the Gladstone Ministry, which was accomplished by the thirty-nine votes of the Irish party, gallantly led by Mr. Parnell. With the accession of the Tories to power under Lord Salisbury, their rapid annihilation and the results of the general election, the public is already familiar.

One who knows him well exactly describes this Irish leader: "Mr. Parnell is pre-eminently Irish. Ireland and the Irish people are with him above and before anything else. It is for Ireland that he thinks; for Ireland that he speaks; for Ireland that he struggles. His interests and those of the people whom he loves so well are one. Ireland is the shrine at which he worships, and the object of his ambition is to confer upon her people a government of their own—by themselves and for themselves. Mr. Parnell is no great orator, nor does he pretend to be one. His most prominent characteristics as a speaker are a cold, unimpassioned manner; an imperturbability that nothing can ruffle or disturb; a wide and intimate knowledge of Parliamentary procedure; a prodigious command of facts and principles; large powers of convincing reasoning, and a very considerable faculty for crushing invective and concentrated sarcasm. He addresses himself to the intellect and to the emotions; hence he is always listened to in the House of Commons. He can, however, be impassioned on occasion, but never to the extent of losing any of his wonderful self-control. He seldom speaks in the House of Commons except on occasions of moment, leaving that duty to his able lieutenants. His Parliamentary knowledge is very great, and he is very tenacious of a point, fighting every inch of the ground. He is quick to see an advantage, and prompt in acting upon it. He rarely makes an error in statement, and Mr. Gladstone himself has testified that "no Member of the House can say what he has to say so clearly or in so few words as the Member from Cork."

And now, for the sake of the fairer sex who peruse this article, let me describe the personal appearance of Charles Stewart Parnell, adding, for their information, that he is still a bachelor. In stature Mr. Parnell is something above the medium height, and of rather slight but active, strong build. His face is a handsome one, but habitually pale and stern. His eyes are sad yet piercing, with something of a dreamy look in their depths. His forehead is broad and high, and his bearing aristocratic and dignified. Mr. Parnell is yet too young in life to warrant comparison with the great personages of history; but the time may come when he may take his stand in one of the foremost niches in the Temple of Fame.

THE ten windows in the southeast transept of Salisbury Cathedral have just been filled with old stained glass, which had been stowed away in the Lady Chapel for more than a century. It has been carefully arranged, and proves to be a valuable addition to the artistic beauties of this splendid cathedral.

TENDER AND TRUE.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.—The Anonymous Letter.

My friend, the reader, where and how do you live?

On the prairies, with all who are within twenty miles of your home for neighbors and friends? In the city, with those who have lived next door to you for a quarter of a century or so, strangers still? In the mountains, where the miners bury themselves from their friends and the world for gold? Under tropic suns; under arctic shadows; rich—or poor; well—or sick and dying; happy—or despairing; my friend, where and how do you live?

What of your house—your servants, if you have any—your friends—your acquaintances? Do you live in a shanty which boasts but a single room, yourself your only servitor, your latchstring always out, and your door never barred nor bolted? Or is your home close to some street which never falls into silence—a house with a dozen servants and a score of rooms—a mansion into which a person could penetrate only by your permission and under the direction and guidance of skilled and well-trained persons who are paid to obey you?

In any case, whatever your circumstances—your surroundings—your condition—what would you think, on going into your sleeping-room some evening, to find a cruel letter—a deliberate letter—a malicious, merciless, murderous letter—waiting for you, with no clew as to where it came from, or how, or when, or why?

That was what Ollie Douglas found on her dressing-table one awful day; that was what almost killed her.

Miss Olive Douglas had had a strangely smooth and serene and uneventful girlhood. Her days of young-womanhood had been quiet and happy. Her beauty had won admiration, but she was not so distinctively and markedly *a beauty* as to have been either annoyed or spoiled by the admiration which fell to her share. Her money, or rather her father's money, and her prospects of having it all for her own some day, might have drawn unworthy men to her had not the wealth been altogether too moderate in amount to be a temptation to your truly heartless professional fortune-hunter. Her kindly ways had won her many friends; and men and women alike had been proud and happy in their possession of her friendship.

And that had been all.

As for love—she had passed life's dangerous years, and safely reached the age of twenty, without ever having felt its power—without ever having heard its passionate pleas—without having seen its longing in any man's eyes. She had loved her father; he had loved her; she had liked all who had crossed her path in life, and so lived as to show themselves worthy of her liking.

And—to repeat what I said before—that had been all.

It is true that Olive had sometimes wondered, for an hour, just how much or how little some pretty bit of masculine flattery had meant. It is not to be denied that she had lost some hours of sleep, one or two or three eventful nights after ball or opera, in a prayerful study as to how she should avoid hurting some one's heart with which she knew her own could never beat in responsive and sympathetic unison. She would scarcely have been a genuine and natural and thoroughly human sort of a girl if such instances as these had not occurred—if such doubts and regrets had not obscured her happiness for a little while sometimes.

But the shadows had been shadows of the night always. Day had always dissipated them. The careless words over which she had worried had always proven themselves mere meaningless nothings in the morning. She, heart free, had led no other's heart into slavery—or, if she had, she had not guessed it.

And so—twenty years of her life had gone quietly and uneventfully by her.

And then——

Wait a little.

Olive Douglas had known her cousin Oliver all her life. Indeed her earliest memory was of his smiling and chirping and whistling to her as she lay in her crib, she a child of between three and four years of age, and he a big boy of twelve or thirteen.

During all the years between them and the time when she became twenty his home had been barely a block from hers. True, he had been away to school for some years, but his vacations had nearly all been spent at home and she had had much of his companionship. True, he had had the advantage of some years of travel in Europe and the East, but he had written to her regularly, and his letters had been so homelike—his descriptions so clear—his humor so genuine—that their cousinly intercourse had scarcely seemed interrupted, and she had scarcely missed him in his absences.

When he had been at home, in the later years, he had come and gone as freely as though he had been a member of his uncle's family. Morning—afternoon—evening—he called whenever he pleased. When it suited him to do so, he ate at the home of his uncle and cousin. He had been Olive's escort to ball and opera and theatre, but only when there was no other with whom she wished to go.

Oliver Douglas had gained the reputation of being rather averse to ladies' society. He gave little attention to any of those with whom his cousin was familiar. There was a half-told story, a hint here and there among his friends, an unsubstantial and shadowy legend, that there had been a love affair connected with his life in his old-time college days. But no one said anything definite; no one went so far as to mention name or circumstances; no one gathered up the fragments into a story. Perhaps no one could; perhaps there was nothing definite to say—no story to tell.

Olive Douglas was twenty, one bright June day. She had had no birthday merrymaking. She had not even had many callers. A week had passed by. She was not aware that she was more of a woman than she had been, and her development had been slow; she had been girl, rather than woman, during all the years which had passed since the age at which some arrive at womanhood in our chilly and backward clime.

Her cousin, strange enough to say, had not called for a month, though she had seen him leave and enter his home—the house across the street, and nearly a block from the one directly opposite—time and again, day after day. But she had scarcely thought of that. He came when he pleased, frequently or infrequently, as the case might be, and there was nothing in his continued absence to trouble or annoy her. He would come again when it suited him; she would be calmly and quietly glad to have him come; she had nothing in the past to regret; she had nothing in the future to hope for. All was well—that was all. It is better for us, perhaps, that

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PARNELL.—BILLIARD-HALL AT AVONDALE.—SEE PAGE 257.

the future faces us only with a vail down. Could we live were it not so?

Other men called frequently. Miss Olive sang well, played well, conversed fairly. Why should not her friends call?

There was one——

But no. She had passed by all such experiences; she had been spared all such dangers; she had lived too long and too happily without hurting another or marring her own peace to think that Arnold Barrab——

Pshaw! It was too foolish. She did not allow herself to finish such a sentence, even as a possibility.

And then——

Oliver Douglas came one night. It had been more than a month since she had seen him in her parlor, as I have said. And still she had not known the time was long. He said but little. Some men never do say much. He did not go back to her babyhood, and tell her of how sweet her face had seemed to his boyish soul in those old-time days. He did not speak of her girlhood, nor of the days when he was a student or a traveler, hearing from her only through the girlish letters she had written. He did not tell her whether his love had been a thing of the years, or a passion of quick and sudden growth. Indeed, when he had gone she was not quite sure that he had told her at all that he loved her. But he had kissed her lips—the same lips he had kissed thousands of times before—with a new and uncousinly meaning in the caress. He had asked her to be his wife. She had given him her promise. And *her love*, whatever might be true regarding him and his, had gone with her plighted word.

Her love!

His words had proven themselves a key to open her heart. They had helped her to a quick and sudden interpretation of thoughts and feelings she had never consciously known she had had. A sudden flood of light had seemed to fall in upon her soul. The past suddenly seemed to have been a maze of doubt; the present, a revelation; the future, a glorious promise-land of hope and love and joy.

For, with Oliver's words, she suddenly knew that she loved him—that she had loved him all her life; that the earth would have been bleak and barren and desolate for her had he chosen another; that she was the happiest woman alive, and that it would be her crown of joy to be Ollie *Douglas* all her life.

Marriage had followed soon. Oliver had desired the engagement to be short, and his promised bride knew no other wishes than his. There had been no objections nor delays. All had been pleasant. The course of true love had been smooth as the crystal waters of a Summer sea. No one had been otherwise than pleased, unless——

But, again, it was too foolish to finish the sentence, even to herself, and in the darkness and silence of her chamber. Time had passed rapidly. Is not that another way of saying that it had passed happily? Olive had been married nearly a year. She had a very beautiful home. She had everything which money could buy, for Oliver had developed business talents which had added largely to the wealth his father had given him at marriage. She had many servants, men and women, who were so faithful and prompt and ready that she often said to herself that they were more like friends than like hired help.

And so, drifting luxuriously, and trustingly, and thoughtlessly with the tide of events, she came all unknowingly into the dark waters of the rapids running riverward in the stream of her life.

It was midsummer. The day was perfect. It was hot, perhaps, for those whose lives must need lie on the sunny side of the way of life. It was a weary day, doubtless, for those to whom hard and ceaseless labor during the hours of sunshine was a necessity.

Happy Ollie Douglas! the sunshine had always been shaded for her when her happiness demanded it, and she knew no more of labor than its name.

She drove out in the morning. Her health was perfect. Nothing marred her enjoyment. She had no cause for complaint. The very perfection of her experiences was rather a weariness than otherwise; perhaps something in her heart protested against her almost aimless life; possibly she was struggling toward a better future; it may be that God's mercy was pulsing a warning to her through the waves which throbbed and beat in the viewless air.

She was alone at lunch.

Oliver rarely came home at midday.

She made—she thought—no complaint because of that. He was almost always at home for dinner. He very rarely spent his evenings away from her. It was well. It was all well. She was content. The memory of morning and the hope of evening were with her—why should she need more?

The soul which is fed with perfect faith and trust finds much of joy in memory and hope. It is only when faith finds falsity and truth touches treachery that men or women demand something more definite and much less unreal than the history of what was, or the prophecy of what shall be.

In the afternoon, Olive called upon her friends—that is, upon some few of the nearest and dearest of them. How much she enjoyed herself. How kind and cordial they all were. In all the troubles of the after-coming time she never allowed herself to forget that.

It was still early when she returned home. It would be more than an hour and a half before dinner-time—more than an hour before she could hope for Oliver's return. No matter. She would go to her room. She would choose a dinner-dress with care. She would dress leisurely. Though she had only her husband for whom to dress that day, she would be none the less careful and painstaking. She must be beautiful to him. For whom else in all the world could she care as she did for him? Had there been any one to see her? The servant who always attended the door told her there had been no one. Had there been any cards or messages of any sort left for her or for her husband? She was informed that there had been none.

She went slowly up to her own room. She unlocked the door. She went in.

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas! Douglas!
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would——"

She was singing for very joy. She was thinking of Oliver. She paused a moment or two, letting the song sink into silence. She crossed the room. A letter, inclosed in an envelope which bore her name—a dirty envelope, and a cheap and worn and frayed one—lay on her toilet table. She opened it, singing again as she did it:

"—so faithful, so loving, Douglas!
Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!"

A letter without a date; a letter without a signature; a letter with no address save the one on the envelope; a letter which was pointed and pitiless. This it was:

"Unless you are a fool you'd better look after that husband of yours. Ask him where he hired that new woman he has in his office. Ask him where he first knew her—and when—and what good he knows of her. Ask him these things if you dare! If you don't, *ask her!*

"Find out why he isn't *always* at home in the evening, as he used to be a year ago. Find out what sort of *business* will keep him away to-night.

"A word to the wise—you know the rest! Unless you are a fool, keep your own counsel, and be sure you keep your eyes and ears open."

There came a tap at the door. She crushed the letter in her hand. She glanced at her reflection in the glass, anxious to be sure that she dared face even the eyes of her servant. She could not trust herself to speak. She went to the door, and opened it.

It was the servant, with a letter.

"No answer, Mrs. Douglas, so the messenger said," said the servant, as she withdrew.

She tore open the envelope. The message was from her husband. It was very brief; no more so, perhaps—nor more utterly shorn of sentiment—than many others had been—others which came before some cruel friend (or foe) had opened her eyes:

"DEAR OLIVE.—I shall be detained by business.
"O. D."

Business! What business? God help her!

And then, like an echo, or a mockery, some passing child sang sweetly:

"Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!"

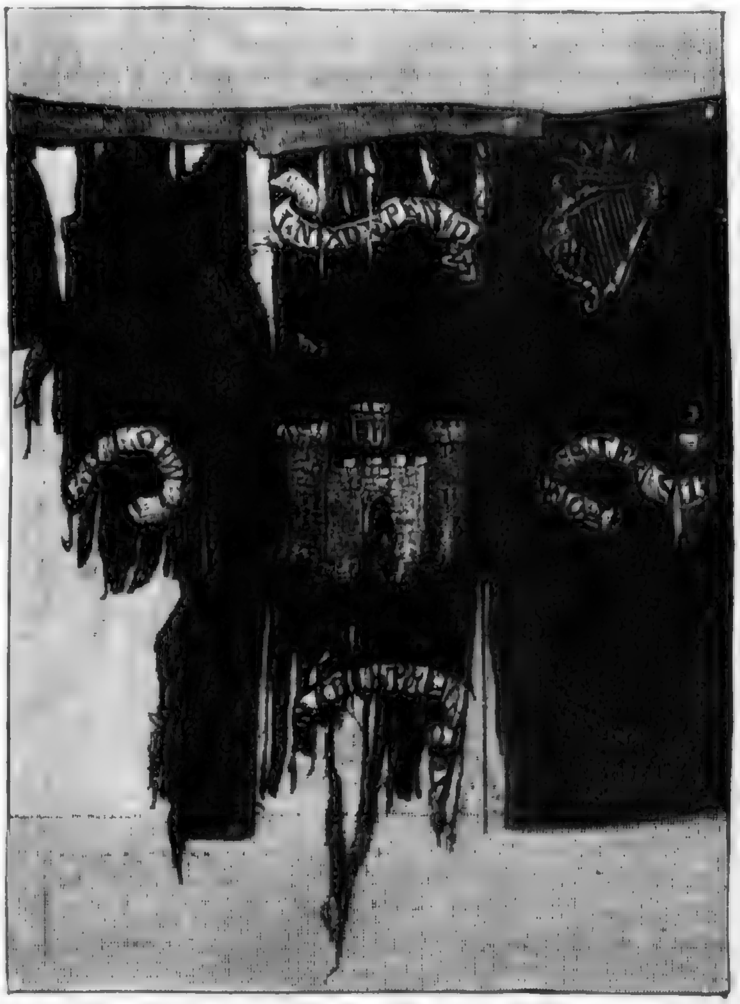
CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN IN THE DOUGLAS OFFICE.

IT would not have been strange, I think, if Olive Douglas had fainted and failed, or even died, under the sudden blow which had fallen upon her. It is true that the letter was as vague and indefinite as it was vengeful and insinuating. But her husband's note, following so closely on the mysterious message which had reached her, could not but seem like a confirmation of the accusation which had been placed before her, ready for her hand and heart and brain.

She did not die. She did not faint. She did not cry out. She did not even let a tear fall over her pallid cheek. She only stood still, in the gathering darkness, wondering what she could do, wondering what she ought to do, wondering what her future was to be.

It was more than an hour that she stood there—more than two, perhaps. She made no movement. You would not have known whether to call her a woman or a statue, unless you could have seen her eyes. You would never have forgotten them, with their pain, their pathetic pleading, their love, their tenderness, their doubt, their weakness and irresolution, which slowly changed into a strength and a resolution which was not wholly of earth. Olive Douglas had lived almost twenty-one years; she had loved almost a year; but the woman—the strength and courage of the true woman heart—was having birth



PARNELL.—HISTORIC BANNERS PRESERVED AT AVONDALE.
SEE PAGE 257.

XUM

during that horrible vigil between the day and the night.

Her breath was drawn slowly in silence. It was forced out gradually and noiselessly. She seemed like some enchanted princess, turned into stone—silent, pulseless, senseless, dead—*all but her eyes*—for evermore.

She came to herself, at last. She became gradually less stone-like and more human. There was blood upon her lips; she had bitten them in her agony. There was blood upon her hands; that was where her nails had been forced down into the flesh.

Strange, was it? Strange and unnatural? I agree with you. But though the letter she had found was cruel, she somehow did not doubt that it was less so than was the man she had loved; though it was coarse and insulting, she would have felt his very presence to be more terrible still; if it were false——

But how could it be? Her hus—that is, *Mr. Douglas*, as she harshly corrected herself, had not been detained for weeks before. How, unless the writer knew that of which he spoke, could he have spoken of the excuse her—that is, *Mr. Douglas*—was so soon to send.

Still, she would give the man the benefit of the doubt. That was only fair. That was only right. She would go down to his office. She would know whether he was detained there, or whether he was not.

She went to the window. The night was a moonless one. In the east, the stars were shining. In the west, there was a bank of clouds, reaching nearly to the zenith, and rising higher and higher every minute—reaching further and further around to the north and the south as the time went by. The wind was from the west. It was damp and chill. The night would undoubtedly be one of storm. What matter? What was darkness or sunshine, storm or calm, night or day, to her, hereafter?

She heard her uncle moving about in the room below. He had come home from his business in most excellent season. He had undoubtedly dined with some friend down town, as he often did, else he would have inquired for her and for her hus—that is, for *his son*.

It was as well he had dined elsewhere. It was well he had asked no questions. It would be well, indeed, if he would go into the library and write for hours, as he often did, and then creep silently away to bed without a word to any one. What need had she of him? Was she not henceforth to be all-sufficient to and for herself? It would be bad enough for him, upright and honorable and pure, *when*——

She went no further than that. God help her.

But, God help her, she could not change the word at which tongue and reason alike faltered; she could not make it—*if!* It was *when!*

She looked across and up the street, up to the house where all her girlish days had been passed, out from the house which had been her cousin's home all his life. How far away it seemed—this house, a block distant. How far removed from her was the happy girl-life of a year ago—how very, very far. But then, even yesterday was separated from to-night by a great gulf which thought and memory could scarcely bridge.

There had not been a day since she had been a bride that her father had not been in her house. He had been there for a little time only that morning—that morning when she was so careless and heartfree and happy; that morning so long ago, though time had only grown to noon and declined to night since its glory shone in the eastern sky; that morning between which and her present that cruel letter had spread its poison and its blight. Did she want her father now? No; a thousand times, no. She took down a plain, dark dress, and rapidly changed it for the one she had worn during her calls. She put on her oldest and most shabby bonnet. She drew on a waterproof, glad of the disguise it would afford—if disguise should be needed, and too anxious and self-centered to regret the coming storm which made it appropriate and necessary. She tied an old vail over her bonnet and her face, thankful that being a woman gave her the right to do so, even in this hot Summer night, without unduly exposing her to suspicion or comment. She crossed the hall and took a key to her husband's office from a drawer in his desk in which she knew he always kept it. She took, too, a loaded revolver from another drawer. She put it in her pocket with a grim smile—the first since she found the letter—just stirring the white impassiveness of her mouth.

"I—I don't know whether it is for her—or for him—or for myself," she whispered, bitterly.

Alas! Had it come to that?

"And I don't think I much care," she finished, desperately.

The smile, slight as it had been, was all gone now. She was thoroughly aroused, and a thoroughly desperate, determined, dangerous woman.

She went back into her own room. She looked out once more, and away toward her girlhood's home. Her father came to the nearest window and stood looking out. The light fell across his face—a grand face, a good face, and a happy one. Happy! What might be its expression to-morrow morning? Sorrow, at least, when he learned of her wrecked life; and—and——

She touched her weapon, to make sure she had it. She smiled again. She quoted—or misquoted—something under her breath. Strange that Owen Meredith's verses should be running through her brain at such a time.

"*If anything should happen before the night is done!*" she concluded, aloud, and her own voice frightened her.

Then her father drew down the curtain, and the night seemed to swallow up both him and his light, just as so much of light and good had gone out of her life with the going of day and the coming on of night.

She went at once. The rain was beginning to fall. The night grew darker, though the fitful glare of the lightning became more and more frequent. The thunder would have frightened her at any other time, but she did not mind it now; it was quite in accord with herself.

She knew the way well, for she had been with Oliver many times in the early months of their married life. She even believed she could find her way about his office, the little private office which was back of the general one, at any rate, though without a light. And yet her ideas as to the sort of business he did there were very vague. She knew he bought and sold lands, received and loaned money, and—and—that was all she did know.

The rain was a torrent before she reached the Douglas building, but she did not mind that. She had slipped and stumbled many, many times, where the streets had been illy lighted; she believed she had fallen once or twice, but she was not sure. She was not sure of very much of anything just then; the foundations of the very earth seemed to have been shaken beneath her weak and weary human feet that day; she was not quite sure that she believed in God any longer. But in an hour—a half hour—a quarter of an hour—so her heart kept its desperate and fateful chronology—she would know just how miserable and dishonored she must henceforth be.

She reached the door. There was no light in any of the windows of the great Douglas block. There was no street-lamp very near. She stood in the shadow and well in the deep doorway, looking like scarcely more than a darker shadow than usual, as seen from the street or sidewalk. It is scarcely strange that she had her key in the lock, and that she was beginning to give her strength to the task of turning it before the particular guardian of that immediate vicinity was by her side and had his hand upon her shoulder.

She looked up into the face of the policeman, her own face full of bewildered amazement. He was a factor in the problem—an actor in her life drama—of whom she had never thought.

"Woman," he began sternly, but paused as he saw her face. She was so evidently a lady, so undoubtedly an entirely different sort of person from those with whom he usually had to deal, that his voice became gentle, and his manner respectful at once. "What are you doing here?"

"I—I am going in here," she replied, shaking off the rough grasp of his hand.

"No, madam; you cannot do that."

"I will. I am Mrs. ——, that is, I *was* Mrs. Douglas, this morning."

She raised her vail as she spoke.

The policeman took her by the shoulders, and turned her face toward the street. A flash of lightning shone along the night, and gave him a view of her face. He took his hands away, and let them fall gradually to his side.

"I have seen you with him again and again," he said, surprisedly and doubtingly.

"Yes," she cried, "and you must know——"

"And I have heard it said that you are his wife, but——"

"I am—I am——"

"But what of the other woman? What of the woman in the Douglas office?"

She leaned nearer to the officer, She had never spoken to a policeman in her life before. She had been so tenderly watched and cared for in all her goings out and comings in that she had never needed the assistance of one in so much as a word. Perhaps she had allowed herself to look down upon these hard-worked and faithful guardians of the peace and property of the great city. All crime and criminals had seemed so far removed from her and from her life. And now, she needed help — information — human sympathy. She leaned nearer the officer. Her breath fell upon his cheek. Her damp hair was blown against his face.

"The woman? What woman?" she gasped.

"Poor thing," said the officer, half to himself and half to her; "poor thing. How could I bear it if my daughter——"

But Olive interrupted him.

She caught him fiercely by the arm. She fairly shook him in her desperate earnestness.

"The woman? The woman? Tell me of her," she said.

"Well," said the officer, slowly, "there is a woman in his office. He goes to lunch with her. He goes to ride with her. He goes to the theatre with her. He is there to-night, and——"

Olive staggered. She would have fallen had not the officer held her up.

"At the theatre? Will you take me there?" she whispered.

The man stooped and looked into her face again. He looked while the vivid lightning danced and flickered in a dozen successive flashes. It was only natural for him to doubt. His life had been as widely different from hers as imagination can picture. He had not been used to seeing much of honor or honesty, except among his fellow-officers, and on the Bench, and in the jury-box. Crime and criminals had been the boundaries of his life, on his right and on his left. Suspicion was his normal condition. Is it a wonder that he refused to leave the vicinity of the banking-house of Oliver Douglas, though the theatre was scarcely more than two blocks away? Is it a wonder that he doubted the innocent-looking woman who asked it?

"Will you tell me where—and how——" she began.

He told her where she might expect to find Mr. Douglas.

She thanked him.

She turned to go.

She let her vail fall before her face again. But, just before her features were thus concealed, the officer caught one last glance from her eyes—saw for a moment the expression on her white lips.

He laid his hand upon her shoulder again.

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you armed?"

"I am, and——" she began, excitedly.

"Give me your weapon."

"I will not."

"You forget, madam. I am an officer. I am doing what some would not do in letting you go at all. Unless you give me your weapon, I—I——"

She understood him, without his having to use so ugly a word as "arrest."

She handed him the revolver. She hurried away through the dark and rain-drenched streets.

It may be that the one who sold our heroine her theatre ticket that night was somewhat puzzled regarding the character of his customer. It is not unusual for people to come late; storms sometimes have their wicked way with those in search of pleasure; ladies, genuine ladies, sometimes find it necessary to go without escorts. But the ticket-seller looked after Mrs. Ollie Douglas, and shook his head. Taken all in all, she was new to his long and varied experience.

There was a new play on the boards at the Metropolitan Theatre that night—a play by a new and anonymous author. An old-fashioned play it was, with vice triumphant and true love in the shadow—until the very end. But there had been strange touches of power, wonderful pathos, in some parts of it, and the audience had cheered itself hoarse in its appreciation of the author, and of the actors who had interpreted the thoughts of the drama.

The play was almost done. The audience were already guessing how it was all to end. But its power still held them. They had no glances for the shabbily clad creature who stood far back toward the rear of the hall, watching, watching—but not the play, not the stage—watching the box in which her unsuspecting husband was bending over the most beautiful woman she had ever seen, and whispering something intended for no ears but hers.

How strange a thing is life! How near we come to seeing and knowing that which for ever passes us by! Little did the audience guess there would have been a tragedy there, that night, beside which the mimic woes of the stage would have fallen into nothingness, had not a quicker and more alert officer than some would have been in his place disarmed a wronged and maddened woman a quarter of an hour before.

CHAPTER III.

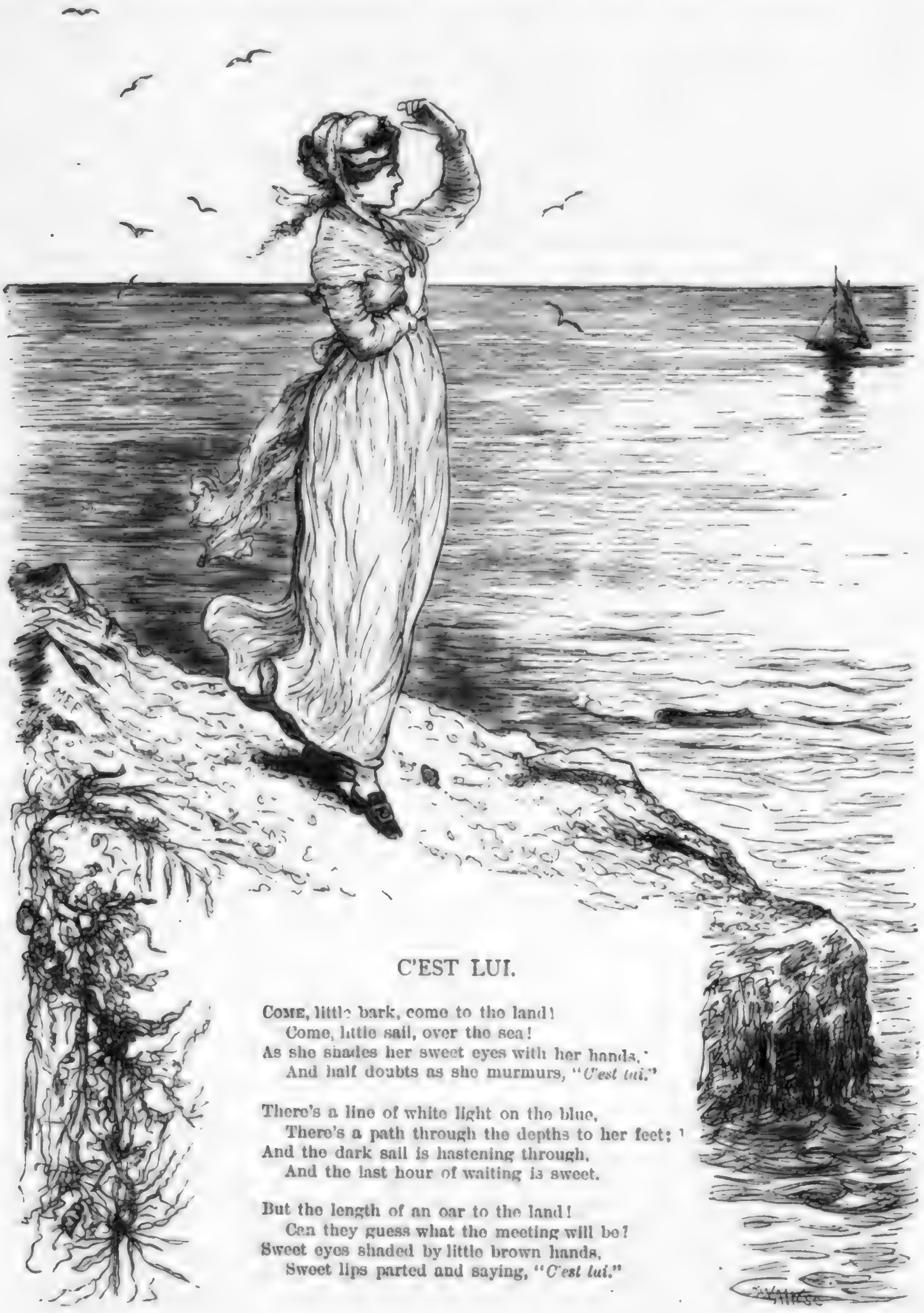
THE TEMPTER'S PLEA.

The last applause was done. The curtain was down. The principal actor had been in front to bow his thanks. Demands for the author had failed to produce him. The great audience came slowly out.

Mr. Douglas and his companion might have gone out by a private way. Curiously enough, they chose to speak with several persons who had been interested auditors of the play. They came out with those who had not been so privileged and exclusive as to sit in a private box.

Mrs. Douglas waited. They came nearer and nearer. Her face was concealed, it is true, but her husband had seen the garments she wore. Would he know her? What would he say if he did? What would she say? What would happen? Did she hope he would recognize her, or that he would pass her by? She could scarcely answer this last question; but she could not bring herself to go out until her husband and her rival should come up to her. She did not remember that men have little eye for dress, rich or plain, and that her husband had no idea that it was possible that he should meet her there.

The two she watched came nearer and nearer. She could recognize their voices among the rest. A little later, and she could hear their words.

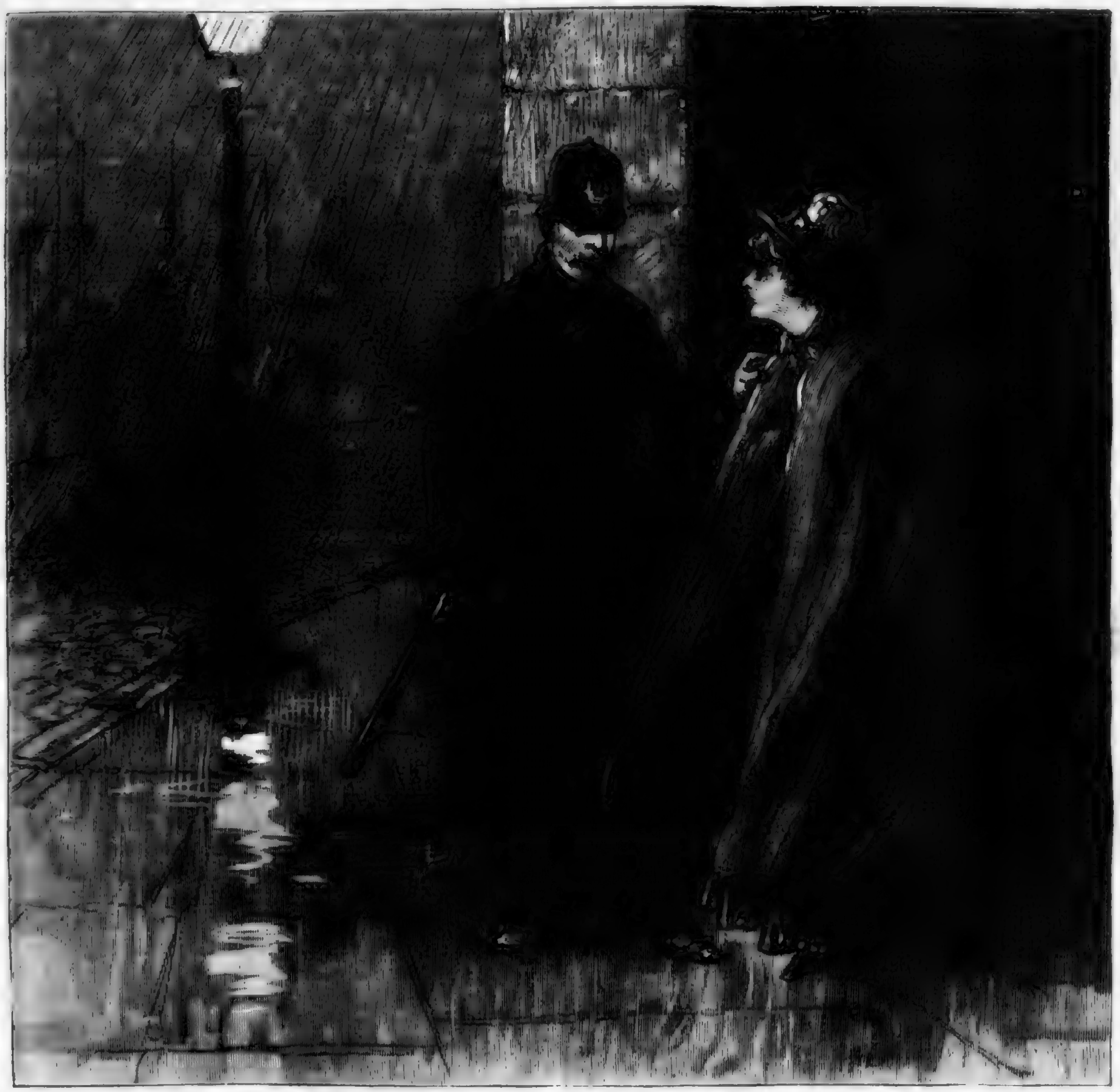


C'EST LUI.

Come, little bark, come to the land!
Come, little sail, over the sea!
As she shades her sweet eyes with her hands,
And half doubts as she murmurs, "*C'est lui.*"

There's a line of white light on the blue,
There's a path through the depths to her feet;
And the dark sail is hastening through,
And the last hour of waiting is sweet.

But the length of an oar to the land!
Can they guess what the meeting will be?
Sweet eyes shaded by little brown hands,
Sweet lips parted and saying, "*C'est lui.*"



TENDER AND TRUE.—"SHE LOOKED UP INTO THE FACE OF THE POLICEMAN. HE WAS A FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM OF WHOM SHE HAD NEVER THOUGHT."—SEE PAGE 267.

"I am proud of you," said the man.

"I am glad," replied the woman, "very glad; that alone is reward enough."

"I was never so happy in all my life."

"Nor I. I have listened to the distant roar of the storm, and wondered if it is possible that I shall ever drift beyond this heaven again."

"You never shall. I will see to that. Did I not promise you, years ago, that I would do all in my power to make you happy?"

"I know it. I remember it. I shall never forget it. How selfish I am. I suppose your wife has been very lonely to-night."

"I suppose she has."

He turned his head a little, just then, so that his wife could not see his face. Some one laughed, harshly, coldly, cruelly. She would have given her life to have known whether the laugh was his or not. There was a smile upon his face when he turned it her way again—a smile, though her heart was breaking. Was it he who laughed? Could it have been. The smile did not look false, nor cold, nor cruel. It was such a smile as had shone in his eyes, and stirred his lips when he had asked her to be his wife.

He leaned nearer to his beautiful companion.

"My wife will never know," he said.

And the two passed by her.

Her husband's elbow jostled her. She could have reached out her arm and stopped them both. But they passed on, unknowing her presence, unguessing her sorrow and anger. Little they knew, either one of them, how trifling a circumstance had made it possible for them to go out together into the night, alive and unharmed.

The crowd was thinning fast. Nearly all were gone. And still Olive stood just where she had watched the end of the play, just where she had heard her husband's words confirm her dreaded future, and those of his companion glory and rejoice in it.

Those who still remained were beginning to look curiously at her, as Olive stood so immovable and statue-like. She seemed to have forgotten her surroundings and the presence of others. A hand was laid gently upon her arm. It recalled her to herself.

There is an element of expectancy which accounts for many otherwise unexplained and perhaps otherwise unexplainable things. If it is possible that the owner of that hand—that light, gentle, caressing hand—that strong, firm, steady hand—could have known that Mrs. Olive Douglas was to attend at the Metropolitan Theatre that night, it is not strange that he recognized her. If not——

But what is it that some one has said of the eyes of affection? Her husband had passed her by. He had pushed her aside as he went. He had known nothing of her presence—guessed nothing—feared nothing. But this man, this other man, laid his hand upon her arm.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Douglas," he said, courteously, "you are attracting more attention than you can understand just yet. Let me assist you. No," raising his hand, deprecatingly, as she started to speak, "you need make no explanations. I understand the whole terrible business. Let me spare you the pain of a single word. Let me shield you. Shall I call a carriage for you?" he concluded, raising his voice, as he asked that question in a louder tone than he had used in what he had said before.

She did not trust herself to speak. She raised her vail. She looked into the eyes of this man who had so delicately come to her aid. She let her own glance fall before the fervor of his own. She bowed in silence. She let the vail fall again in front of her white face and tear-filled eyes. She finished, at last, the sentence at which her girlish lips and heart had faltered in the days of long ago. Perhaps she had never hurt another man; but as for Arnold Barrah—well, well. She had suffered too much in the love she had just lost not to deeply pity any one to whose heart she might have carried loss or grief or sorrow. Of course she could never be anything to Arnold Barrah; of course he could never be anything to her; she could never have loved him, she was sure of that. And yet—poor little woman—how fully she pitied him.

And pity has a dangerous kinship!

Mr. Barrah returned for her in an incredibly short space of time. He escorted her down to the carriage. He said something to the driver, but in so low a tone that she did not catch the words.

"Under the circumstances," he said, pleasantly, "I shall not ask permission to attend you to your home. Possibly you might refuse. Perhaps you prefer being alone. But I cannot be your friend and permit that. And, as I mean to be your friend in all things, I shall not leave you until you are at your own home."

Suiting the action to the word, he sprang into the carriage, and seated himself by her side.

"I would not hurt your pride for the world," he said, "but you must pardon me if I tell you that I know all you have guessed or suspected after this terrible evening. All? I know more. Shall I be your friend?"

"Yes," she sobbed.

"Your true friend?"

"My best one," she answered.

"And you will not call me cruel or impertinent if I tell you the whole, exact truth."

"Oh, no. Where else can I turn for help or truth?"

Where else?

Had she forgotten her father? Did she no longer remember her uncle? Was she forgetting herself? Had she read the story of how the devil entered Paradise, and allowed it to teach her nothing?

"I have ordered the driver to go about the streets for an hour," he said, "for I felt that you would be glad to hear what I can tell. Did I do right?"

Did he?

Did she think so?

No matter.

Men and women have been giving up everything to those of strong wills and perfected purposes ever since Eve ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

And their voices have lied to their hearts—in the hours of trial, in the days and nights of temptation, in the years of ruin and degradation and death!

"You have done right," she *said*. Don't ask me to tell you what she *thought*.

There was silence then, for a time. The man waited for the woman to break it. There are men who will never give up the least little advantage which is theirs. For good, or for evil—to build up, or to destroy—always and for ever they *wait—wait!*

She spoke at last.

"When did my husband hire this woman?"

"A month ago."

"What does she do at the office?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Heaven knows. I don't. Ask some of her fellow clerks."

"If you—if—if——"

She got no further than that. He was looking keenly at her. It may have been strange, perhaps very strange, that she returned his look bravely, and that he looked down first.

"Well?" he asked, a little uneasily.

"I wonder that you have not inquired of them yourself, in my behalf."

He hesitated a little. He did not forget that he had a woman to deal with, nor that that is equivalent to saying that he needed all his coolness, all his caution, all his keen and active intellect. The soldier hesitates before he enters the thicket which may conceal an ambush; the travel-stained wanderer by the African river hesitates ere he plunges into the cool liquid which may conceal the deadly crocodile and prove his bloody grave; the Great Soldier hesitated on the banks of the Rubicon. *Arnold Barrah hesitated.*

She had an advantage over him, you understand—the advantage of her intuitions over his logic—the advantage of being a woman, while he was merely a man.

And he——

He had the advantage of knowledge and fully perfected plans.

They were very evenly matched for the contest which was inevitable between them.

And yet it may be that it was wise for him to hesitate.

He answered, after a half-dozen minutes of silence.

"I did inquire."

"Ah! I wonder you did not let me know."

If he had made a mistake, *if*—mind you—he was too quick and alert to fall under it.

"I did my best," he said, gravely.

"I—I—do not understand!"

"No? Did you get no message to-day?"

"Were you so cruel—so wicked——"

He reached and took her hand.

"I dictated the letter, whether it was cruel and wicked or not. Think of the surgeon; has he no feeling? no heart? Olive—Mrs. Douglas—I did what I believed was right. I did it to save you from deception and wrong."

She drew her hand away, but not ungently. She said nothing in the way of rebuke. Possibly she thought nothing.

"And you found out—what?"

He shrugged his shoulders again.

"Not much. She writes mostly in her employer's private office. She goes and comes as she will. She is early or late as she chooses."

"And that is all?"

"So far as her fellow clerks are concerned, that is really all."

"But you know more?—tell me?"

"Of course I know more. Have I lived for years, thinking only of you, sleeping or waking——"

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Hush," she said.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly; "forgive me. I will try to tell you all I know. Only forget that I said what I did."

"Tell me at once," she pleaded, her husky voice scarcely more than a whisper; "tell me all. Who is she?"

The man winced as though she had struck him.

"I cannot tell you that," he muttered.

"How long has my husband known her?"

"Since his college days."

"Are you sure of this?"

"As sure as I am that I live."

"And has been her friend all these years?"

"Her *friend?* Yes. If you like that word better than some other and more appropriate one!"

"He has seen her often.?"

"Every day when he has been in this city."

"And when he has been away?"

"They have corresponded regularly."

"You know this to be true?"

"I do, and I can prove it."

"Merciful God! Why, then, did he marry me?"

"Mrs. Douglas, Olive, darling, cannot you guess? He did it to spite me—to hurt me—to ruin me. He knew how much I loved you. He knew that I would be miserable without you. He hated me; no matter why—perhaps I'll tell you some time. He resolved on the course he has taken. And this——"

"*Is the end!*"

"The end? Is it? Listen. I go to Europe to-morrow, or, since midnight is past, it is to-day. I shall never return. I have transferred all my property. I shall hold no more communications with any person here. I bury the past. I go to a new future. I—I——"

"Well?"

"*And I took passage for two. Will you go?*"

"I do not understand you."

"I mean this. Punish your husband in kind. Go with me. You shall never know a want or a care. I will protect you in every danger. I will be true to you for ever. Will you go?"

Was she tempted? I do not know. "Lead us not into temptation," is the most mysterious prayer of those which the Divine One taught humanity, and which weak human lips have faltered and hesitated over for almost two thousand years. Did revenge seem sweet? Did sin for sin seem justice? Did the future look as bright as Arnold Barrah painted it? I do not know. I cannot tell. I think your question would be too deep for Olive Douglas herself.

Do you know how slight things our lives turn on? Do you know how little an event, in the hand of Providence, is all-sufficient? Let us see.

The driver had not yet spent the hour allowed for driving. It was strange that he was in the street where Olive's home had always been. It was remarkable that Olive looked that way. It was almost a miracle that her father had rested so poorly that night—he who usually slept so soundly and so well. He came to the window. He gazed into the street. Thus for a moment. Then the curtain fell, and the carriage swept on.

Tempted? God knew her need. There were happy tears in her eyes—happy, I say—as she turned to Arnold Barrah and told him "*No.*"

What might have been, no one but Omniscience can tell. But it may be that the sleepless man who raised his curtain and gazed wearily out into the night saved a human soul when he did it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST OF THE JOURNEY.

"What? Did I hear you right? Are you going to let your husband and his pretty clerk triumph over you in this way?"

"I am going to do right."

"Revenge on faithlessness is right. Love is right. I say come."

"No."

"I will guard and protect and care for——"

He never finished his sentence.

Some drunken vagabond had wandered aimlessly (*aimlessly* is the word for our human lips to utter and our mortal fingers to write) about the town for hours. He had crawled into a doorway for a drunken sleep. And now, just as the carriage came opposite him, he staggered and stumbled down into the street again. The horses reared. The driver used his whip. A rein broke. The carriage went over, and, just as it went down, Arnold Barrah sprang out at the door and left the woman to her fate.

Away—away—away!

Around one corner to the right! Around another to the left! And through it all, amid the horror of that awful ride, while thinking every moment that the next would be her last, she could not be glad enough for the fact that Arnold Barrah was gone; she could not be thankful enough that she had answered his demands with denial; her heart was so happy and peaceful since she had told him "No."

Away—away!

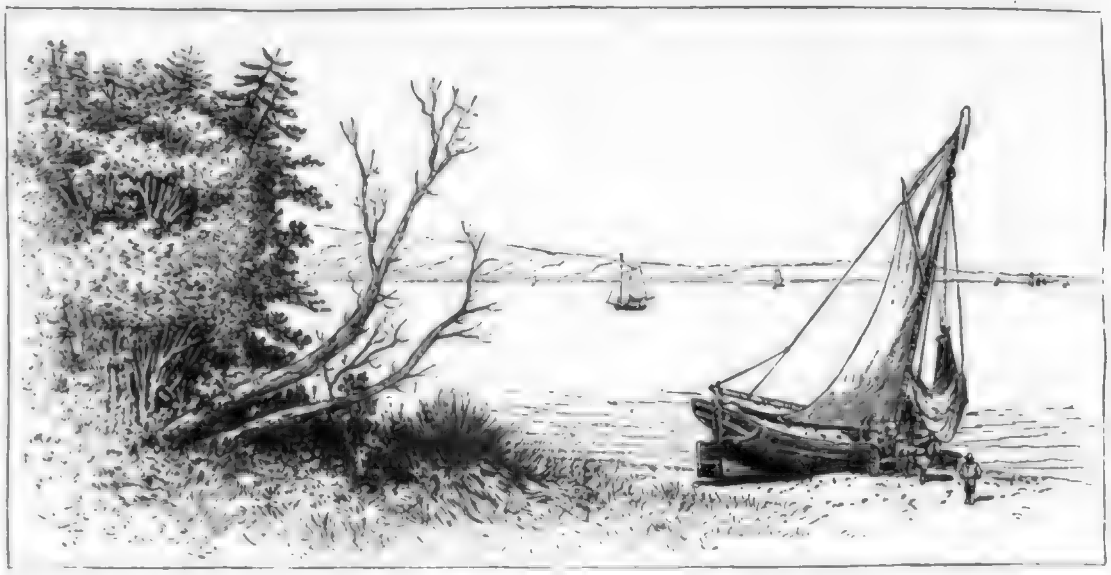
It seemed as though the journey had taken hours. And still she was not hurt—not much; and still the overturned carriage held together; and still the horses never slackened their speed.

Then, all at once, the horses stopped. There were hoarse commands. There was a struggle outside. Some one tore away the door of the carriage and lifted her out. She stood up and looked about her.

The horses had turned and doubled many times in their mad race. They had been caught and stopped not a dozen rods from her own home. And her husband, starting out searching for her, was the man who had saved her life.

It had been risky. He had suffered in doing what he had done. One arm was helpless. But it might have been worse—much worse.

Oliver had a story to tell his wife, a story to which she listened with many bitter tears, and which she met with such a confession of jealousy and credulity as made it impossible that any such shadow should ever cloud their lives again. He told it to her—the story of the beautiful woman who had worked in his office—after the doctor had set his arm and made him comfortable and gone away and left them.



MISERY BAY (PRESQUE ISLE BAY).

"She was the daughter of the professor I liked best in my college work. She did not love me. I did not love her. I have loved you, Olive, all my life.

"One day the professor saved my life on the lake. The affection between him and myself grew deeper and stronger.

"One dreadful day he died. It was very sudden. In the morning he was well. At noon he was tired, so he said, but made no other complaint than that. Before sunset he was dead. I promised him, when his pulse was already so weak that I could not feel it stir under my fingers, and when his eyes were already looking beyond that which limits mere mortal vision, that I would befriend and protect his daughter. It was a strange promise. I sometimes think he hoped it would end in marriage. But she loved another—and so did I.

"I have kept my promise. The man she loved cheated her with a false marriage. I made him make it real. He swore to be revenged on me. He tried to prevent your loving me. You know what he has attempted since, for this man, this wretch who said to himself that he could not live with a wife who did not bring him a fortune, was Arnold Barrah.

"His wife has had the name of working for me. It has only been in name. Really, she has labored for fame and fortune for herself. She has written a play. It is a success. Her future is assured."

The light of dawn crept in at the window. The same musical child who had sung last night was astir early. She was singing again, and the words came clearly and sweetly to these two happy and reunited hearts:

"Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas! Douglas!
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew."

Olive stooped over and took her husband in her arms and kissed him. She knew the song and knew what was coming.

"As I lay my hand on your dead heart, Douglas!"

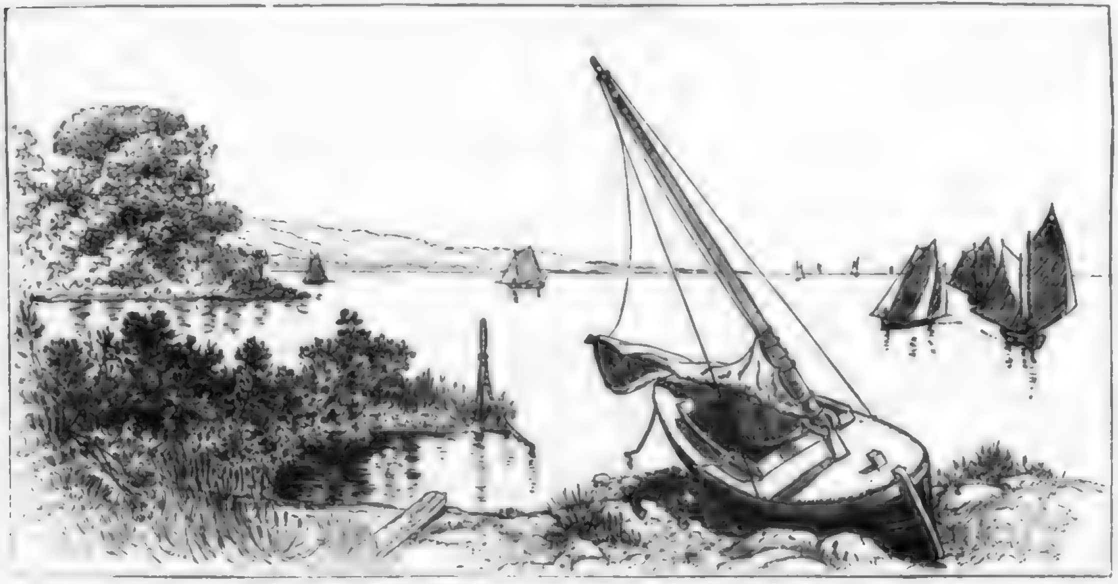
"Thank God," she said, softly, "that it is not that." Then, she sang, tenderly and low, in unison with the sweet voice of the unseen child, the words which were the seal of love's present and the promise of its future:

"Douglas! Douglas! tender and true!"

NOTES AND SKETCHES OF PRESQUE ISLE BAY, AT ERIE, PA.

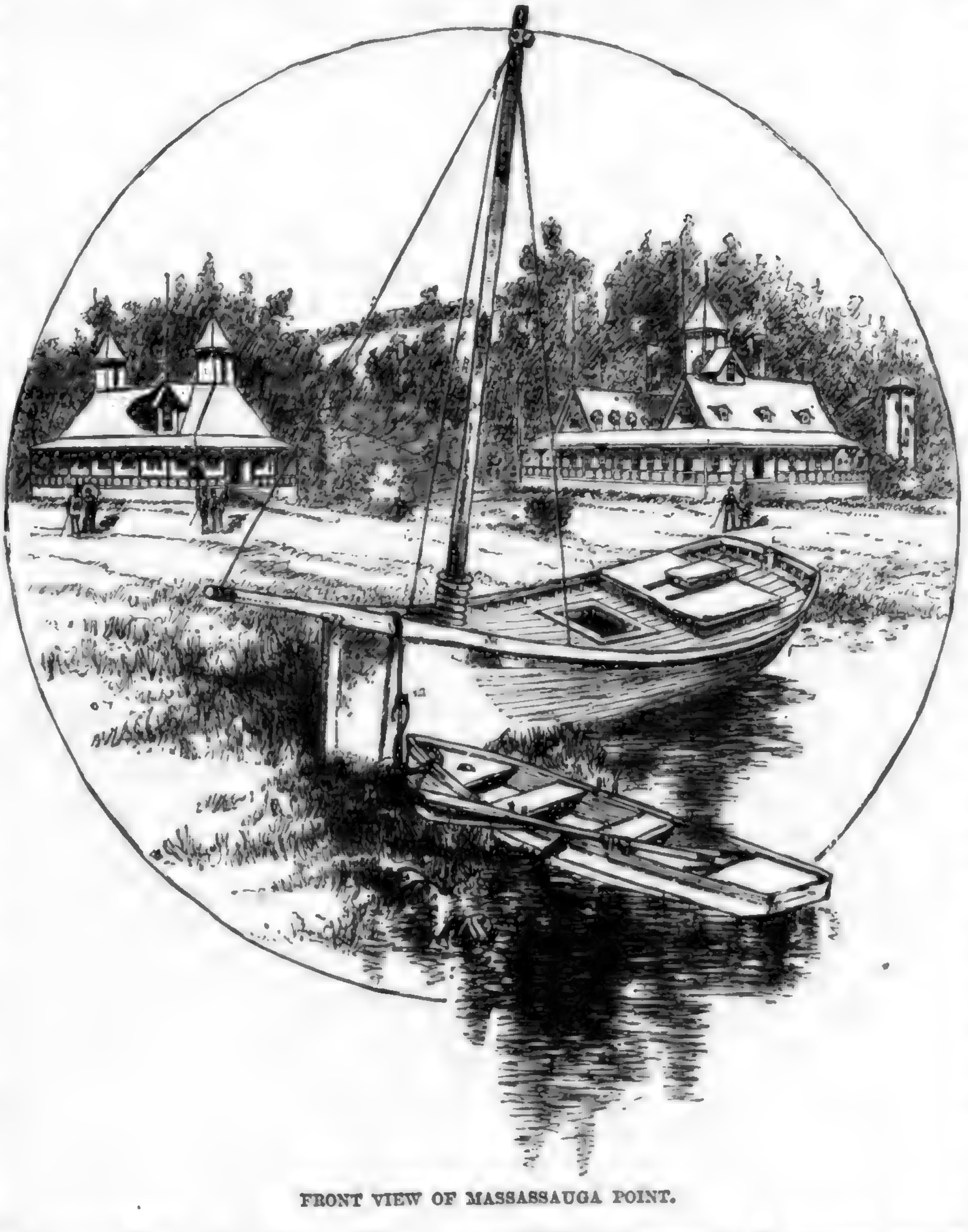
By Mrs. C. Ingersoll Gara.

Presque Isle Bay fronts the City of Erie, at a midway point nearly one hundred miles from Buffalo and Cleveland. It is Pennsylvania's only harbor outlet and inlet on the great chain of Northern Lakes. Formed by a peninsula extending five miles in a northeasterly direction, it affords complete protection to vessels in stormy weather. Indeed, as a secure haven, it surpasses that of any of the northern lake cities. For many years it has been the theme of eulogistic comment on account both of its safety and natural attractions. Poets have sung its praises and eloquent tongues have glowingly portrayed its advantages and charms. It stands before the eye like a "thing of beauty," and often suggests comparison with the far-famed Bay of Naples. As far back as 1753, Du Quesne, General-in-chief at Quebec, in a letter to the French Minister at Paris, describes it as the "finest spot in nature, in which all kinds of sailing craft are as secure as in a box." Alike for pleasure purposes and general commerce it has long



MASSASSAUGA POINT, LOOKING OUT ON PRESQUE ISLE BAY.

been, and is now, extensively utilized. Throughout the bright Summer days handsome and commodious yachts convey over its smooth surface parties seeking health and recreation, and capacious freight-boats and splendid passenger-steamers make it a chief stopping-point on their way up and down the lakes. Before railroads were constructed, when General Charles M. Reed, a citizen of Erie, of superior business qualifications, was known far and wide as the "steamboat king," owning most of the palatial steamers running between Buffalo and Chicago, it was the seat of a heavy passenger and freight trade; and, notwithstanding the diverting influence of railroads, these marks of business life and energy are, to a noticeable extent, continued. An increasing marine service within the last few years indicates encouraging progress.



FRONT VIEW OF MASSASSAUGA POINT.

Within the bay proper, at the northeastern extremity, is Misery Bay. This name was given it by Lieutenant Holdup, in 1814, from the comfortless condition of vessels at that time, "the weather," as remarked by a historian, "being gloomy and the stock of so-called good cheer exhausted." It was considered a desirable shelter, and is distinguished as the place where four of Commodore Perry's vessels were sunk, after the naval victory which has immortalized his name. The *Lawrence,* whose efficiency in the great battle is conspicuously recorded in history was, with the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte,* sunk therein for preservation. The *Niagara,* from the decks of which Perry sent out the inspiring words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," was kept afloat as a receiving-ship for some years, when she was beached on the northeastern side of the aforesaid bay. The breaking up of the Naval Station, in 1825, led to the sale of these vessels to private parties, who intended fitting them up for the merchant service. The *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* were found in tolerable condition, but the *Lawrence,* being so badly riddled as to be not worth repairing, was not then removed. After several years' use the *Detroit* was dismantled and "sent over Niagara Falls for a spectacle, and probably for hotel speculation, too." In the Spring of 1876 the *Lawrence* was raised, cut in two, and transported to Philadelphia for exhibition at the Centennial. The show proved a disastrous financial failure, and the old hulk was finally purchased by a firm with a view to realizing something by converting her timbers into relics. Long before her removal from the waters of Misery Bay pieces were frequently taken and sold for canes and other memorial uses. The *Niagara* remains where she was beached, her bared ribs being seen from the surface.

Massassauga Point is at the head of Presque Isle Bay. It derives its name from the tribe of Massassauga Indians who once lived and cultivated lands in the immediate vicinity, and whose ancestors are mentioned in the history of points on Lake Ontario, near Rochester, N. Y. Taken up under the laws of Pennsylvania, in 1800, by a ship carpenter who looked upon it as an available site for his business, it passed from his hands into the possession of other parties, and ultimately became the property of Hon. William L. Scott, now Member of Congress from the Erie District.

Mr. Scott has exhibited creditable liberality in improving it, erecting necessary buildings and supplying it with the facilities for a Summer resort. It is a most charming place. Nature is here seen in her best aspects and art has materially added to the attractions. With hotel conveniences, a dancing-pavilion, bathing-houses, natural gas for illuminating the grounds, boats for pleasure purposes, and delightful breezes wafted from across the broad bosom of Lake Erie, it presents unexcelled inducements to recreation-seekers. Visitors from every locality, numbering thousands each succeeding Summer, indorse its claims to widespread attention and liberal patronage.

An Indian legend of Presque Isle Bay says: The beautiful daughter of the chief of the Massassaugas wandered along these shores, seeking on the shining sands the pearly shells within whose mysterious depths the sounds of her lover's voice could be heard and a vision of his manly form and eagle eye be seen. Meanwhile, the rival of her choice, standing on the heights above, apprehends her movements, and, with true Indian vim and instinct, draws the bowstring and sends the arrow through the heart of the shell, shivering it to atoms; then, rushing down the rocks, clasps her in his brawny arms and bears her away in triumph to his own tribe. The weeks and months go wearily by, and the elastic step grows languid and the beautiful eyes grow dim with watching and weeping. At last a band of warriors appears and a desperate battle is fought, in which the Massassaugas are triumphant. Oreonto then flies to the wigwam which confines his lonely Wontesaca, and carries her back to his home beside the falling waters on Presque Isle Bay.

Some time in 1870 the Life Saving Station service was extended to the Northern Lakes. There are five stations on Lake Erie, and the one at Erie, within Presque Isle Bay, has been of great use in saving lives and property; eliciting hearty commendation both from the Government and the community at large.

The fish trade forms a prominent feature of Lake Erie at this point. It gives employment to many men, and to a large amount of money. The principal parties engaged in it are pushing it with commendable activity and vigor. A few facts will serve to exhibit its magnitude. The season's catch of sturgeon amounts to about twenty thousand, averaging eighty pounds each in weight. They are at once stripped of their skin and entrails, cut up, packed in barrels and shipped to a Sandusky house for curing and distribution. The roe is an important feature of this fish industry. It is taken in bulk from the fish and put through a sieve, extracting the filmy ligaments from the eggs, which are, in color, a rich olive-brown, and put up in large zinc tubs, seasoned with a very strong salt imported from Germany for this purpose. It is then called caviar, and, like the meat, finds a ready market in the large cities of Europe, those of Germany especially. It is highly esteemed by students of health and by epicures, and in growing demand in New York. Sturgeon are caught exclusively in pound-nets, and those taken at this point are deemed superior in quality of meat and roe to any found elsewhere in the country. A condition of the contract with the Sandusky parties, by whom they are purchased, is, that they shall not be less than four feet long; many measure six and seven feet. They have become valuable within a comparatively short period. So recently as ten years ago they were sold to neighboring farmers for twenty-five cents apiece; and it is recorded that one day in 1876 1,265 were thrown on the beach and converted into oil. The sturgeon trade commences in the early part of May and continues until the last of July, when the white fish season begins. They are taken plentifully in gill-nets throughout the Fall months. It is not necessary to say anything in praise of the excellencies of a fish so well known and appreciated at home and abroad. Following it blue pike and herring fishing begins, ending with severe cold weather. Altogether the quantity caught is immense, forming a material item of Erie trade. As an illustrative fact it may be stated that as many as 1,350 sturgeons were lately caught in a day. Forty-five pound-nets are in use this season, and a large number of gill-nets, attended with great success.

The pioneers at Presque Isle had to resort to fishing in log canoes. They were as much a necessity for providing food as were the log cabins to shelter their families. The first man in this vicinity who followed it as a business was a mulatto, and he made a success of it, supplying neighbors who had not time to "go fishing." Strange to say, his death was caused by a fishbone lodging in his throat.

Our view of the entrance to Presque Isle Harbor shows the original burial-place of the dashing Revolutionary general, "Mad Anthony Wayne."

After fulfilling his mission as major-general on the Northwestern frontier for the purpose of forcing the Indians into subjection, General Anthony Wayne embarked in a small vessel at Detroit, in the Fall of 1796, for Erie, Pa., on his way homeward. He was attacked with gout during the passage down the lake, a form of bodily trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, and which had been much aggravated by exposure in the Western wilds. As the vessel was without suitable remedies, he could obtain no relief, and on landing at Presque Isle was in a dangerous condition. In accordance with his own request, he was conveyed to a blockhouse on the so-called Garrison tract, the attic of which had been fitted up as a sleeping-apartment. Every attention was paid the distinguished invalid that circumstances would permit, but without avail. He died on the 15th of December, 1796. Two days thereafter his body was buried, as he had directed, in a plain coffin, with his uniform and boots on, at the foot of the flagstaff of the blockhouse. The top of the coffin was marked with the initials of his name, "A. W.," his age, and the year of decease, in round-headed brass tacks, driven into wood. In the Spring of 1809, under the direction of his son, Colonel Isaac Wayne, the body was taken up, conveyed to his home in Chester County, and interred in the family burying-ground. It was found in a remarkable state of preservation, all petrified with the exception of one foot and leg, which were partially gone.

In these historical illustrations of Presque Isle Bay, points of special interest are necessarily passed over, such as the Erie Waterworks, with their neat and tasteful surroundings; the Anchor Line Depot and Elevators, and sundry Summer resorts. For more than forty years the United States Steamer *Michigan* has been prominently identified with this bay. Built in separate parts, of iron, at Pittsburg, she was transported to Erie by canal, and fitted out for service in the way of cruising on the Lakes in 1844. Through her officers, from time to time, the *Michigan* has materially contributed to Erie society. Agreeable and accomplished gentlemen, they have ever been welcome visitors in the best circles, and it is a noticeable fact that up to the present period they have formed matrimonial alliances with nearly fifty of Erie's fairest maids.

On the banks of the city water front, rough and ragged, but likely ere long to be improved by grading and sodding, stands Hamot Hospital, named after an old and honored family; and in an easterly direction the Wayne Monument and the imposing proportions of the lately established Soldiers' and Sailors' Home strike the eye. Inmates of the latter may often be seen, dressed in their clean regulation uniform, with fish-pole and basket, trudging along the shore and piers to spend the Summer hours among the finny tribe, and to live over again, on beautiful Presque Isle Bay, their oft-told battle scenes.

EXPERIENCE is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

SILENCE.

By James H. Morse.

Come, Silence, thou sweet reasoner,
Lay thy soft hand on all that stir—
On grass, and shrub, and tree, and flower,
And let this be thine own dear hour.

No more across the neighbor rill,
To that lone cottage on the hill,
Shall Wonder with her questions go,
Seeking if Joy be there or no.

No longer shall the listening ear
Go seeking grief, afar or near;
Or eye be turned to find a stain
In the dear God's well-ruled domain.

The cricket tunes his slender throat
And lifts an early evening note.
The late bird ventures one last flight
Of song, and nestles for the night.

High up beyond the cloud-rift dun,
One spot of blue yet shows the sun;
On that I fix a silent eye;
All earth, all life, all else gone by.

FABULOUS UNCLAIMED MONEY IN THE ENGLISH COURT OF CHANCERY.

By an English Solicitor.

History repeats itself, and the craze for gold that found an opening in the South Sea Bubble is faithfully reflected to-day in a certain class of the public; only the hopes of the aspirants, instead of wandering to the far-off Pacific, are centred in the Chancery Division of the Royal Courts of Justice, or, *in vulgo*, "in Chancery."

The amount of credulity which exists even in these enlightened times is so appalling that one is obliged to confess there is some truth in the philosopher's sarcastic remark that half the world consists of fools, and the other half of knaves. With our superior knowledge we laugh at the alchemist, who spent his life in the vain endeavor to manufacture gold, but do the very thing ourselves by rushing headlong into the more attractive net which modern ingenuity has spread before us. For of late years some self-appointed philanthropists have discovered the shortcomings and delinquencies of former Chancellors of the Exchequer. These officials, among the highest in the realm, have for generations been living (so we are now informed) in prodigality on other people's money; but it has been reserved for some magnanimous gentlemen of the present day to tear aside the vail, show up these miserable parasites, and, for a suitable consideration, of course, to put "the public" in possession of their own again. It is said that each generation produces one great man, but here we have not one but several rival firms. Wilberforce was a philanthropist, so was Shaftesbury; but what are they among so many? Strange to say, these benefactors of mankind have had some feuds among themselves, which have ended, alas! in one or two Chancery actions. However, when all the money, variously estimated at from sixty to one hundred millions, has been equitably divided to the last shilling among innumerable claimants, then, if ever, will these philanthropists retire from public life to await their final honorable consignment to the shades of Westminster Abbey, where their graves will incessantly be visited by the countless families whom they have in their lifetime enriched.

Before indorsing this panegyric, however, let us just, as a matter of curiosity, inquire into the facts of the case. The Court of Chancery had its origin centuries ago, when the business dealings of mankind were simple, and the complications of modern times undreamed of; and as time passed on, the Chancery judges seemed to set their faces against any innovation, so that its machinery became out of date and its procedure expensive, formal, and, if the expression may be used, more showy and bordering on the mystic; its resources were less known than those of the other courts, and mankind is naturally inclined to exaggerate the unknown. Recent Acts of Parliament, however, have done much to alter this state of things.

It is evident that in the administration of justice in a large and wealthy country like England it would be necessary that provision should be made for taking care of and distributing the property, whether money or otherwise, of suitors or other persons; and this duty, for reasons which need not be mentioned here, devolved on the Court of Chancery. Thus it happened that property about which there was any dispute was held in trust by the Court until it was definitely settled to whom it should belong; the money of a ward in Chancery was naturally managed by the Court itself, and trust moneys have concontinually been paid in. It will be readily understood how, from these and many other causes, Chancery became trustee for an almost fabulous amount of money; nor is it difficult to see that among so many accounts the rightful owners should sometimes omit to send in their claims, and this frequently happened, because the amount itself was so small that it would be more than swallowed up in the expense of obtaining an order to take it out; and thus the Court became in time possessed of money due to the legal representatives of these non-claimants. And when once money has been paid in, of course it is not paid out until public notice has been given by advertisements, so as to insure that nobody interested has been overlooked.

This is, then, the origin of those startling placards and notices which meet the eye at every turn, and appear in every little country newspaper, generally commencing with the magic words in large type, "Unclaimed Money," and then going on to say that an immense sum, varying from fifty to a hundred millions, is only waiting to be claimed. The astonished reader is next informed that a complete list (of about as many names as there are in existence) and "instructions" can be obtained for a few shillings, and if he makes the investment the purchaser is almost certain to find his own name there, for the reason just mentioned, that almost every name is inserted. What a shock to the nerves of the poor deluded reader, and how his heart seems to jump into his mouth at the thought that a fortune may be hid without his knowing anything at all about it! how he fancies himself already a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt! In feverish haste he turns to another part of this valuable book and looks for his "instructions," which tell him (one guesses what is coming) to apply at once to the compiler and inclose the trifling sum of a guinea as "search fee." The amount being sent, and, after a little delay, just for decency sake, and to make it appear as if the search was really lengthy, though, in fact, it cannot take more than a few minutes, a copy of an advertisement dated some ten, twenty, or fifty years ago is produced. This advertisement may, on the face of it, be a veritable "blank," and lucky is the investor when it is so; but more likely, instead of learning that the police authorities or the creditors of John Smith will reward

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whoever may supply such information as will lead to the capture of the said John Smith—instead of this, the advertisement may be to the effect that there is some money due to his representatives, in which case the inquirer is informed that on payment of a "preliminary-fee" of a few guineas further inquiries can be made, and he will be put in the right way of obtaining any money which may be due to him. It is interesting to note how the scale of charges increases step by step, like the civil punishments awarded to evil-doers. If this preliminary fee is paid, then further demands, on one excuse or another, will be made on his purse, until at last he is left considerably poorer than when first the tempting bait was dangled before his eyes, with the old adage ringing in his ears, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

This is not an imaginary case, but one of frequent occurrence; and nothing is done to punish this parasite of society, partly because experience has taught him how to avoid becoming amenable to the law, partly because the dupe is only too glad to hide his diminished head in oblivion, and partly because, most likely, he has not the pecuniary means to take proceedings against his oppressor.

But is it true there are a hundred, or even fifty, millions of *unclaimed* money in Chancery? No, it is most untrue; for although there are about eighty-four millions of money in the court, yet here the placard and newspaper information ceases, because out of this sum it is well known to what persons eighty-three millions belong, and to them the dividends and interest are being regularly paid at the present moment! So that the whole hubbub is about a sum rather less than a million! and if we analyze still further, we shall make some more instructive discoveries.

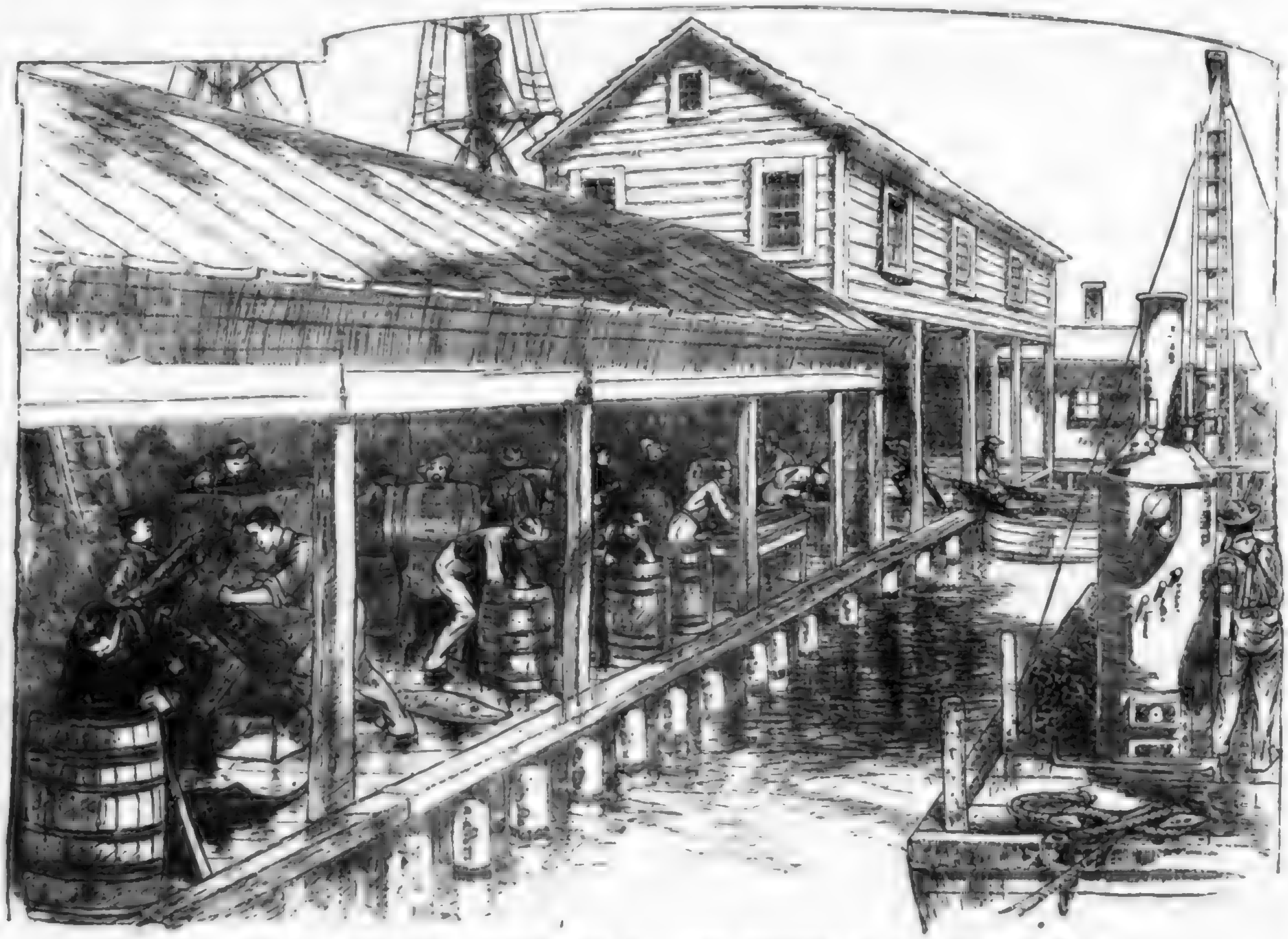
In the first place, there is no *large* sum of unclaimed money standing in the name of any one person; on the contrary, the sums are ridiculously small, and the number of accounts exceeding a thousand pounds might be numbered on the fingers of one hand, while even those going into three figures would not be very many, and all the rest consist of small sums of a few pounds, so small that, as has been already remarked, it would scarcely be worth the trouble and expense of getting them out; in fact, I believe that more money has been spent in fees to these humbugging advertisers than is now lying unclaimed in Chancery.

Not only, however, do these advertisers omit to furnish the whole truth, but they go still further and overstep the bounds of veracity by positively asserting that they can obtain an order to take the money out of Court. Now, this is absolutely untrue, for no application will under any circumstances be entertained by the paymaster-general, unless made in writing by the person entitled to the fund, or by his solicitor.

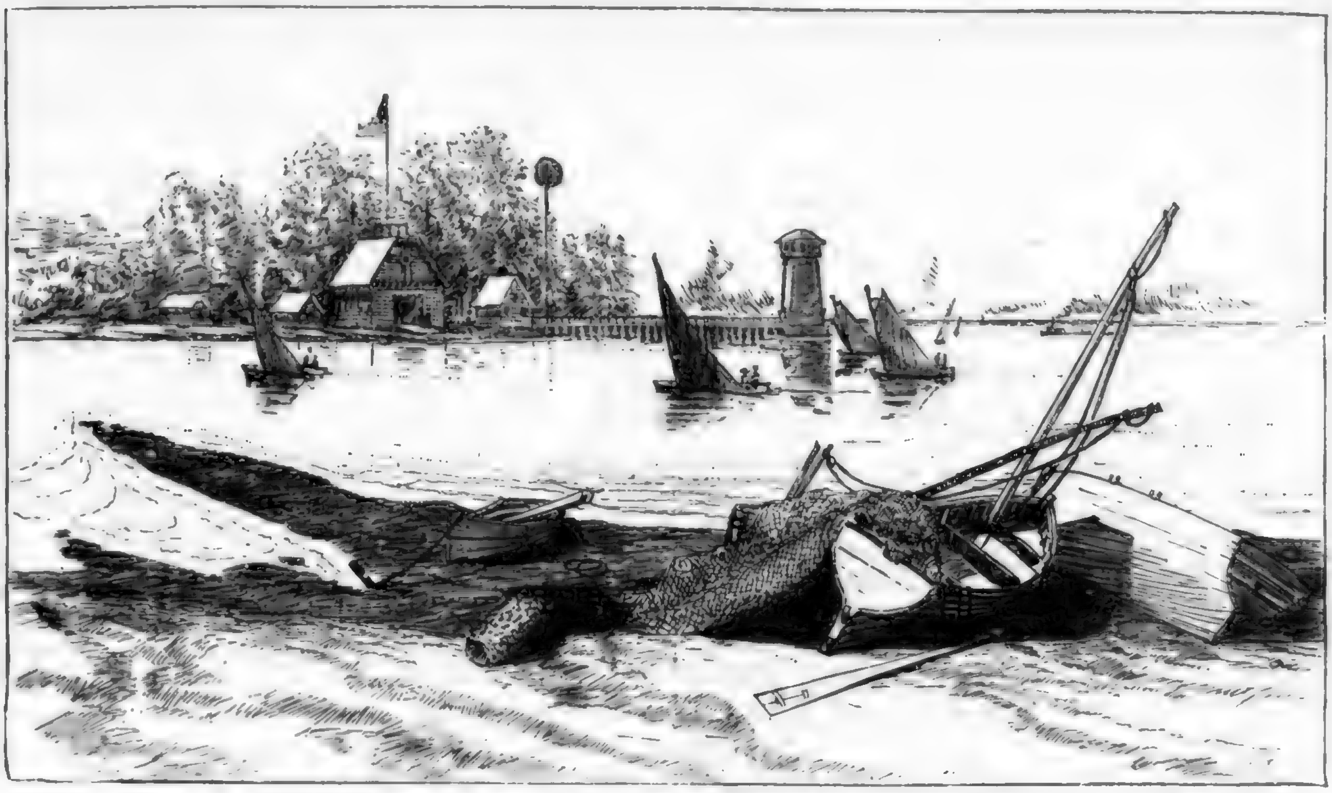
As a matter of fact, however, any one who thinks he has any claim on funds in Court need not spend his money in buying a worthless and misleading book, for an official list of unclaimed dividends is now published every three years in a supplement to the *London Gazette*, a copy of which is placed in the Law Courts, outside the paymaster-general's office, and is open to public inspection.

But, some unbeliever may argue, look at the windfalls some people have had, and what huge sums have been recovered!

Perfectly true, but then the person who obtained this piece of luck knew all along where the money was, or, at any rate, some member of his family did; certainly, the



NOTES AND SKETCHES OF PRESQUE ISLE BAY.—THE STURGEON TRADE.—SEE PAGE 276.



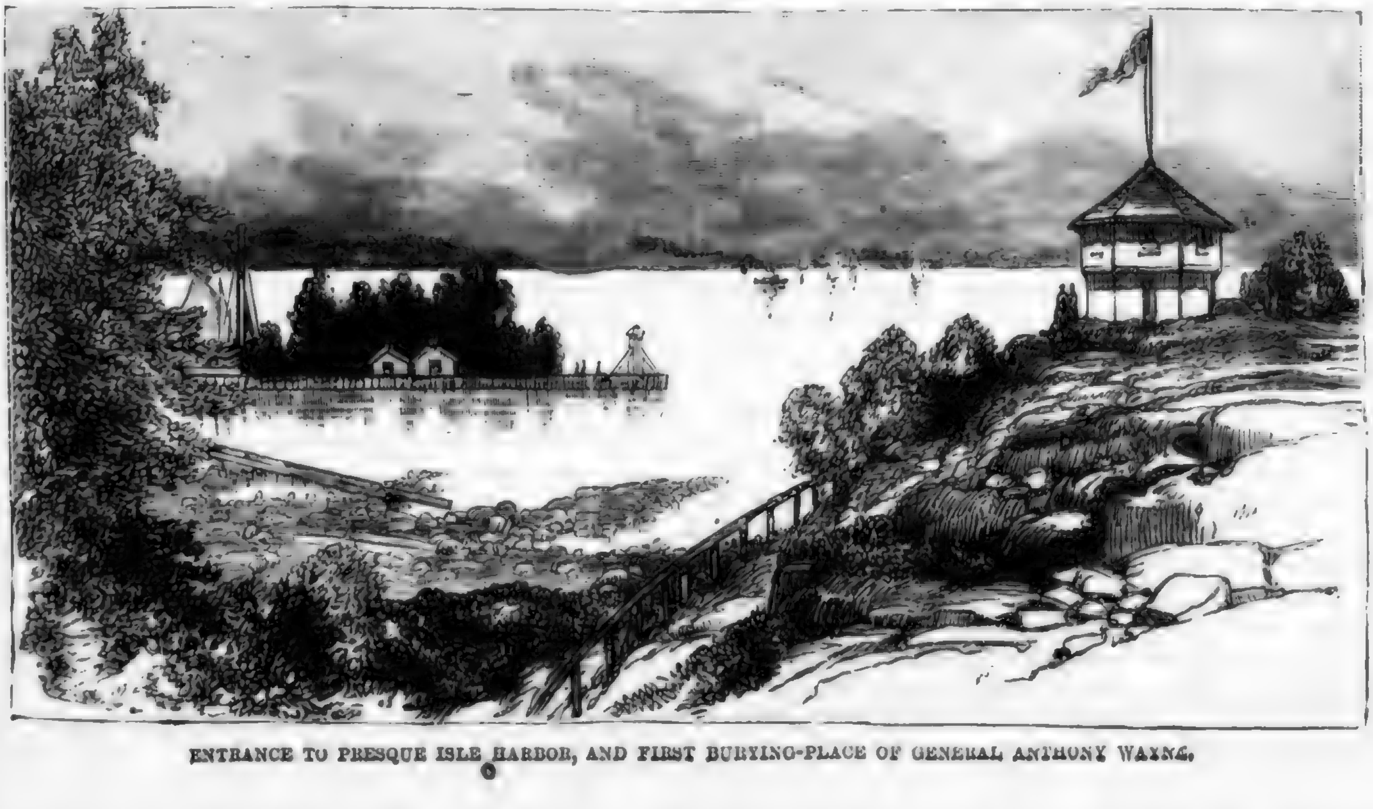
FISHING-BOATS AT PRESQUE ISLE BAY.— SEE PAGE 276.

information was never sprung upon him by any speculator's list. Although these lists are continually being enlarged, and replenished with fresh names, yet in spite of the fact that so much money is being annually paid out of Chancery, and so many accounts closed, I never heard of a single name when once inserted being taken out! Even after money has been paid out the name is still kept in the list. This fact speaks for itself.

The persons who insert these advertisements do so with the express purpose of making money, and are not over scrupulous in obtaining their end. They know the credulity of mankind, and that even the skeptic can be persuaded to believe the most unvarnished lie when it would, if true, coincide with his own desires; as the drowning man will clutch at a straw, or the gambler stake his last coin on the throw of the dice, so will the needy man make himself more needy still by investing his hard-earned savings on the illusive promise of a golden harvest:

> "Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Perhaps an incident which came under my own observation may be usefully mentioned here: A client of mine saw his name in one of these lists, and the actual sum he was to obtain placed opposite. His name was uncommon, so much so that there is not another like it in England, and there were other circumstances which rendered it highly probable that he might be entitled to some money, so that his case was altogether much



ENTRANCE TO PRESQUE ISLE HARBOR, AND FIRST BURYING-PLACE OF GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

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stronger than the usual one of Mr. Jones, who never before had any reason to suppose that any of his numerous ancestors had died worth a shilling. I told him that it would be throwing away his money to pay a guinea for a copy of any advertisement; however, I looked at the official list, but his name was not there. As he still remained unconvinced, I paid the guinea at his request, and obtained a copy of the advertisement, which was, in the first place, copied out of a newspaper forty years ago, and which went on to say that if the representatives of my client's ancestors named would apply to Mr. Smith (it need scarcely be said that I suppress the correct name), at a given address, they would hear of something to their advantage. On calling at his address, and asking if Mr. Smith was at home, the woman who opened the door at once replied in an aggrieved manner: "Oh, dear me, no sir; he left here several years ago. I suppose you've come about one of those advertisements asking people to call on him, and they would hear of something to their advantage? In an instant I saw how the land lay, and as it was evidently useless pushing the matter further, I asked the woman what she knew about Mr. Smith. All she could tell me was, that it was a perfect nuisance to her, having to answer so many inquiries about a man who had left several years ago, for people were continually inquiring about him; from some people he had extracted various sums of money, giving them nothing in return, and of course they had gone away vowing vengeance, but all to no purpose. Many of the inquirers, however, had come in consequence of seeing their names in some "next-of-kin book." One case seemed particularly hard. A poor old woman and her son had come from some distance in the country, having actually sold some of their furniture in order to defray the expense, and when at last they found the whole thing was a hoax, the woman burst into tears, and utterly broke down, for she had spent almost her last shilling, and she and her child were now alone in London without a friend to help or advise her.

This is enough to give an insight into the kind of business that is being carried on, and those who refuse to take my warning can only blame themselves for any consequences that may happen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN ENGLAND.

"THE lion of this season is Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes," writes an English lady. "Everybody wants to see him, and more engagements are pressed upon him than he can possibly accept. The Princess has smiled on him; the Prince has had a long talk with him; and people of every grade of social or intellectual eminence have thronged around him to touch his hand. It must be a pleasant experience to him; for his books are full of a delightful egotism, and that powerful sympathetic personality must needs gladly receive such a shower of individual homages.

"To those to whom his personality, as revealed in his works, has been attractive, his real presence is charming beyond expression; for he is just like his books. Small of stature he is, but erect and alert, with brilliant gaze undimmed; with the clean-shaven, clear-cut physician's mouth, kindly at the corners and mobile of upper lip, yet firm in outline; just a little whisker shading the cheek against the hair, now almost white; a brow rather broad than high, with the bumpy ridge of perception above the brow, and a full, even development at the summit. Such is, as far as words can depict it, the aspect of the Autocrat. It is eminently satisfactory to those who have long admired him with little more expectation of ever seeing him than of seeing Shakespeare, or Fielding, or Shelley. The flashing wit, the insight into the human heart, the tender sympathy with sorrow, the kindly badinage of weaknesses, the keen observation of fact, the extensive knowledge—the tokens of all are in face and figure. There was never a man who wrote who understood woman and who felt for women like this one; perhaps because there was never a physician, with all the special knowledge that that implies, gifted like Dr. Holmes, either in power of seeing into the palpitating hearts of his fellows or in utterance of the truths that he saw. But in himself there are feminine elements, as there must be in all men of finer fibre than the majority. His nervous system is obviously highly strung, his mental tactile perceptiveness has plainly that acuteness which is so rare an endowment in men, so comparatively common in women. But is is needless to multiply words: Oliver Wendell Holmes looks just as the Autocrat, Poet, and Professor ought to look.

DEATH-OMENS IN WALES.

EVERY country has its various death-omens, and the inhabitants of the various rural districts are always, more or less, the dupes of superstition. A great variety of these death-omens are peculiar to Wales, and, though the belief in them is fast dying out, yet there are still firm believers (especially in country parishes) in most of them.

These divers omens vary in form and aspect. Some appear in the form of a spectre, such as "Gwrach y Rhibyn," or the Welsh banshee, which is represented as a most hideous figure appearing at the window in the stillness of the night, which, in a long, terrific howl calls out the name of the person who is to die.

There are others which are invisible, but make their presence known by an unearthly, doleful noise, such as the "Cyhyraeth," or groaning spirit. Sometimes previous to death or a funeral there is heard such a sound as that of sawing wood, hammering nails, the marching of a funeral procession, or a human voice. This is called the "Tolaeth." The *Teulu*, or goblin funeral, is a phenomenon visible in the daytime, and is a funeral procession, sometimes singing, wending its way along the road leading to the churchyard.

"Cwn annwyn" or "Cwn awyr" (that is, "dogs of hell" or "dogs of sky") are a pack of hounds which howl through the air, and the further they are from a person the louder their direful lamentation seems to sound. They are supposed to be in quest of the soul of the wicked the moment it quits the body.

Another peculiar omen is that of "Aderyn y Corph," or corpse-bird, which chirps at the door of the person who is on the eve of dying, and makes a noise (summoning to death) similar in sound to the words, "Dewch, dewch" ("Come, come").

But the most characteristic of all the death omens is that of "Canwyll y Corph," or corpse-candle. Tradition ascribes the origin of this phantom to the prayer of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, who prayed that something prognostical of death should appear to warn the ungodly to prepare for the future world. The desired omen was granted in answer to the prelate's prayer in the shape of corpse-candles, and their appearances seem to have been more numerous in the diocese of St. David, over which the saint presided, than any other part of Wales. Whenever "the candle" was seen it was an omen of death—not necessarily of immediate death, for in some instances years would have elapsed before the doom predicted by the omen would be realized. It is represented as having been seen issuing from the mouth or nostril of the doomed individual whilst asleep or whilst awake, but visible only to the bystanders. "The candle" was only visible to the persons favored with the vision, and never to those whose attention was called to it. It is described as a flame of ghostly appearance, moving unsupported along the road by which the corpse would be carried to its resting-place.

The candle varied in color and size, and these variations had their signification. A small candle meant a child; a large one, a full-grown person; if white, it meant a woman; if red, a man. When two candles were seen, one smaller than another, they indicated the doom of a mother and child. These corpse-candles have frequently been encountered by pedestrians in their nightly walks along shady lanes and sequestered places. Those who have attempted to stop them have come to grief, and those who have inadvertently proceeded on through the mysterious, silent procession which accompanies them describe themselves as having felt oppressed and hustled.

It is said that if any one, on seeing a corpse-candle, were to stoop and look upward, he would see the visionary forms of those individuals whose lot it would be to attend the funeral of the person whose approaching doom the candle prognosticated.

It is, of course, never difficult to find natural causes to which the origin of these local superstitions may be attributed; nor, indeed, are there many countries in which they have not their counterpart.

CHINESE FOOT-BINDING.

In proportion to the incalculable multitude of girls whose feet are distorted in compliance with the extraordinary requirements of Chinese custom, it is only wonderful that cases of diseased ankle-bones and mortification of the foot are not very much more common. "As it is, though the process of bandaging involves years of torture (commencing at the age of six or nine years, till which time the feet are the natural size, and generally very neat and small), the victims rarely find their way to the hospitals directly on this account; though they are subject to frequent accidents from tumbles as they totter along on their poor big toes, which, with the tip of the heel-bone, is all that is admitted into the shoe, the other toes being folded under the instep. There is a regular class of 'foot-binders'—women whose profession it is to produce this horrible distortion, with the aid of long bandages of cotton cloth; and in the hands of an unskillful binder the process of torture is indefinitely prolonged. In any case there is generally great swelling of the foot and leg, and torturing corns and other forms of disease. Yet such is the force of distorted public opinion and the rule of fashion, that sometimes when in Christian schools the teacher (filled with compassion for a girl who cannot work by reason of the pain she is enduring) ventures to remove the bandages, then the tears flow still faster, for to remove these destroys her prospects in life—her value in the marriage-market, where she would be despised as a large-footed plebeian. The lily-foot is thus the 'guinea stamp,' and, moreover, is a standard of artificial beauty as decided (though by no means so injurious) as tight-lacing in somes cases nearer home. Though the custom is known to have been in force for fully a thousand years, no one knows which of the legends referring to its origin is authentic. One thing only is certain—namely, that even Chinese men cannot really put a stop to it. The only possible reform must be made by inducing Chinese mothers to spare their own young daughters from this torture, and to choose large footed daughters-in-law."

THE FASHION IN 1603.

In a recent report on historical manuscript, there is afforded a glimpse of a court lady's wardrobe in 1603. King James VI. had just set out to take possession of his southern kingdom, arriving in London on May 6th in that year. The account begins with an entry dated June 9th at Newcastle. No name appears on the document, but as it was found in the Eglinton chest, it probably refers to the expenses of Lady Anna Livingston, eldest daughter of Alexander, first Earl of Linlithgow, one of the maids of honor to Queen Anne of Denmark, and afterward Countess of Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglinton. She was still maid of honor in December, 1605, when King James wrote to her father commending her conduct at court and promising to pay her dower should a fit marriage arise for her.

The lady enumerates various articles of female dress—headdresses, French and English "rouffs" and their materials, "quhallbon" (whalebone) bodies, vardingells," etc. Among other items is a payment for "ane vyer to my haed with nyme pykis, xs.; item, for ane perewyk of har to couer the vyer, vs." For "ane treming to my gown with gret hornis of goulld and sillk and federis, the hornis my auen, xs." (all sterling money). She paid on an average 2s. 6d. for a pair of gloves, and the same sum for a pair of shoes; for a pair of night gloves, 9d.; for a beaver hat with feather and string, 52s.; for two fans, one of paper and the other of parchment, 5s., etc. She paid for two necklaces of black jet, 3s. For the washing of her own and her page's clothes from June to Martinmas, she paid only 20s. Among miscellaneous items are a Bible, 12s.; a French book, 1s,; a French New Testament with a French book, 6s.; with various other entries of more or less interest.

RACES IN JAPAN.

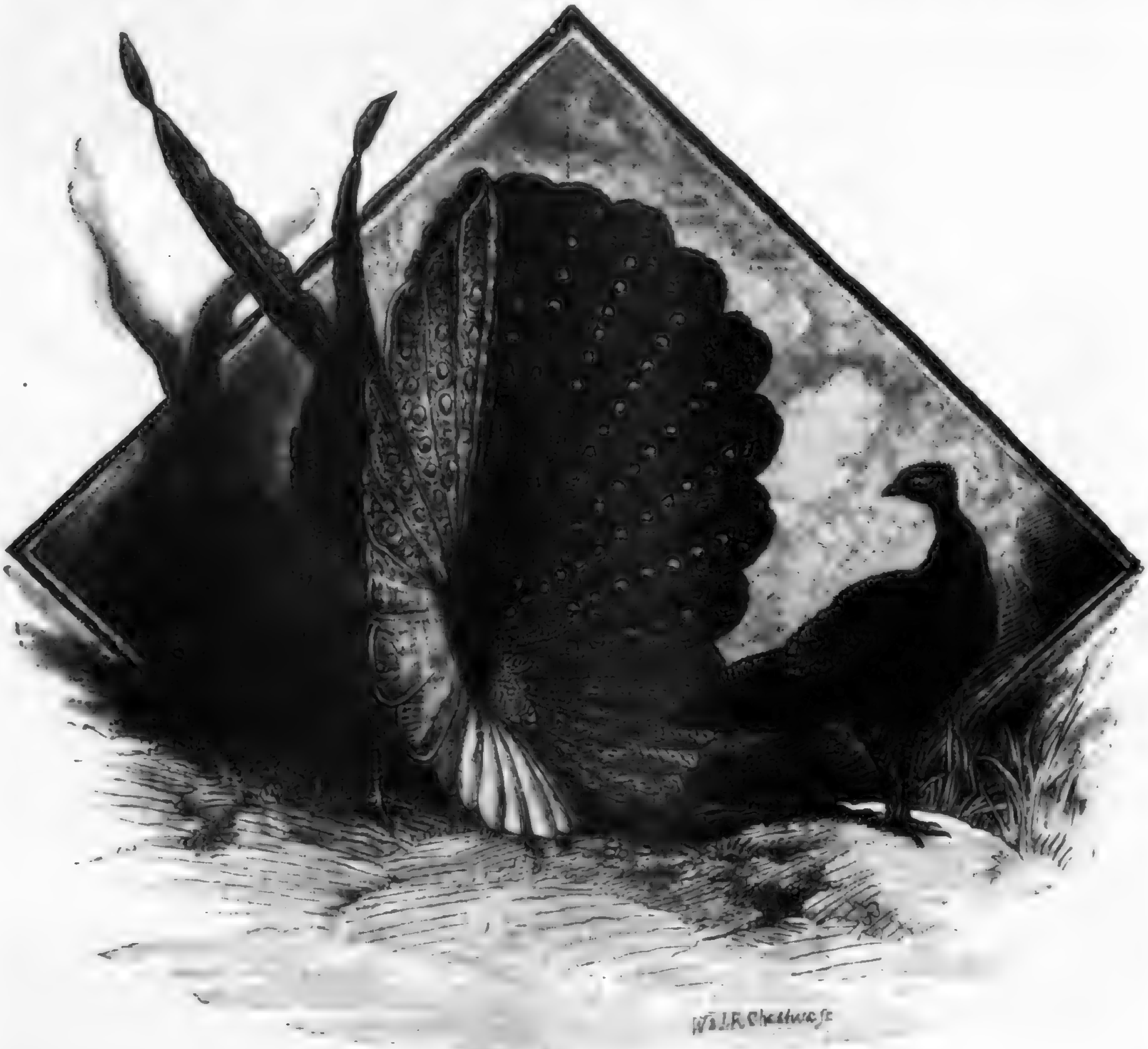
The Saghalien Ainos do not exhibit the same uncouthness as those of Yezo; there is a greater absence of beards and of hairy bodies generally. The hue of the skin very closely resembles that of the Caucasian; the foreheads are high but narrow, and their general bearing and facial expression denote an intelligence much superior to that of the Yezoines. As for the theory of an ethnical connection between the Ainos and the Japanese, Mr. Penhallow says that an examination of the pure types would not permit such a belief to be entertained. There is a mixture of the two in places, but the half-breed is as easily recognizable there as elsewhere in the world. The Japanese, he concludes, are unquestionably Mongoloid, while the facts show the Ainos to be physically distinct; while the best authorities agree in the great resemblance which they bear to Europeans, the prevailing view being that they are distinctly Aryan.

It is all the more curious to find here the Caucasian inferior in civilization to the Mongoloid.

DESIGN IN FEATHERS.

By Charles Whymper.

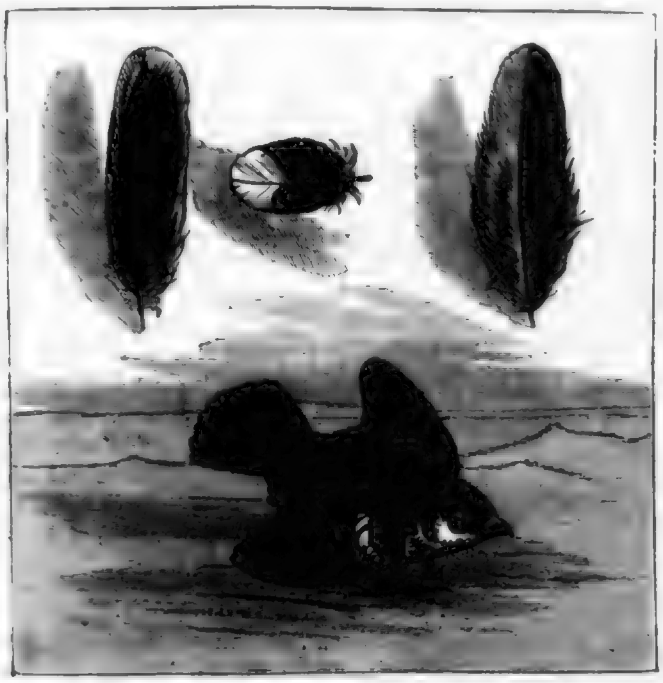
It has been wisely said that "to know the history of a bird, you must know its life-history," and this is absolutely true; and if you would wish to know and see the truth about feathers in all their perfection, there is no way to study them but on the living bird. The way to study the clothes of men may be to go where cast-off clothes do congregate, but birds' feathers are not so; cast off, they tell you but little, they show you less. Therefore ornithological *savans* shed so little light and lustre on the study of feathers. They try to seek the knowledge of the living among the dead, and think to gain an insight into all the poetry of a bird's joyous life by handling so many thousands of mere bird-mummies. They only can teach aright who study the living thing in its own surroundings and connections.



ARGUS PHEASANT IN DISPLAY.

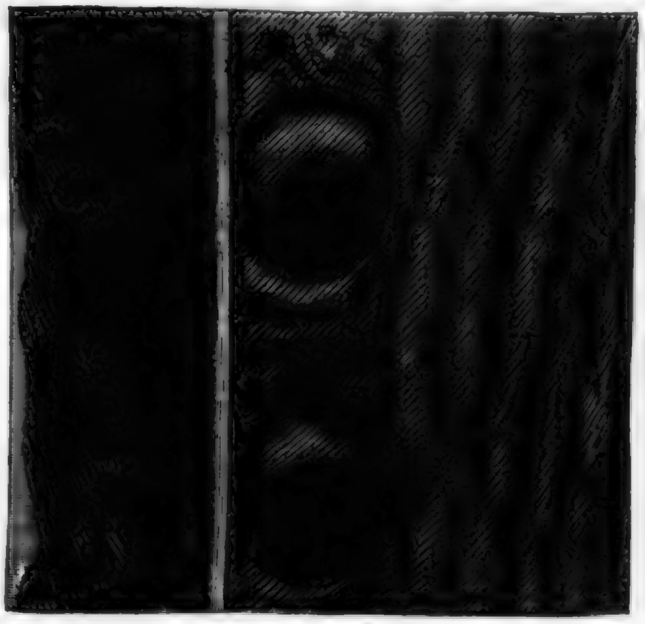
There are few birds that have but absolutely one color pervading the whole of their plumage. Still, there are some; as, for example, our own crow, raven, blackbird and swan. But even in these there is no monotony; there is lovely iridescence, and the various masses of feathers follow the structure of the masses of muscle on the body, and these being at differing angles make the feathers likewise; so that the light falls upon the diverse facets and reveals the curving lines of the masses of scapulars and flank feathers, of primaries and tail-coverts. Let us, however, consider, firstly, our little homely sparrow; not one from a city's street, but rather one from some quiet country stack-yard, so that we may really see him in his true colors, and note how he has a central line of black running along his back, from his neck to his tail; on each side of this black is a rich red-brown stripe. We should naturally imagine that the black stripe was of one sort of feathers entirely, and the brown of another, but it is not so. Here is one of the feathers of the black, and you will see how exactly the black space covers half the surface, and the lighter color shows the brown, feather after feather laid in regular sequence giving the pattern on this part. Now watch the wings, and see how the thing that at once catches the eye is a short white bar at the base, and a longer buffish brown bar more in the middle of the wing: both these bars of varying tones are in the same way the result of a number of part-colored feathers placed in regular groups over the muscles of the wings, so that all the white rods placed side by side make the first bar, and the larger, similarly, make the second bar. This is the simplest form of common ornamentation, and yet here, on this vulgar bird, we find three differently marked sorts of feathers used to produce the same kind of design required. I need scarcely point out the delicious variety, the exquisite treating of all formality, whilst yet the central idea of the design is always kept in sight.

The best time for seeing perfect feathering is in the Winter, and onward to the Spring; then, after a very short honeymoon, the birds settle down to domestic drudgery with exemplary ardor, with the result that at the end of a few weeks their tail-feathers are rough and irregular, their pinions worn and ragged from constant contact with the nest in sitting; and by the time their new suit comes at midsummer, they are more than ready for it. The Spring, of course, is the climax of a bird's life. With scrupulous care he arranges hourly his feathers, all their markings are seen to perfection, and many peculiarities of decoration are then and then alone displayed. The fleshy combs and protuberances become scarlet and enlarged, and any one who has not seen a pheasant or cock grouse at this season of love would be astonished at the alteration from his normal state. The cock pigeon swells that part of his body most adorned with iridescent feathers to make the grandest show he can; and every humble finch and small bird brushes up his modest finery.



THE SPARROW.

It is said that not a single bright-colored feather on any bird's body is left idle or undisplayed. If birds have bright-colored tails, they raise them to their highest and fullest and abase their heads; if bright heads, then they shake out their plumes, their eyes distend, and their wattles swell; and if, as in some cases, they have large tippets of feathers falling on both sides of their head, they contrive the bewildered hen shall see all the glories of both sides at one glance, and so drag all the feathers of the far side round to the near side, making such a huge mass that the face is nearly hidden, and the projecting beak alone shows where the head must be. All this is done for the hen's benefit, and it is only done when she is near; it all turns on her existence, and ceases if she be absent.



A FEATHER PATTERN.

To our mind the argus pheasant, in the remarkable character of its patterned feathers, stands alone; and there is no bird that is, in sporting parlance, within a hundred miles of it. His secondary feathers, whilst in the normal position on the wing, are a curiosity that is most staggering, such an amount of decoration lying apparently hidden and idle (not like the familiar peacock, which, when not displaying its tail-coverts, yet makes a beautiful appearance, with great elegance of line and brilliancy of color), and further lying on a bird, the whole effect of which is dowdy and not dismal. It seems as if the design was misplaced and wasted; but watch the change that comes over the bird when Spring arrives. He first becomes active and restless, instead of sleepy and heavy; he runs about briskly, and from time to time shakes his wings with a rustling sound, as if to get into order and place that large clump of feathers that have hitherto looked so untidy and purposeless; and then suddenly, as his critical future is well in front of him, he tucks down his head, throws up his wings, and arches them high over his back, till the feathers of each wing meet and form a perfect circle, the field of which is of delicately variegated browns; and sunk in this field seem to lie rows of little balls, all perfect and round, with a bright spot of high white light on their curved

TEAL'S FEATHERS.

XUM

sides, as if from the presence of the sun itself. Look, now, at our illustration; although it loses somewhat through being translated into black and white, it is yet vastly beautiful. On the feather from which this ball-and-socket design was photographed, there were twenty-one similar spots, and every feather of the secondaries is alike and yet not similar. For the scheme of the design is this: that there is a central light above them, which casts its highest light upon them, so that no two balls have the light actually on the same spot; but as each is higher or lower in the circle to the right or the left, so the light spot moves with geometric exactness, so that the ocelli (as they are commonly called) which come on those feathers which are perpendicular, have the light at the top of the feather, whilst those on the feather lying horizontally have the light nearest the shaft. Further, as if to give value to these delicately shaded ocelli, there are on the main field of the feather strong dark spots and stripes of deep brown, and on the very shaft itself there are long, alternating black and white stripes. And then, lastly, on the primaries there is the exact similitude of another feather lying upon the true one. This inner space is of a lighter and more delicate tone of chestnut than the rest, and is covered with minute white dots. The effect is most deceptive, and any one might well be excused for taking these mock primaries for true feathers.

Mr. Darwin, with his usual vigor, says, in regard to this exceptional display of patterned feather: "Many will declare that it is utterly incredible that a female bird should be able to appreciate fine shading and exquisite patterns. It is undoubtedly a marvelous fact that she should possess this almost human degree of taste, though perhaps she admires the general effect rather than each separate detail. He who thinks that he can safely gauge the discrimination and taste of the lower animals may deny that the female argus pheasant can appreciate such refined beauty, but he will then be compelled to admit that the extraordinary attitudes assumed by the male during the act of courtship, by which the wonderful beauty of his plumage is fully displayed, are purposeless."

Now that is a conclusion that Mr. Darwin will not consent to. Whatever may have been the cause and the origin of this peculiar beauty in the bird's plumes, it is certain that it exists, and that it is well worth far more study than is usually given to it. The schemes of color are endless, and are almost always satisfactory, even to our own eyes.

There are some examples that are vastly different to any arrangement of color that man would make; but I think it would be wise to wait before we condemn them, as our knowledge of the boundaries of the laws of right and wrong in color is far from complete or perfect. I refer to cases like those of the tremendously colored macaws and parrots of the New World, one of which has nearly every known color in alarming proximity (I speak as a man), with the result that it causes the conventional æsthetic to shudder. Here is a statement of the colors of its secondary wing-feathers. On one side of the shaft the plumes are all black; on the other side, at the base, it commences with brilliant orange, which runs into yellow of a pure tone, often blending into green, and that again merges in a violet-blue; and as the colors on one feather are varied, so also is the total coloring. It is a mass of varied color, and I do not know of any simple or compound color that does not find a place in some part of it. Of its utility to some end I have no doubt; and, further, I am ready to believe also in its complete rightness; for we must ever remember, as I said at starting, that the right way to see anything is to see it in its own native surroundings and settings. To see and consider a poor macaw with his eye-opening arrangements of brilliant blue and gaudy yellow feathers in a smoke-begrimed city, or manacled with chains to a swinging perch in the Zoölogical Gardens, is unfair and misleading; but think of him as sporting in the dense tangle of tropical creepers of his native wilds! Gorgeous flowers hanging pendent from above meet and lovingly repeat the colors of his much-abused feathers. The very dead tree-trunks are ablaze with orchid blossoms, and the whole scene is one complete carnival of color. From such a home he comes, and we should remember, as we have said always, these and similar questions before hastily criticising adversely any of nature's marvelous designs.

We feel very strongly that there probably would be no better way invented of inculcating in the mind of the young a knowledge of the limitless realms of beauty in color and charms of delicate design, than the placing before them typical examples of the plumage of birds. Those who lean to tender schemes of color would find help without end in the study of the feathers of our own familiar birds, whilst those who longed for a full palette and the whole range of color would find their wildest fancies beaten by the winged denizens of the West.

I have read treatises and handbooks on the study of color; anything more gloomy and less likely to appeal to and interest the student we can scarcely conceive of. Their illustrations, too, are dreary examples of how utterly miserable mechanical coloring is. But place examples of the theories to be insisted upon, in the shape of a woodcock's wing or the feathers of the teal, and there would be no fear of interest flagging or lessons forgotten. My own foundation of a knowledge of the system of complementary coloring was gained from the study of a robin's breast, and from its quiet beauty I learnt a truth that, I rejoice to believe, never will be forgotten.

A FATAL SECRET.

The oyster's sweetness, as we know, is not in its looks; and much admiration has been bestowed upon the anonymous man who

> "First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
> And risked the living morsel down his throat."

It has been surmised that he was compelled to do so for a punishment.

Other legends go still further back, and relate how the poor human of the alluvial age puzzled his weak brain over the rough and flinty shell, which instinct told him should contain something good to eat, if only it might be got at.

The soft sediments of river and sea having not yet hardened into rock, our ancestor could not open his oyster with a stone. He stamped on it, but only hurt his foot. He threw it in the air, but the fall did not break it. He tried in turn entreaties, flatteries, threats, jokes and sarcasm. No use. The exasperating mollusk remained stolid, deaf and dumb.

Suddenly, as the perplexed man observed his aged grandsire approaching, a novel idea occurred to him. Watching his opportunity, he brought his oyster down sharply upon the aged man's bald pate. The shell cracked—so did the unfortunate cranium with which it had come in contact. The discoverer of the oyster swallowed the delicious morsel. It was like a beautiful dream; but the poor savage's mind was ill at ease. He had not many hard-headed relatives, and if he must use up one for each oyster he ate, the banquet would not only be very costly, but tantalizingly insufficient.

He imparted his secret to a friend. That very night, as he slept, the friend came and cracked an oyster on his skull!

BY THE RIVER.

Only the low wind wailing
Among the leafless trees;
Only the sunset paling,
Only the gray clouds sailing
Before the western breeze.

The girl beside the river,
With strained ear and tired eye,
Nor saw the crimson quiver,
Nor heard the willows shiver,
As the low wind swept by.

For sight and sense were roaming
Across the barren moor;
Oh, was he never coming,
Through the dull Autumn gloaming,
As in the days of yore?

Oh, bright blue eyes that glistened,
Oh, happy blush that rose,
Oh, foolish heart that listened
To the faithless lips that christened
His love the "wife he chose"!

How oft he turned in leaving,
For yet another kiss!
How he soothed the girlish grieving,
And swore that no deceiving
Should ever cloud their bliss!

He left when Summer sunlight
Was full upon the stream.
He made his truth her one light,
And in the Autumn dim light,
She faced her broken dream.

She knew her idol shaken,
She knew her trust was gone.
What hope dead faith can waken?
Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,
The woman stood—alone.

Hushed was the bitter weeping,
As o'er her closed the night;
When dawn on dark was creeping,
The morning breeze was sweeping,
Where broad, and pure, and white,

The lilies swayed to cover
The fair, pale face beneath;
Where, pain and passion over,
Freed from a faithless lover,
Sorrow lay hushed in death.

A DOCTOR ON SUPPERS.

As to suppers, I have always been of the opinion that slops are bad. A fluid supper generates acid, and it is ten times worse if beer is to be partaken with it. Beer and milk food, or soup, would ruin any digestion. No; let the little you do take be solid, and easy of digestion; an egg that has been pretty well boiled and allowed to get cold, with a slice of cold toast and butter, is a simple supper, but one that agrees. Meat should not be eaten; nor, as a rule, fish.

In fact, supper should really be an off-put, if one has dined fairly well. The food we eat during the day—its quantity and its quality—has a very great deal more to do than most people think with the kind of sleep we obtain at night and the amount thereof; and the *kind* of sleep is of far more importance than its actual amount.

Disturbed, restless, or dreamful sleep is not refreshing, no matter how much thereof we obtain. Even pleasant dreams destroy the good effects of sleep. Now, leaving heart complaints out of the question, I have always observed that the species of complaint known to medical men as irritability, with partial congestion of the lining membrane of the digestive organs, whether in whole or in part, is invariably accompanied by restlessness and disturbed sleep.

The restlessness by day takes the form of nervousness and excitability; but by night there are often frightful dreams. Would not some portions of indigestible food lying about the system be likely to produce the same nocturnal symptoms? I leave my readers to meditate upon the question, and answer it for themselves; bearing in mind that quite as many, if not more, of the conditions of health depend on what they do *not* do than on what they do. Abstemiousness is one of the best physics going.

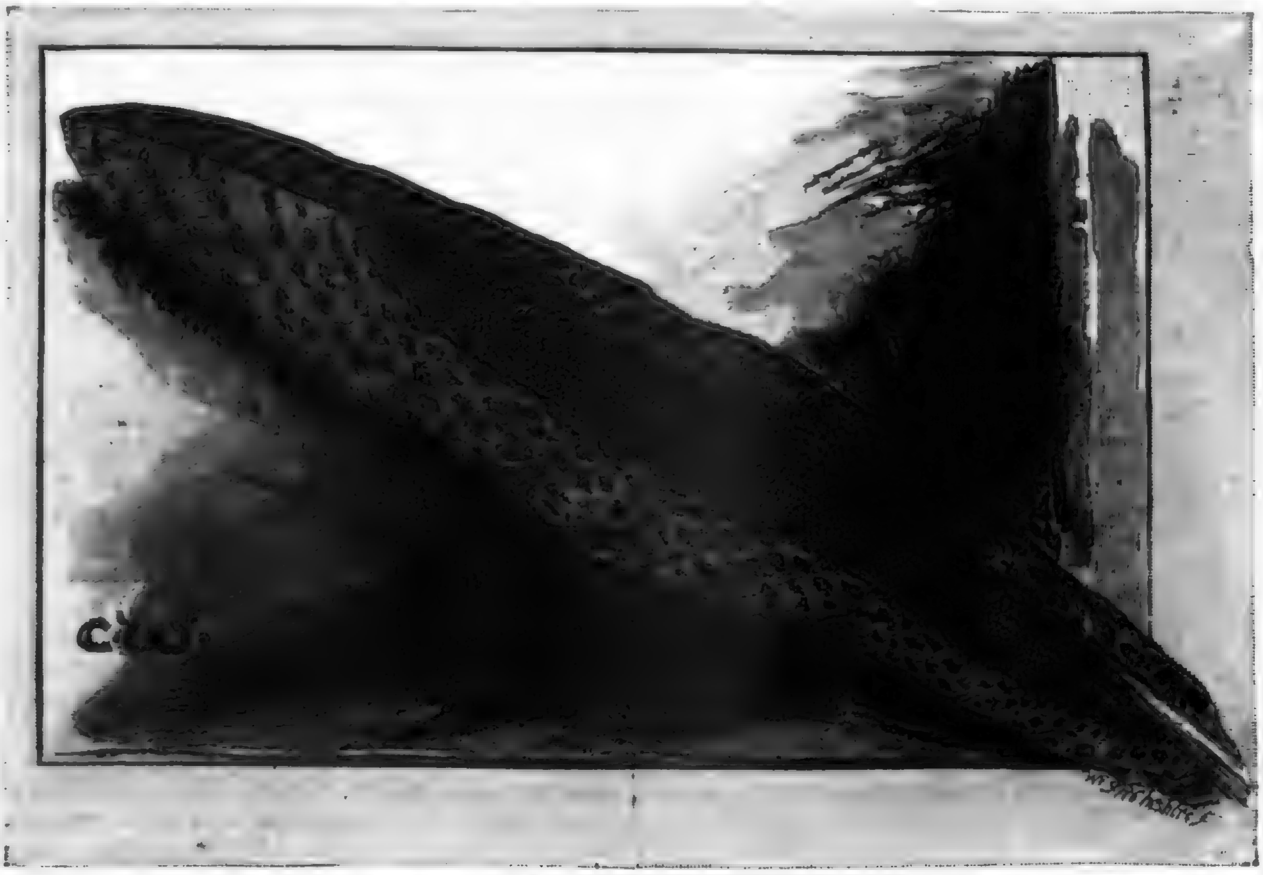
BELFAST.

Belfast, sometimes called the "Northern Athens," is the largest town in Ulster, and the chief manufacturing centre of Ireland. The Borough, by the last Census, contained a population of 208,122, of whom 71,521 were Presbyterians; 59,975 were Roman Catholics; 58,410 were Protestant Episcopalians; 9,141 Methodists; and 9,075 of all other persuasions. There are many handsome buildings, and the general appearance is cheerful and prepossessing; the surrounding scenery is varied, and, in many parts, picturesque; a fine range of mountains, 1,100 feet in height, rises at a short distance in the northwest; and down the Lough the views are very lovely, while many fine residences, surrounded by gardens and plantations, are thickly studded on each shore.

"Belfast" is a corruption of the Irish name by which it was known at a very early date—viz., *Bela fearsad*, "the town at the mouth of the river"—which accurately describes its situation on the River Lagan; or, still more probably, *Ball Fosaght*, signifying "the town with a ditch or foss," which, from its low situation, was anciently constructed round the town to protect it from the tide. Previous to the English conquests in Ulster, it appears to have been a fortified station, commanding the passage of the river, which is here fordable at low water. King John marched his army to this place in 1210, but there is no mention of the town till 1316, when the destruction of the town and castle by Edward Bruce is recorded. Before that date, however, the manufacture of linen seems to have flourished in Ulster, as, in 1254, we have authentic record of Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, having large parcels of linen woven for his household at Newtownards, County Down. By whom it was first introduced is not known, but probably the cultivation of flax was encouraged by the Norman settlers who occupied Ireland in the twelfth century; but there was little progress, and in the sixteenth century the linen was of the coarsest description, and only twelve inches wide. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, however, when numbers of Huguenot refugees settled in Ulster, the linen trade assumed features of importance. They introduced the spinning-wheel, which continued in general use for a hundred and fifty years. From 1711 to 1827 the linen trade received bounties from Parliament in various shapes and forms, and at one time a sum of £20,000 annually was voted by Parliament for propagating and improving the manufacture of linen. In one case £200 was voted to a man in Belfast to set up new looms.

The Linen Board was appointed in 1711, in the reign of Queen Anne, for the encouragement of the flax and hempen manufactures of Ireland, and was only dissolved in 1828. The White Linen Hall in Dublin was then the centre of trade.

The exports of linen and linen-yarn from Ireland between 1728 and 1821 have been published in returns of the late Linen Trade Board, but since that time the figures seem to have been merged in those of the United Kingdom. It appears from the returns named that in 1728 the quantity of plain linen exported was 4,692,764 yards, together with 11,450 cwt. of linen yarn, and that the exports of linen had steadily increased year by year, the figures for 1821 being 43,507,928 yards. The exports of linen yarn were, however, very fluctuating, and reached their highest quantity of 42,370 cwt. in 1780, the figures for 1821 being 9,257 cwt. The average value of linen yarns and manufactures now exported from the United Kingdom (chiefly from Belfast) is about twenty-seven and a half million dollars.



A PRIMARY OF THE ARGUS PHEASANT: DESIGN SUGGESTING FEATHER ON FEATHER.—SEE PAGE 284.

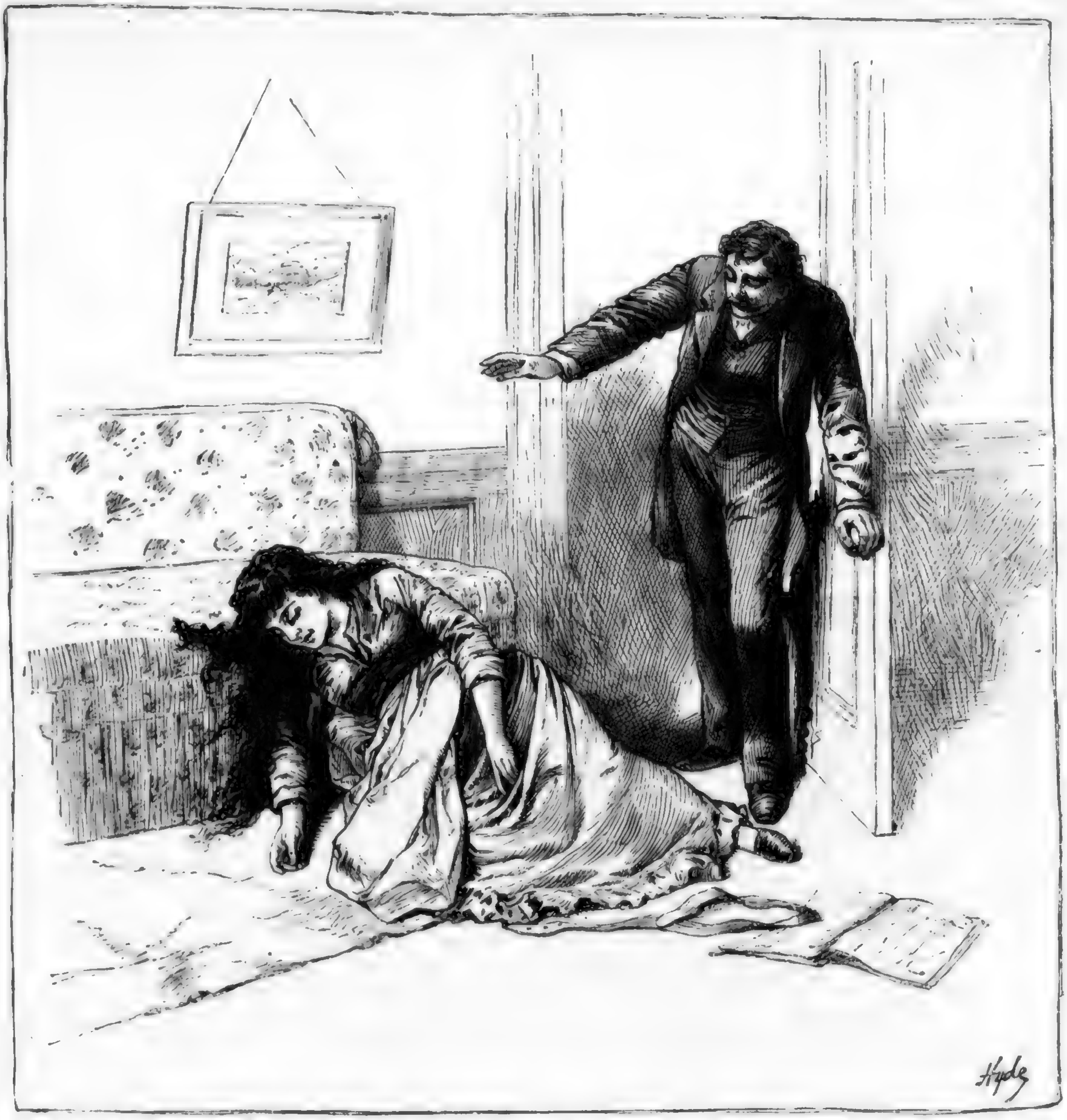
A DEATH POSTPONED.

A DESPAIRING poet once contemplated suicide. He had loaded a pistol and sent for a friend to impart his last wishes to him. The friend came, and made not the slightest attempt to turn him from his purpose, but sat down and coolly wrote out his instructions. Then, while the poet was writing a last farewell epistle, his friend carelessly took up the pistol, which was at full cock, examined it, and pointed it at the writer. The latter at once with marvelous agility slipped under the table, and shouted, "Great heavens! be careful. Do you know what you are about? That thing is loaded!" The extreme oddity of the situation provoked irresistible mirth, which cured the man of verse of his morbid tendency.

DEPOLARIZING IRON SHIPS.

IN 1866 proposals were made by Mr. Evan Hopkins, C.E., to depolarize the iron hulls of ships by means of electro-magnets, and he was allowed by the Admiralty to experiment on the *Northumberland*, an armor-plated ship lying in the Victoria Docks. With the increasing difficulty of finding suitable positions for the compass, the prospect of being able to depolarize an iron ship was very attractive. In an able paper, however, read before the Royal Society in 1868, Evans showed that, so far from the hull of the *Northumberland* being depolarized, a portion of it was only temporarily, and therefore dangerously, polarized, and afterward returned to its normal condition, thus preventing similar experiments being tried with other ships of the navy.

HEINRICH ENTZ and August Mer have recently independently studied the voyage of Hanno, the Carthaginian. Both agree that its termination was at the Island of Fernando Po, in the Bight of Biafra, called by Hanno the Isle of Gorillas. The colony of Thymaterion is identified by them, as by most authors, with the town of Mazaghan, and the promontory of Soloë with Cape Cantin. The River Lixus is regarded by Mer as the Senegal, for weighty reasons, though Entz and others have favored the Wadi Draa, much further north. Hanno's Island of Cerné was probably Goree, and his Western Horn (or bay) was the Bight of Benin. Much weight attaches to the opinion of M. Mer.



"MAZIE LAY WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN, PARTLY ON THE FLOOR, PARTLY AGAINST THE GAY, CHINTZ-COVERED LOUNGE, HER BLACK HAIR HANGING LOOSE TO HER KNEES."

MAZIE.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

"MAZIE !"

She started violently. Her husband's voice had set the blood flashing into her cheeks. She untied her bonnet, threw it with her gray shawl on the bed, and hurried down the little stair to answer his summons.

"You'll gi' Crofts's boy them six new lanterns if he comes, and tell 'n his father's a-wantin' at the mouth in the morning."

"Well ?"

"An' you'll not sit up for me, mind that !"

No answer.

"You'll not sit up for me !"

She smiled—a scornful, hard smile.

"You're not my keeper when you're not here, Mark, that's one sure thing."

"I'm your keeper anywhere, Mrs. Logan. My bad luck was to take the job ; but I'll live up to it. You'd better get *that* through your head and keep it there. It'll save you trouble, my lass."

He flung the gate to with a bang, and strode away in the darkness. Mazie turned indoors with a bitter, bursting heart, and sat down by the table where the lamp was burning brightly. The little place was exquisitely clean and neat, and showed evidences of a woman's taste and care. Flowers bloomed in the windows. The curtains were snowy white, and gay chintz coverings made the poor, cheap furniture bright and inviting. It was a home where Love might be content to live at rest and happy. But this poor dream had died from Mazie Logan's heart. Six months of married life—only six short months, and the anguish of desolation had settled on her strong young spirit. She was mated to a coarse and selfish man—a handsome brute, full of animal spirits, willful, reckless, overbearing—and yet, by a strange contradiction, attractive through these very faults. She had been first drawn to him by his dogged, persistent, almost brutal, courage, displayed in a mining riot which she, with hundreds of other terrified women, had witnessed down at the pits where he was employed as overseer. He had come to her afterward, bleeding, breathless, triumphant, and something in her lifted eyes had given him the right to stoop and kiss her before them all. From that moment Mark Logan's courtship was a victory.

He was not the choice of Mazie's heart, but she learned to love him as tender women learn to love the things that ask their love, and they were married. Mazie had no near kin, no relative save a disagreeable cousin, in whose "shop" she had kept accounts and waited on customers until Mark came and took her away. The customers fell off very perceptibly in numbers after the departure of the tall young beauty, whose dark, glossy braids and wonderful dark eyes had been the admiration of both old and young.

Timothy Ray could never forgive his cousin Mazie for her marriage. Poor Mazie! sitting lonely now by the light of her lamp, looking down at her hands, clasped hard together in her lap, she felt that she never could forgive herself.

The first week of her married life showed her how wild and visionary was this step she had taken in pursuit of happiness. How different from her pure and tender dreams was this coarse, everyday reality. The name "wife" had fallen upon her as a brand that meant only slavery and degradation, and she must bear it to the end.

For a while after her husband's parting words had ceased to ring in her ears, her heart kept up its quick and angry beating. Her face wore the scorn of its hard smile. But by degrees a dreamy tenderness shone beneath her heavy, drooping lashes; her lips fell into soft, beautiful curves of repose. She was dreaming again the reverie from which Mark's boisterous voice had called her. . . . She is again in the little chapel at the end of the town. The calmness and blessed sense of peace are around her; the swelling notes of the organ surge and tremble down the air, and some one is holding toward her an open book. She sees the firm white fingers first, the pointed nails, the dazzling, glossy band of linen round the wrist. She feels the scent as of flowers blooming near her, and now she is meeting blue, half-smiling eyes—eyes that say to her each time, and over and over, the same intense muttered words, "How beautiful you are!" From the first moment this message was the same, when, a week ago, crossing the little bridge by the mill, this elegant, grand gentleman had met her face to face with this meaning in his glance. Only a week ago!—only a week her soul had been living through this eternity of unuttered emotion. Only a week of these strange, unhoped-for meetings, these brief moments of silent companionship. He had come to the village church night after night, and found a place somewhere in her neighborhood—a seat from which he could easily watch her face all through the service; but tonight he had come to her side. She looks up at him involuntarily, helplessly, with white cheeks and lips apart. He answers her beseeching glance with the same gay, tender reassurance. A lovely flush spreads quickly over her face, and dyes to crimson the little ear that nestles under the glossy, blue-black braids of hair. A great wave of comfort floods her spirit. The lights, the music; the happy, ringing voices; the calm, protecting presence at her side—all seem a part of the heavenly benediction for which her yearning soul has asked so deeply.

It is over. She is moving outward with the rustling throng, conscious ever of the thrilling sense that she is still held by that kindly watchful gaze, that his step is pressing close upon her footsteps. She nods to neighbors here and there; and now the chill air strikes upon her face. The stars are shining above her. She is crossing the bridge to the lonely road that stretches homeward, and the light footstep is at her side.

"You must let me walk with you a little way," the deep and gentle voice says, pleadingly, and Mazie sees that he has taken off his hat, as to the highest lady in the land, and holds it while he speaks. "The road is so dark, I wonder you never feel afraid to walk alone?"

"I'm never afraid, sir, I thank you. You needn't trouble! It's home to me, this lonely place is."

Mazie's clear voice shakes a little, but she looks round bravely and firmly at the bended face beside her.

"Well, but I wish so much to go with you! Only half way to your home, if you will allow me! I have seen you so often now, and there never has been an opportunity to say a word to you until to-night."

His tone, tenderly reproachful, is a new one to Mazie's ears. She is too strangely moved to find words readily. Why should this elegant stranger, who looked grand enough to be lord or duke, be impatient for the time when he could speak a word to *her?*

"What is it you could wish to say, please?" she asks, calmly, after a slight pause. "I'm doubting you may take me for some one else, perhaps. I'm Mazie Logan. I'm Mark Logan's wife; him that's overseer at the Upper Pit."

"And I am Roderick Brande. I have come down from London to write a book about the collieries. That is my business, making books."

"Yes, sir. Then there's something, maybe, I could do for you, or my husband could, maybe?"

"Oh, I know your husband already, frank, good fellow! I've been down the shafts with him, and he has given me much information. Oh, no; I only wished to speak to you because I could not help wishing it, because, day and night, your face has haunted me, and because I think you are the loveliest woman my eyes have ever looked on!"

The sense of these impassioned words dawns but slowly on Mazie's mind. She has been bred to admiration, to the rough homage of men who nodded to her over their beer-pots, and spoke to her with their pipes between their teeth, but what name can she find for this strong yet delicate incense that floods her brain like a cloud of perfume? She is vaguely conscious that in some way it is wrong for her to listen. Her heart beats faster and she moves more quickly on.

Her companion keeps step with her for an instant, then he stands still.

"I will say nothing more if I annoy you," he says, in a grave, dignified voice, "and I will go no further; or, rather, I can follow you at a distance, until I see you safely at home. It will not be the first time."

Mazie also has paused. She is a few steps ahead of her escort, but she turns and comes back slowly until she stands before him.

"I doubt you've no wrong meaning," she says, gently; "but you've no call to talk to a married woman like she was but a girl in her freedom. My beauty's neither here nor there. You should not walk after me for the sake of *that!* I'd be a poor woman, and not worth much place in the world, if I was only to be liked and thought of for my face."

Mr. Roderick Brande was looking down very intently at as much of the face in question as the darkness would permit him to scan, and he was smiling contentedly.

"I will never speak of your beauty again, and will never think of it," he said, earnestly. "Believe me, you never *could* have seemed beautiful to me if I had not felt you were innocent and good as well. You look as if you had been true and patient through a great suffering of some kind. It was that expression that made me first notice your face. Am I forgiven? Will you try to think of me as a friend who would be glad to render you any service, or save you from any trouble?"

"Yes," she said, huskily, for tears were rising fast. The knowledge that her settled sorrow had begun to show an outward expression was like a new, strange pain to her heart.

"I am indeed your friend! Believe it, even though we should never speak again! Now, let me walk with you as far as I may, and talk to me; tell me what trials you have had to bear—you, so young, so lovely!"

"I cannot!" she said, suddenly, with a rising sob. "And you must leave me now. You must never try to see me any more. My trouble is my own. No one can undo it. You're good and kind, but it's not right I should see you and talk with you any more."

"Only believe I am your friend," he said, quietly; "it will not be hard for me to leave you then; nor, I think, hard for me if I never should see you in life again."

"I do believe it."

"Well, now we can say good-by! Good-by, Mrs. Logan."

"Good-by, sir. I thank you, sir, and I wish you happy."

Their hands met in a long clasp.

"But you will not be angry if I come to the little chapel sometimes?"

No answer.

"And if I must not speak to you again, let me *this time* walk with you to the end of your journey, may I not?"

"Well, it is not far now, but you must not come again."

They went on very, very slowly, the sense of sweet companionship almost unbroken by words. When at last they parted, Mazie's cheeks were dry and her lips were smiling as they had not smiled for many a day.

"Here's a gentleman coming to look at the up-stairs room, Mazie. It'll maybe do him for his books and papers, while he's wantin' a quiet place to write in. He'll git it here, I'm thinking. Show 'im ther way, girl. That's the Mrs.'s businesss, ain't it, sir?"

But Mazie stood looking at her husband in speechless amazement. Roderick Brande had bowed good-morning to her, and was standing hat in hand in the vine-clad porch.

"Well, well, what's to pay? The gentleman knows it's only a poor place. Show him it and have done. He'll take it or leave it, that's all!"

"It's not fit. It wouldn't suit the gentleman, Mark," she said, stammeringly; "I know it wouldn't."

"Be pleased to follow me, sir, and we'll find out," said Mark, good-humoredly enough, beginning to mount the stairs.

Mr. Brande followed, but not without a deprecating glance at Mazie. She walked into her little kitchen and shut the door, and stood there leaning against it and panting like a hunted deer.

The footsteps rang overhead for a minute or two, then they sounded on the stairs again. Mark called Mazie, loudly, by her name. She did not stir. In a moment more he pushed against the door. Then she seemed to wake as from a dream. She moved away a little and turned to look at him as he entered.

"What's the matter with you?—you heard me call, I suppose? The gentleman's gone, but the place is taken for a month. You'll have to get to work now and side it up."

"Mark, he mustn't come here." The words broke from her into a cry. We can't let that man enter our house to live!"

"Can't we? *I* can. He'll send a few things this afternoon. What's the matter with you, Mazie? Are you afraid you'll wear your broom out keepin' clean?"

"Mark, don't let him come!" She put both hands on her husband's arm, imploringly. "I've not asked you for a-many things, have I, since we married, but I ask you, and I beg you, not to let him come!"

"Well, he's comin', my lass! It's settled now. What's got wi' you? Do you know aught as is against him?"

"Nothing," she faltered, turning away and mechanically taking up a piece of work from her basket. "Only there's places enough i' the town. He's no call to come this length for a lodging."

"Well, he's got one for a month, any way, and the money's in my pocket. A new dress'll come out of it for you, too, when I get it changed. That's the talk, now isn't it, Mazie? You'll not have to feed him. He'll go to the hotel below for meals, and do you do your best for him while he's here, that's all!"

Mark went away, whistling in high good-humor. Mazie could see that he had been drinking, but that of late had been an everyday occurrence. It did not matter—nothing mattered now. She had given herself up to Fate.

In the afternoon some pretty furniture came for the little room that was in perfect readiness to receive it. It was after dark when Mr. Brande himself arrived. Mark was smoking on the porch, having staid at home for the occasion. Mazie was nowhere to be seen, but she appeared presently in obedience to her husband's call and stood in the doorway, her beautifully molded figure showing in full relief against the light within.

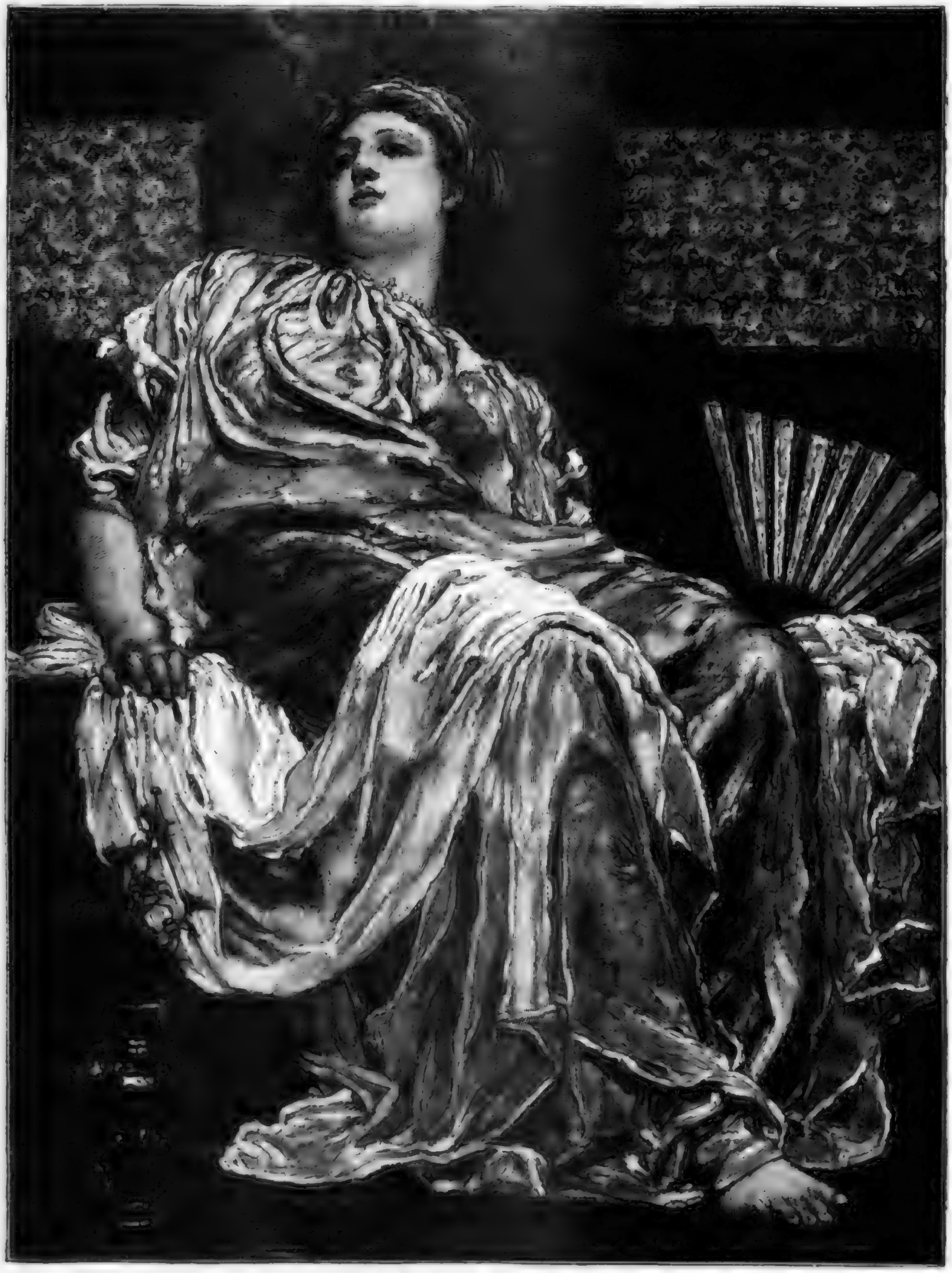
Roderick Brande was used to silks and laces, but he wondered, dreamily, if any dress that woman ever wore was half such a marvel of grace as Mazie's coarse serge gown, pink neckerchief and apron of bleached linen, or if in the world again there could be found such wealth of jetty hair on such a graceful head. She gave him a civil good-evening, and listened patiently to her husband's commands, then withdrew. Roderick saw her presently carrying a lighted lamp up to his room. Instantly the beginning of a poem came into his mind. He did not sleep that night until he had finished it.

Roderick Brande had been under the same roof with Mazie Logan nearly a month, and Mazie had grown accustomed to his presence, as people will, in time, to the strangest conditions imposed on them by Fate. On the day following his arrival they had a long, earnest talk, and since then few words had passed between them, but eyes spoke to eyes so constantly that little seemed left unsaid. After all, perhaps, words would have been a safer form of expression than this mute, thrilling speech that passed from soul to soul. Mark had been kinder to Mazie since the advent of the stranger, but enough of his natural roughness in word and manner remained to explain to Roderick fully the sadness in Mazie's beautiful eyes. Mazie's pride had made her very careful to avoid giving her husband any cause for anger against her, and

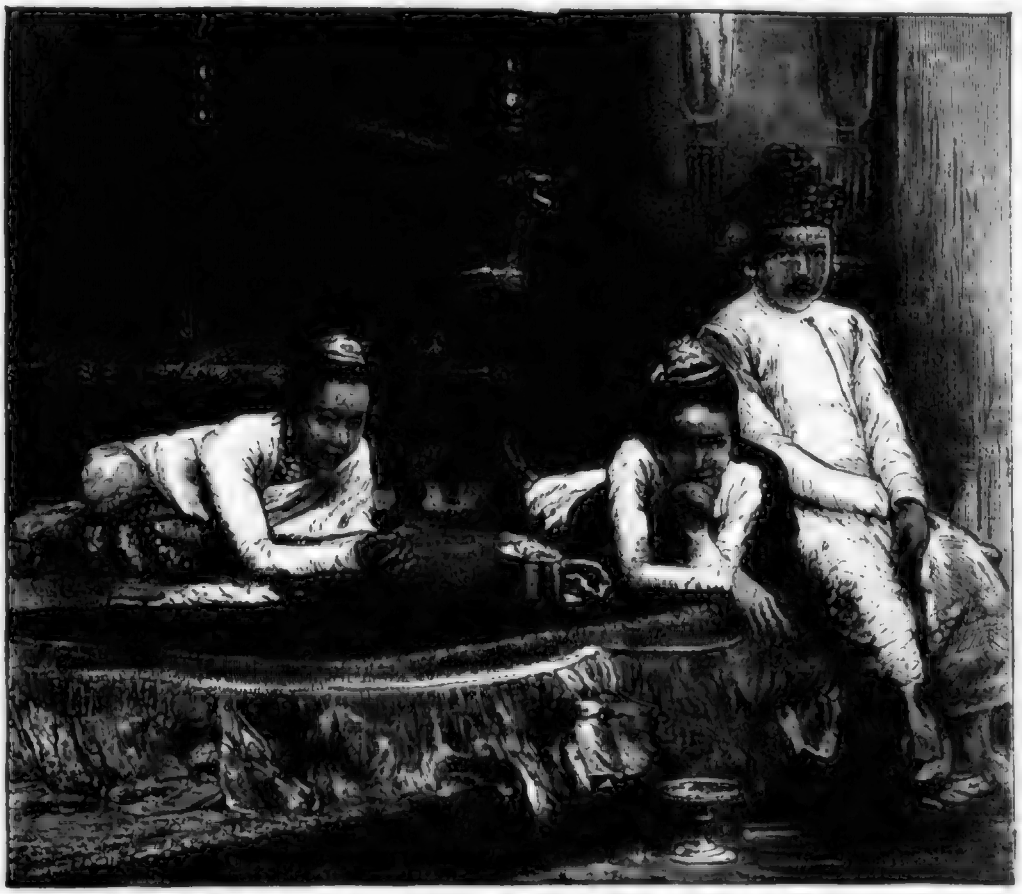
Roderick's tender sympathy toward her had softened her whole being to a new, womanly gentleness. It was not hard for her now to bear "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Her life had put on strong, invisible armor; the blows glanced aside that used to hurt and wound her. All the world seemed changed to Mazie and made beautiful, until one night——

She had been sitting watching for Mark from the window—it was very, very late. He had been drinking heavily for some days, and left her in the morning with an oath by way of farewell, but she had been happy enough all day with her work and her happy thoughts. Now, as the night wore on, anxiety and fear came with it. She had been listening for his footstep so long that she had lost count of time, and began to think it must be nearly morning. Moving softly to the door, at last, she opened it noiselessly, intending to go down-stairs and look at the little clock on the mantel, but the door of Mr. Brande's room stood open wide; his light was burning brightly, and he was looking at her with a smile.

"You're not awake all this long time, sir? It's late, isn't it?—very late?"



THE YELLOW MARGUERITE.



A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—KING THEBAW AND HIS TWO QUEENS. SEE PAGE 299.

"Come and see,"—he held his watch toward her—"my eyes are tired to-night."

She then crossed the threshold unhesitatingly and stood by his side, looking down at the little time-piece.

"It's midnight, just."

"My poor Mazie! You have been watching, and I have been watching with you. Poor, anxious girl!"

"Oh, you are kind, but I'm used to waiting for Mark." She tried to smile, but her lips trembled at the corners and she turned her head away.

"He must come soon now, Mazie!" He took her hand gently between his own. "Do you know that I have been sitting here thinking how soon the time must come when I can see you no more, when I can't even keep you company waiting for Mark! And I wonder what I will do with my life after that, and what you will do with yours! My poor child, is it to be year after year like *this?* Do you think your soul will be strong enough to bear it?"

She put her hand up to her eyes a moment, pressing back the tears, then looked down steadily at the handsome, pleading face.

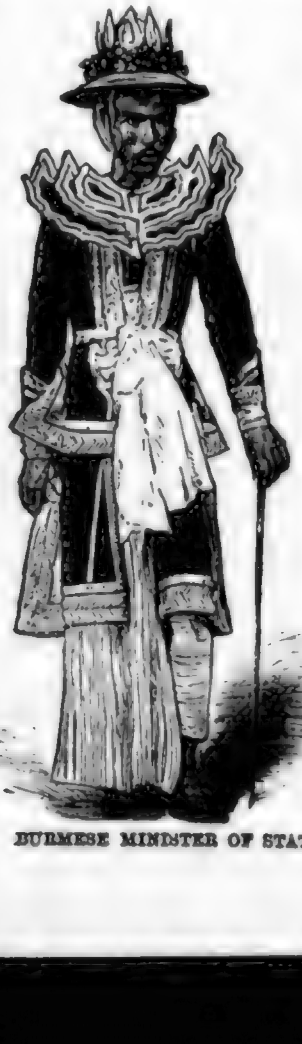
"What's left else to me but to bear it? What's left else to any married woman? I'm only thankful to God—so thankful I've no children!"

A sob would force itself past her lips.

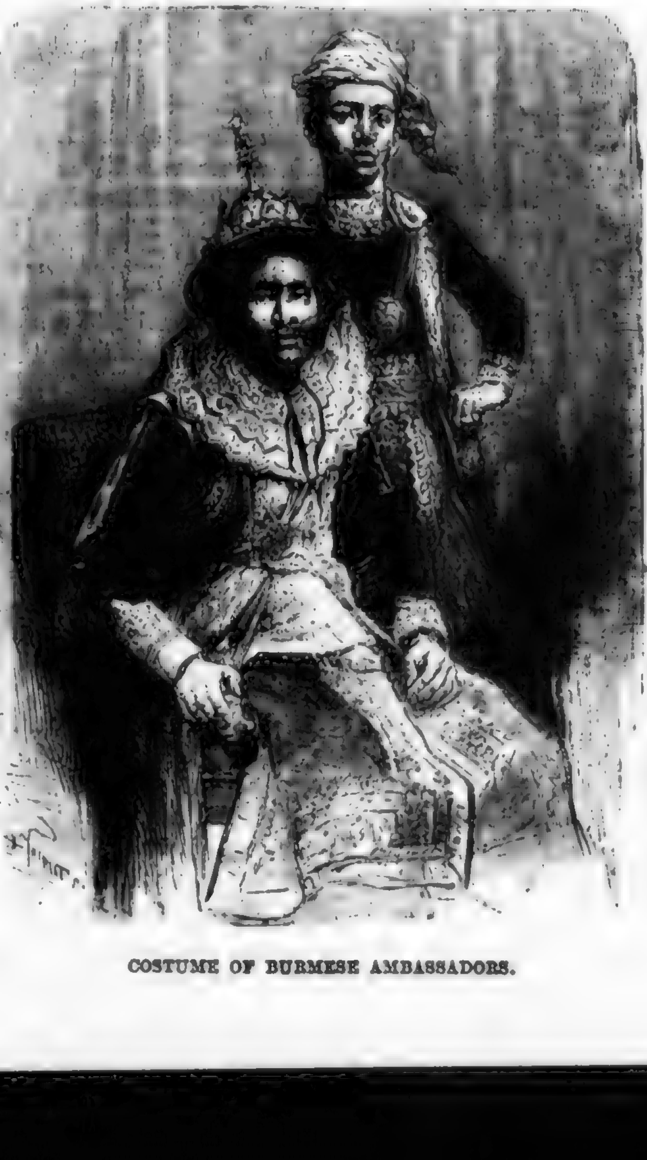
"But I can't bear it for you, Mazie. How can I go away from you"—he drew her to his side unchecked, and leaned his head against her arm—"and picture you here, night after night, lonely and unloved, your great, sweet nature wasted, your beauty cast away? Tell me, how I can bear this misery for you and for myself?"

"Oh, I do not know," she said, sobbing wildly. "You—you shouldn't have come. It's harm to both of us—it's sin and sorrow. The sooner you go the better—the better for me." He rose, he stood beside her, strangely agitated. Her frankness had pierced him like the cry of a helpless child.

"Yes, Mazie, you are right." He spoke the words with strong effort. "We must part. I meant to tell



BURMESE MINISTER OF STATE.



COSTUME OF BURMESE AMBASSADORS.

you that to-morrow or the next day I must leave Cranston. I am called away—abroad for a year or so—and, oh, but Mazie, Mazie! is it wicked for me to think that if you cared for me—let me say it, dear, this once—as I care for you, if you trusted me, if you had in your heart a hundredth part of the love that burns in mine, you would come with me——"

She started as if an electric shock had passed through her, then stood perfectly still, looking straight before her with dilated eyes. Roderick's arm encircled her gently. She did not heed.

"Mazie, we could go where no one would ever know us," he continued, scarcely above a whisper. "You would be safe with me always. It is not my fault, dear, nor is it yours, that I cannot claim you before the world——"

She moved back quickly, pushing him from her with all her strength.

"Mark is coming! I hear his footsteps."

"Mazie, dearest!"

"Yes! I tell you yes."

She flung away his clasp and hurried down the stairway. Roderick closed his door and locked it noiselessly.

It was indeed Mark, flushed and unsteady, but not in the helpless state of intoxication that made him like a child in Mazie's hands.

"You've been settin' up again, and cryin' again." He eyed Mazie with a look that was meant to be tolerant. "Well, it's all you're good for, and I don't see as it does me any harm."

"I thought you might want help," she answered, tremblingly. "I was afraid maybe you'd not be able to get up-stairs alone."

"Don't trouble about that. I've come to fetch something. You won't see me here till morning. I've got things on hand to-night."

"Mark! you're not going out again."

"That's just it. I'm going out to stay out." He walked unsteadily to the shelf in the corner and took down a pair of brass knuckles, which he dropped into his pocket. Then, with a threatening air, he returned to Mazie. "No words out of *you* about this! Lock the door and get to bed. You hear me, now?"

"Is there trouble at the pits?" she faltered.

"There's no trouble at the pits as I know of; but there'll be trouble here. I want no talk, Mazie, mind that!"

She walked after him, quickly and firmly, to the door. She laid her hand on him and kept it there.

"Mark, you mustn't leave me here to-night." All the color had gone from her face. She was shaking from head to foot. "I tell you you mustn't leave me!"

"I *mustn't*, eh? Is that the word?" He eyed her scornfully. "I'd like to know why, mistress?"

"Because I can't stay," she answered, breathlessly. "I can't stay here alone!"

He stared at her a moment.

"Alone? Isn't what's his name up-stairs?"

She flashed on him the strangest look that ever passed from a woman's eyes.

"I won't stay, Mark! If you go, I shall certainly go with you, too."

"You'll what?"

He seemed for a moment speechless with rage.

"Yes," she answered, pale and quiet; "I'll follow you. I won't be left. I've made my mind to that."

"When I tell you to stay here at home, them's my orders. You'll follow me, will you?"

"I will."

"Well, we'll see."

They were standing in the little hall together. From a nail on the wall behind him Mark pulled down a piece of leather bridle that was hanging there, caught Mazie by both arms and forced her back into the little parlor. She struggled violently, but uttered no sound nor cry. He went in with her and closed the door.

A moment later Roderick Brande, moving restlessly about his room up-stairs, heard a strange stamping noise, a succession as of queer, dull thuds, and the sound of a heavy fall. He started and listened attentively, thinking it might be Mark in a worse condition than usual, perhaps resisting Mazie's efforts to help him; but at that instant the house door banged loudly, and Mark's step went quickly down the boarded walk. He knew the heavy tread too well to be mistaken. It was firmer than usual; but what errand could take him from his home at that late hour? And Mazie? If Mark had been ill-treating her, she would surely have made some outcry. He went into the hall and leaned over the stair-rail. The house was perfectly silent. A rim of light shone under the parlor door. He waited minutes and minutes, expecting to hear some reassuring sound, but the oppressive stillness continued until he could bear it no longer. He descended quickly in sudden dread, and threw open the parlor door. Mazie lay where she had fallen, partly on the floor, partly against the gay, chintz-covered lounge, her black hair hanging loose to her knees, her dress half torn from her arms and shoulders, and the bare, beautiful skin crossed with livid stripes.

"Mazie!"

He stooped and lifted her as if she had been a child, but she struggled away from his embrace and stood leaning with one hand on a chair.

"I fell!" she said, panting and looking at him like some wild, desperate creature at bay.

Roderick laid his clinched fist on the table.

"I will have his life!" he said, slowly. "He will die for this!"

Then, with a step, he stood at Mazie's side. He laid his face down on her bruised shoulder and kissed the cruel marks.

"Oh, God!" he murmured, almost sobbing, "you suffered this, and I was near you and did not know! Was that fair to me, Mazie?—to your lover who would die for you?"

She put one hand on his head, and, with a sort of anguished smile, looked down at him.

"And that's the truth!" she said, brokenly. "You are my lover! An ignorant, poor soul like me! I believe it; I believe it now! It's wrong, I know, but other things are wrong! The world's wrong for most of us!"

"For you, my poor, poor darling! my wounded dove! it has been very wrong!" he answered, tremulously. "Mazie, you must come with me now. You must let me care for you. There is room enough on this earth for us all to be happy in, and God knows you have suffered your share. Let me show you now what love can do."

"Yes," she said, calmly; "I am going with you." Her smile wrung his heart. "We will go to-night. I tried to save myself. I was afraid that Mark would leave me with you here alone. I'm not afraid now. That's over with. But listen, dear! I know what I'm going to! I don't ask you to love me always. No, nor for long. Men can't, I think; but oh, be kind to me, be kind! Afterward, when we are not lovers any more, think of me as if I were your sister that had gone astray, and never scorn me as men do! Promise, promise!"

She was still holding his head and looking down at him with her dark, imploring gaze, but there was no passion in their meeting eyes, nor in the touch with which they clasped each other.

"I will. I do. God helping me, I promise."

"And Mark, you will not harm *him?* No, not in any way? He will be hurt enough!"

She laid her face down, sobbing, on Roderick's arm.

Mazie was hurrying, cloaked and vailed, through the gateway of her little home for the last time. Roderick had already gone on to the station before her, where they were to meet and take the early train to London. There was danger in their being seen together, while if Mazie alone were encountered wandering abroad at that unseemly hour, people would merely think she was in search of her erring husband and give her sympathy as she passed on. She heard the gate-latch click behind her for the last time, and turned her face resolutely toward the new, strange life that awaited her as if she had always known this hour must come. The road was very dark under the shadow of the skirting trees, but high above, in the eastward, the silver dawn was rising, clear and still. No murmur of life had yet begun to stir in the hedges or among the overhanging boughs, but before Mazie had walked a hundred yards a very definite sound forced itself on her ear. Some one was coming toward her from the village, and coming quickly, too. Her first thought was of her husband, and she drew back and stood in the shadow, looking anxiously along the road. The foot did not sound like Mark's, and in a moment more she was breathing freely. The figure that came in view was very tall and awkward, every way unlike the one she dreaded to see.

It was coming to her, nevertheless. A neighbor's face was looking at her strangely, and a neighbor's voice was saying, in low, odd tones:

"Were you lookin' for *him*, missis? They're bringing him along. I came up to tell you. Don't you be frightened. He'll maybe not be much the worse. The boys is got 'im on a stretcher-like."

"What!" she asked, hoarsely; "something's wrong wi' Mark?"

"They'd a fight below, the boys had, and Mark he was downed. He laid like a log till they took him up. He'll maybe have some bones broke, but don't you take on now, missis. It's like he might get over it, the doctor said."

She was walking rapidly down the road, as if there was nothing else in the world left for her to do but to reach her husband's side. She felt no impulses of love, neither pity nor forgiveness, only that she *must* be near him if he needed aid. As she came out into a clear space on the road she saw the slowly moving crowd of men with a burden in their midst. At a signal from the young surgeon who walked with them, they set the stretcher down, and as she approached stood apart from it and her. Under a slowly brightening sky, in the wonderful hush of dawn, the husband and the wife were looking at each other with sad, white faces.

"Do you know me, Mark?"

The great tears gathered in his eyes and rolled heavily down his face.

"I can't move my hands, Mazie; the hands that hurt you hard last night. It's right they're punished." She had to stoop her head low over his mouth to hear the words. "But Mazie, for sake of Him as forgives poor sinners, say ye forgive me now?"

"Yes, Mark; yes."

"Full and free?"

"Oh, full and free."

"Then kiss me once, my girl. You've been a good, good wife to me."

"Oh, hush, Mark, hush, for God's sake."

Her face was twisted with a tearless agony.

"I'd say it to the world," he answered, smiling through all his pain. "A good, good wife, and no one can't say different. Stay with me, Mazie; take hold of this cruel hand, dear, and walk beside me. We will soon be home."

The surgeon made a hurried signal to the bearers, and spread a white handkerchief gently over Mark's face. They lifted the stretcher and moved slowly on. Mazie walked by her husband's side back to the little home she had deserted.

Roger Brande, pacing restlessly up and down the station platform, watching eagerly along the road in a fever of impatience, stood suddenly still and listened with a growing pallor, to the voices of two men who were heaping baggage on a trundle car near him.

"Aye, he's killed for sure, poor Mark. He worn't a good 'n to tackle; but he's been drinkin' the days back, and fellas from the lower mouth as had a grudge set on him, so they say. His toime had comed, annyway. Shove the lower end, Jake."

"An' thar's no tellin' who done it for sairtain?"

"Tha'll find 'n out, man, sure for that. Them's as had a grudge on Mark Logan is well knowed 'n Cranston."

"Ay, it's well as he's left no family wi'out support, too."

"Only his misses. She was comin' down the road a bit to look for 'n, tha' sed, when tha' carried 'n up. Lift a bit more this way, the other box 'll, maybe, fit in here."

Roderick started like a sleeper from some baleful dream. He walked quickly along the platform trying to realize the significance of the words he had overheard—their significance for *him*. This, then, was the reason he had waited in vain, and now she would not come! It seemed, for a moment, impossible to comprehend, to believe. His thoughts jostled each other in painful confusion.

Mazie was free. This fact was the first to stand out vividly before him, and his brain gradually began its course of keen analysis. Now that the way was clear, now that no obstacle stood between him and his desire, he could see a hundred reasons against its honorable fulfillment that had not opposed themselves to his less honorable intent. He had been willing to accept the whole sacrifice of Mazie's life because he loved her; but that was a very different thing from making sacrifices of his own for the same reason. This lovely, passionate, uncultured creature, ardently as he worshiped her beauty, deeply as he felt her charm, was he prepared to take her to the place at his side in the face of the world, especially his own little literary world, where neither grace, goodness nor beauty could fill the place of bookish culture? Mazie, a widow, at her dead husband's side, was surely a different Mazie from the outraged woman, flushed, palpitating, desperate in her glorious beauty, ready to fling to the winds the bonds that held her for his sake. The shadow of Death had come between them. He felt its chill. It would be well, at least, for both of them, he argued, to let some time pass, and well for him to think the matter out rationally and calmly, away from the bewildering influence of Mazie's voice and eyes.

The train that was to have borne her with him to their

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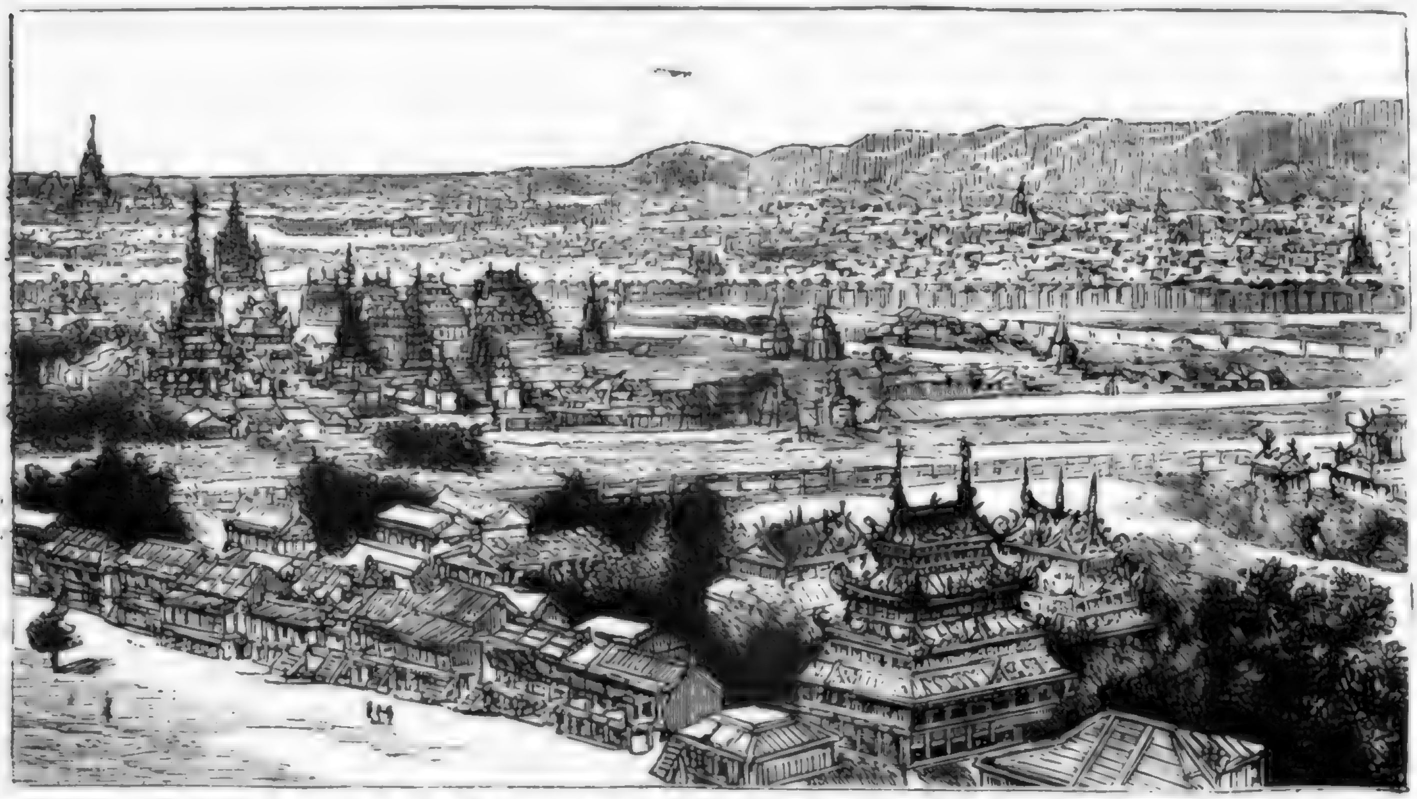


A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—VIEW OF MANDALAY, CAPITAL OF BURMAH.—SEE PAGE 299.

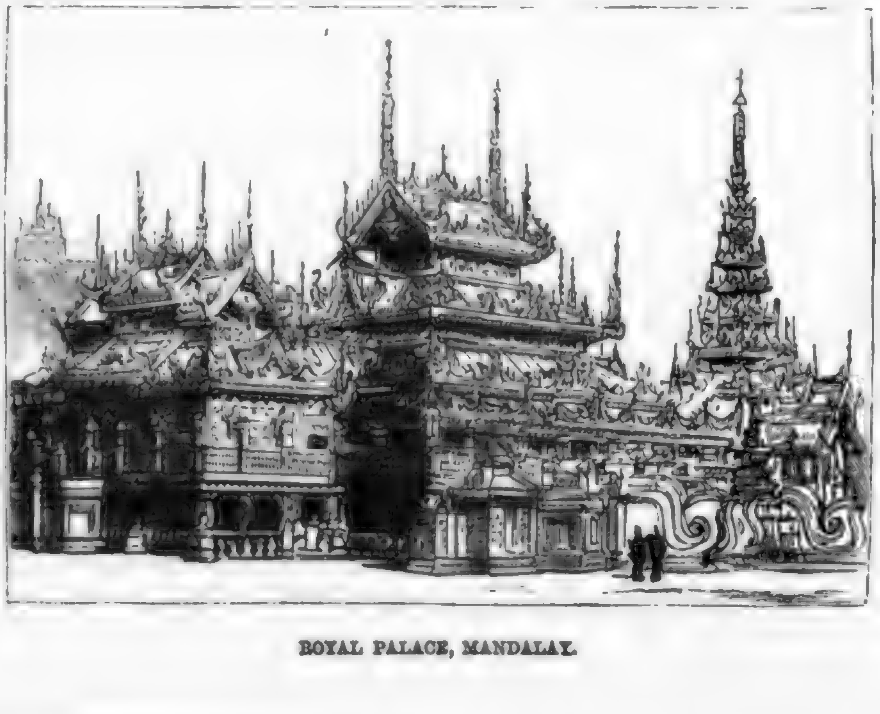
new, untried life together, came thundering down the track, and Roderick, catching up the little valise that held his MSS., stepped on board alone.

It was years before Roderick Brande could quite forget the beautiful North country woman whose life he had so nearly ruined; but he only saw her once again. Before quitting England he had sent her a letter offering help and sympathy, and inclosing a bank note. The money came back to him by return mail without an accompanying word, and he felt that for the present, at least, no further demonstration would be advisable in that direction.

When he returned to England nearly two years had passed away, and yet almost his first impulse was to run down to Cranston, if only to get a glimpse of the face that had haunted him—that would haunt him always, he began to think. He put aside imperative social duties and made the journey, a sort of penitent pilgrimage, not wholly devoted to regret, nor entirely devoid of vague, indefinable hope. Of course he could not marry Mazie, that was every way impossible; but it would relieve his mind, and do no harm in any way, simply to *see* her again, himself, perhaps, unseen.

It was early Spring and early morning when he arrived at the little dusty village, and walked through the unchanged, familiar streets. A little more coal dust, a few more straggling houses, some slight attempt at showiness in the shop windows, otherwise the place seemed quite unaltered. He found himself remembered well, and heartily greeted as he passed along the town to the quiet little hotel at the upper end. This had changed hands, and here he was received as a stranger, and allowed to eat his breakfast and read the newspapers in a state of solitary grandeur that would scarcely have been permitted under the former *régime.* He lounged about for a couple of hours, trying to make up his mind to boldly inquire as to the fate of Mark Logan's widow, yet strangely dreading to resolve his uncertainty into any certain form. At last, as the days advanced in warmth and pleasantness, he strolled out into the sunshine and across the bridge where he had first met Mazie, and so along the road he had so often traversed, on and on to the white gate of the little garden. The place had been improved, he saw at a glance, and wore an aspect of comfort and even respectability. There was a bright knocker, now, on the hall door; the garden plots were neatly outlined by gravel walks, and the hawthorn hedge showed careful trimming.

"It is probably no longer Mazie's home," Roderick thought, pausing half unconsciously beside the gate. "I was foolish to suppose she could still be here."



ROYAL PALACE, MANDALAY.

Then, on the next instant, he was looking at her face to face. She had stepped from the porch holding a dark-eyed child by the arm, a tiny, dimpled creature, just beginning to walk, and did not raise her eyes from watching the tottering feet as she advanced toward him. "Mazie." The word broke from his lips. He entered the gate quickly, putting out both his hands in warm, impulsive greeting. It was so wonderful to see her again—the dark, handsome face, the jetty braids, the perfect contour of arm and shoulder. All the beauty that his mind had dwelt on was again before his sight. She had been smiling at the baby, but her smile died as she saw him. She gave him one hand. He held and clasped it, and they stood looking at each other in silence for a long minute.

"You remember me, then? You have not forgotten your friend?" Roderick asked, when he could find voice enough to speak steadily.

The large, steadfast gaze of her dark eyes had brought back a rush of memories that almost overswept his calmness.

"Surely not," she answered, with a kind of wonder in her tone. "You're but little changed—browner, maybe; but it's not like I'd forget you, anyway, Mr. Brande."

"And you are Mazie still." His heart was beating painfully fast. "Beautiful as ever; but you are happier now!'

Her face, indeed, wore an expression of deep contentment, and her smile, when it came, was very tranquil. His eyes followed her fond glance to the little uplifted face beside her.

"Yes. I see your eyes and hair, Mazie. You are married again!"

The words were hard to say, but they must be uttered.

"This is my little girl. I'm married still to Mark, sir, if you mean *that?*"

"Mark! Is Mark alive?"

"Mark's alive, surely, didn't you know?"

"I heard he was dead. That he was killed the morning that I—that we—that I went away. I heard so *afterward!* And it wasn't true?"

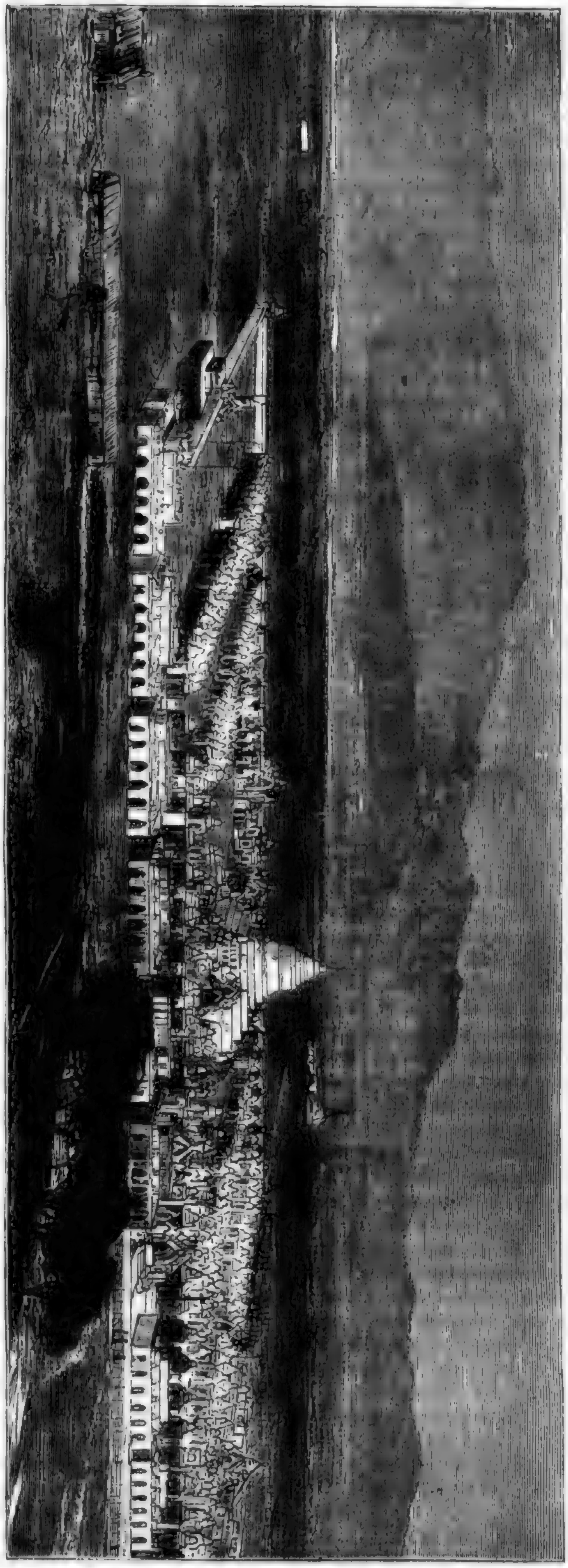
"He was badly hurt," she answered, gravely. A deep blush had crimsoned her face. "They brought him in for dead. It was hours he lay like that, and the doctors said he'd never raise his head. Times and times we thought he was gone, but God's spared him to a better life. He's not the Mark you used to know, sir; he's a changed man—a good father and kind husband."

"It was your work, Mazie. I see it in your face," Roderick said, impetuously.

"I don't know. Maybe! Mark says I saved him soul and body. Nine weeks I stayed at his bedside, day and night. Times he was so low he couldn't hear nor answer me; but he's lived to pay me over and over again with his love and kindness."

"You noble woman!" There was something like moisture in Roderick's blue eyes. "And you forgave him all?"

"I thought he'd maybe never speak to me again," she said, in a very low voice, "and I knew that I—that I had something in my mind to be sorry for and to be forgiven for if he was spared. You were wrong to show me away from



A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—THE KING'S PAGODA, MANDALAY.—SEE PAGE 299.

my duty," she added, slowly fixing him with her earnest, tender eyes. "And I thank my God Almighty for the trouble that stopped my way. I was going to you only for that."

"Mazie!" he murmured, brokenly. Her gentleness seemed to strike him like a scourge.

"It was heavy and hard to bear," she went on, softly, lifting her baby and speaking with her cheek against its pretty cheek, "for my heart wasn't right to Mark, and many a time my strength was near to giving way, and I had no wish to live. But I went through poverty and loneliness down to the door of death with Mark, and I brought him back to life again, and then I told him as I had been tempted and all the truth, and how my heart had turned to you, and I was ready to follow you and all!"

"Brave soul!"

"I thought he would strike me from him, and I didn't care. But, no! He reached his hand out and took hold of me."

"'As long as you didn't go, Mazie, I'm not caring for the rest,' he said. 'You'd served me out, and no pity to me if you had. But there'll be no man in God's world can win you from me now if I'm spared to be near you. Mind that, my dear.' And that was all he said, and he never spoke of it any more."

"And you think he had no hard feeling toward *me?*"

"He never said so, but I'm sure it wouldn't be right as you'd ever meet again, you two. God was good to us, too good for our deserving, but it's better for us all we'd keep apart."

A little while afterward, when Roderick Brande had kissed the face of Mazie's sleeping child, he looked his last on Mazie's beautiful face and went out of her life for ever.

LETTER-WRITING.

When the first letter was written, or who the inventor of writing was, is a problem hidden in the unfathomable obscurity of the early ages; and, indeed, in all probability, the art of writing was never *invented* at all, but grew up out of the symbols and hieroglyphics which were used as a means of communication; just as sculpture, painting and poetry slowly ripened from the faltering essays of primeval man into glorious fullness and beauty.

The first notice of a written letter (continues an American contemporary) appears in the Second Book of Samuel, where we are told that David wrote a letter to Joab, commanding him to "set Uriah in the fore front of the hottest battle, and retire from him, that he might be smitten and die."

It seems a pity that, on the first recorded occasion when this charming art was put into requisition it was in the service of crime; nor is it more pleasing to recollect those letters, written in Ahab's name and sealed with his seal, which his wicked wife sent to the elders of Jezreel, ordering them to summon false witnesses against Naboth, and have him stoned to death.

We are glad to turn to the letter sent to Alexander the Great, warning him that the King of Persia had bribed Philip, his physician, to poison him. The great conqueror was too noble-hearted himself to believe in the treachery of his servant; and when Philip brought him a draught of medicine, the king put the letter into his hand and immediately drained the cup.

Portions of the letters of Alexander himself have come down to us. They are all written to his mother, Olympias, the proud and three-fingered lady who so sorely interfered with Antipater in his government of Macedon that that much-enduring individual sent many complaints to his master.

"Ah!" said Alexander, "Antipater does not know that one tear of a mother will blot out ten thousand of his letters!"

When Cleomenes, the brave young King of Sparta, about two hundred years before the Christian era, was struggling against the superior might of the Achæans, he sought help from Egypt, which he found was only to be obtained by sending his mother and his two little children as hostages to Alexandria. With true Spartan courage, the venerable queen bade her son farewell; and, as soon as she reached her destination, sent him a letter bidding him "act for the good of his country, without regard to the safety of a useless old woman or a helpless child."

All must remember the letter the "Serpent of Old Nile" sent to her captor, which caused him to hurry in dismay to her prison-house, only to find the beautiful captive, who had preferred death to the disgrace of being dragged through the street in Roman triumph, lying royally robed and crowned, in glorious magnificence and loveliness, with the tiny death-mark of the asp's sharp fang stamped on the polished beauty of her arm.

Passing to more recent times, we find Ethelberga, the wife of Edwin of Northumbria, receiving a Latin letter and a golden comb from the then-pope; Fulk, of Anjou, writing contemptuously to his suzerain, that "an unlettered king is but a crowned ass"; and Maude, of Scotland, the good "Queen Molde," of ancient English chroniclers, writing an epistle to Archbishop Anselm, in which, probably through the medium of some priestly secretary, she styles him her "worthily reverenced lord," and herself "the lowest of the handmaidens of his holiness."

"Take care of thyself; the devil is unchained," was Lackland's laconic missive to the French king when Cœur de Lion regained his freedom; and Isabel, "She-wolf of France," wrote letters as plausible and fair-seeming as herself, bringing heavy charges against her luckless husband.

Margaret Anjou, in the pauses of that troublous warfare that filled so large a portion of her life, found time to write many letters.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of Edward IV. to secure all the documents which issued from her hand; in spite, even, of the penalty of death, which he imposed on all persons who, possessing letters from her, did not surrender them to the Government, many of them were preserved by the recipients, and handed down to an age whose clearer insight, devoid of party feeling, can sympathize with and admire the high-hearted spirit of the dauntless royal lady who warred with such leonine energy for her husband and her son, even while deploring the blunting of that tender feminine gentleness which forms the chief ornament of woman.

A still more striking instance of this is to be found in the letters of Richard III., whom history and tradition unite in portraying as the perfection—if one may so speak—of villainy. They are kind-hearted, and full of consideration for his wife, the hapless Anne Neville. One of them is a request to Louis XI. to send over some Burgundy and wines of Haute France, for the comfort and refreshing of his consort when she had fallen ill. In another, he bestirs himself energetically to rectify some injustice which had been wrought against the governess of his son, the boy Prince Edward. It is hard to recognize in this genial and considerate letter-writer the ruthless usurper and the murderer of two innocent children.

As great an anomaly confronts us in the case of Philip II., of Spain. In his letters to his daughters, only recently discovered in Turin, he appears as a tender, almost passionately devoted father, distressed beyond measure at the illness of one of his children, deeply interested in the smallest details of their daily life, and charmed with the little presents of fruits and childish sketches they sent him. "Time unvails truth" was a favorite motto of his sad wife, Mary Tudor; and it is pleasant to think there were some light tints even in his portrait, and that he was not so utterly cold and heartless as we have been accustomed to believe.

Henry VIII. could write very tender epistles to his "darling" Anne Boleyn; that poor lady, dazzled by the glitter of England's diadem; forgetting that one who had forsaken his faithful wife of twenty years for more youthful charms was scarcely the man whose protestations of unalterable affection could be treated with implicit reliance. Her agonized appeal to her royal murderer in sadly different days, pathetic though it be, is not more so than the last letter of Katharine of Arragon sent to her "most dear lord, king and husband"—the man who had ruined her life, driven her from her home, stained her fair fame with unmerited obloquy, and whom—she loved.

Queen Elizabeth and her lovely rival were both active letter-writers, and much correspondence passed between the "loving sisters": one, writing from her palaces of Richmond and Greenwich; the other, from the numerous mansions which served as royal jails, where Mary of Scotland chafed within her prison-bars, till the long heart-break of her life was ended in the dark-draped walls of Fotheringay.

A PEEP AT BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.

By Charles Chaillé Long.

Recent events in Burmah lend a peculiar interest to the "Land of the White Elephant." A glance at the map of Asia will show a country lying between 18° 30 and 26° 30′ north parallels, and 93° 30′ and 98° 40 east longitude from Greenwich. The Empire of Burmah, known to the ancients as "India beyond the Ganges," covers an area of 120,000 square miles and has a population estimated at 4,000,000 souls. A great wave of Indo-Chinese invasion from beyond the Himalayas has for centuries swept along the Rivers Baramputra and Sandhu and down the Irrawaddy into the Delta and overflowed a mighty Indian civilization, the vestiges of which may still be seen in the ruins which mark the environs of the cities of Amarapura, Ava and mediæval Pegu.

China, from an early period down to a late day, has made repeated invasions for the conquest of the coveted country. In 1835 she had not abandoned the hope of success, and, as evidence of her jealous ambition, the Emperor Tau-Kaung addressed to the King at Ava the following characteristic note:

> "With respect to Younger Brother's Empire, it is not proper to allow the English, after they have made war, and peace has been settled, to remain in the city. They are accustomed to act like the peepul-tree (*i.e.*, to spread and take such hold that they cannot be eradicated). Let not Younger Brother, therefore, allow the English to remain in his country, and, if anything happens, Elder Brother will attack, take and give."

Tau-Kaung's reference to the peepul is not without its lesson, for the English are now in Burmah and Younger Brother is in prison in India. The English invasions of 1824 and 1852, based upon the most ridiculous pretexts, have culminated in the present occupation. Phagyi-Dau was King in 1824, and showed a marked appreciation of the situation when he said that he "had taken hold of a tiger's tail and that he felt it to be as dangerous to hold on as to let go."

Thebaw acceded to the throne of Burmah in 1879. Shortly after there was consummated one of those crimes of the Palace of which the Orient is ever the theatre. A long line of pretenders, princes and princesses cast a cloud on the somewhat uncertain title of Thebaw. So, at least, thought Woon-Min-gyee, the Premier, and the Princess whose daughter or daughters Thebaw promised to make Queen. Plots were laid and "inductions dangerous" to compel the King to pronounce the necessary sentence against his royal kinsmen. The wily Premier and the monstrous mother-in-law in prospect finally succeeded, and one day, wearied with the intrigue, Thebaw pronounced the fatal "*Shin-ba-say,*" which means, "Let them be cleared away," and eighty-six royal heads rolled into the panier of Thebaw's "spotted man" or headsman.

When Thebaw had been duly consecrated with holy water, after the manner of the pohnnas (priests), he proproposed, as in duty bound, to his energetic mother-in-law to make Selin-Soo-Payah, the daughter, his Queen; but, strange to say, Selin-Soo flatly refused the bloody-handed King, cut off her hair and hied to a nunnery. The King, to avenge his wounded pride, caused her two handmaidens to be rendered handless. Soo-Payah-Lat was the second daughter, and Thebaw, by direction of the mother, transferred his affections to her and took her to wife.

Lat possessed all the tiger-like proclivities of the mother, and Thebaw, what between the mother and daughter, wished that he had been "*Shin-ba-sayed*" a thousand times rather than his unlucky kinsmen. It happened, one day, that Lat and the mother went out for an airing and in their absence Thebaw conceived a grand resolution and straightway espoused Kutchi-Kutchee, daughter of Kampat-Mingyee, one of his Ministers. Imagine the rage of mother-in-law and Queen No. 1 upon their return! Madame Thebaw, *née* Kutchee, was summarily driven out of the Palace, and thereafter a regiment of the guard was required to protect her from the violence of Lat and the Queen mother. Thebaw refused persistently to pronounce the fatal "*Shin-ba-say,*" which Burman etiquette exacts before being sent to the happy land of *Nehban.* Such was the social and domestic status of the royal family when the British attacked and occupied Mandalay, several months ago. Among the quidnuncs of the capital there are not a few who whisper that British intervention was privately invoked that Thebaw might free himself from his mother-in-law and Soo-Payah-Lat. Be that as it may, the happy family are now in prison at Rutnagherry, India, whilst a British Resident reigns in the "Palace of the Lord of Life and Death and of the White Elephant" at Mandalay.

Mandalay, the capital, is the Chicago of Burmah. Founded in 1857, when the King removed from Amarapura, it has now a population of 150,000. The city, like all Chinese and Indo-Chinese official capitals, is divided into two separate towns. The "walled city" is set apart for Government officials and soldiery, and the outer town for the common people. The former covers a space of one and one-eighth miles square, surrounded by walls 26

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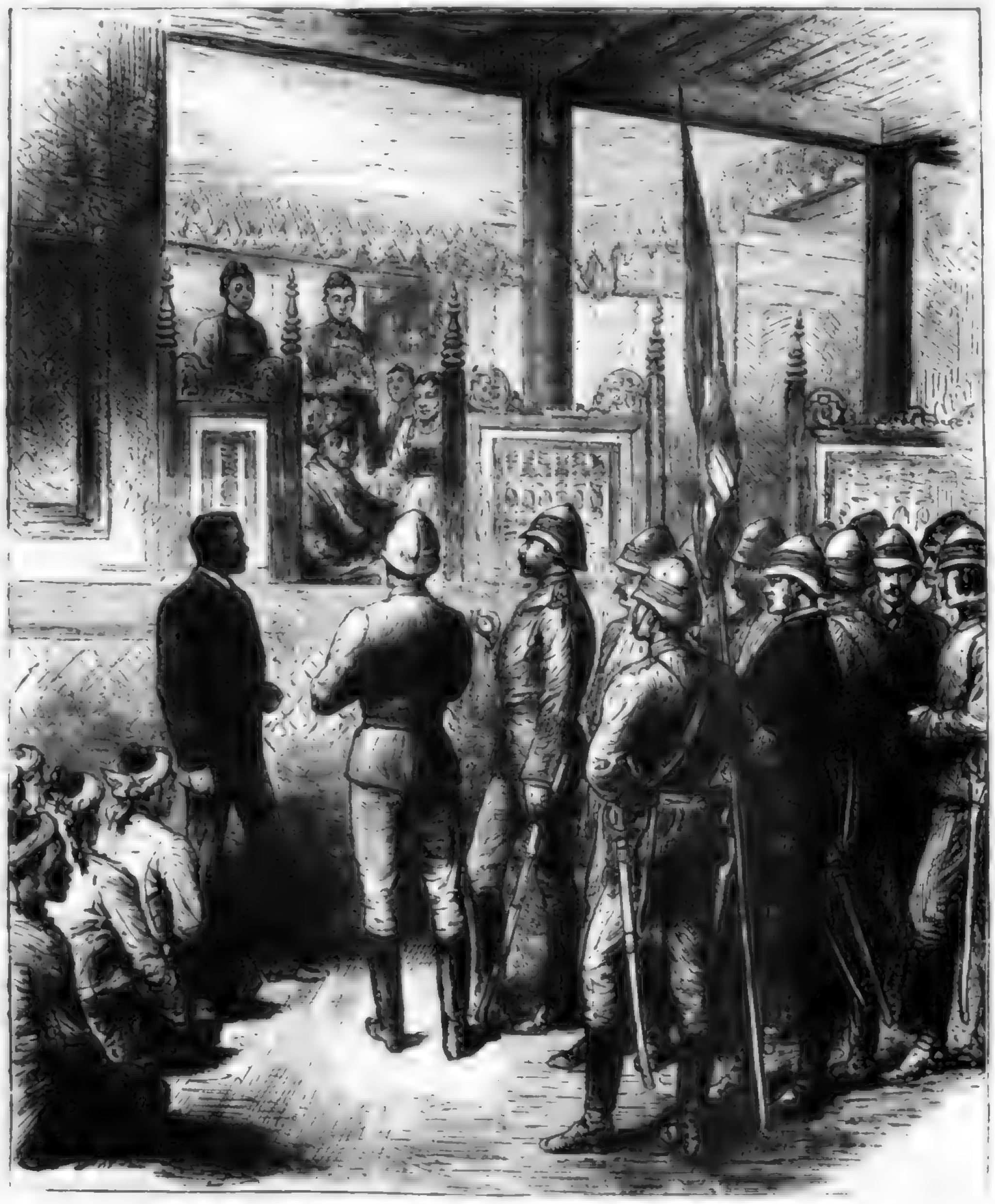


THEBAW SURRENDERS TO THE ENGLISH.

feet high and 3 feet thick, with battlements at intervals with wooden towers, protected by a moat 60 feet wide, and over which several bridges give access to the city. Streets 100 feet wide run parallel to the walls, and, planted with trees, they lend a very pleasant effect.

The Palace is in the centre of the city, surrounded by a stockade with turreted gateways through an inner wall of brick. Within, is the Hall of Audience, the Treasury and the Arsenal. The residence of the King in the Palace is an armory of itself, and is intended to secure the Government from any revolution from without.

The city was fired on the 15th of April, of this year, by the Dacoits or robbers, although it is believed that they were instigated by Prince Myinzaing, the most formidable of the Alompra pretenders. This act, coupled with the announcement that the British forces have experienced a serious check at Sawaddy, would indicate that the conquest of Burmah is by no means complete, and may yet add another chapter to the long list of disasters which marks British ventures during the last decade.

A visit to the Court of King Thebaw was a matter of much complicated etiquette, and not unlike that which prevailed at the Court of the barbarian King of Uganda. No subject could approach the latter except prostrate on the belly *Fanzigging* all the while. So, before King Thebaw, one must be flat on the ground and *She-Khouging* in salutation, closely resembling the African etiquette. A stranger, however, is compelled to tuck his feet under him, no matter what his rank; for it is considered *infra dig.* to expose the pedal extremities in the presence of the "Most Excellent the Lord of Life and Property, Lord of the Rising Sun, King of the Umbrella, Chief of Saddaw the Celestial Elephant, the Sun-descended and Sovereign of Life and Death": for of such is King Thebaw.

Shay-Yoe, from whom I have gathered these titles, says that King Thebaw, notwithstanding all his greatness, killed his brothers and sisters, and drinks gin! and Shay-Yoe might have said that the gin was manufactured and imported by the British merchants who taught him how to drink.

When the English took possession of the Palace at Mandalay, search was made for the celebrated hairy man, Shwe-Maong, of whom travelers in Burmah had written such wondrous stories. Shwe-Maong occupies at the Palace the important *rôle* of the King's jester, and was said to possess more than ordinary intelligence. The whole forehead, cheeks, eyelids, nose, in fact the whole face, was covered with silken hair of a silver-gray color, eight to ten inches long, giving him the appearance of a Scotch terrier. The entire body was covered with hair of a brownish hue, four to five inches in length. Shwe-Maong, doubtless, had no liking for a prospective chair in a dime museum in London or New York to which some Tommy Adkins destined him. He, therefore, took time by the forelock and vanished out of Mandalay and returned to the jungles of Martaban from whence he came.

A "Kaddaw-Nay," literally "beg-pardon day," is *fête* day, on which occasion presents are offered to the King. The streets are filled with people prostrate on their faces whilst a prince or some distinguished personage passes surrounded by his followers, accompanied by a crash of drums and a tooting horrible to the tympanum.

Elephants gayly caparisoned, and retainers dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and armed with spears and guns, take their way to the Palace. The Min-gyee is borne in advance, on the shoulders of men, and over him a huge satin-fringed or gold umbrella. Following him come the rabble of servants bearing gold-sheathed swords, velvet pillows, spittoons and betel-nut boxes. The retinue remains outside of the Kandow whilst the guests ascend the broad flight of steps flanked by two great gilded cannon. The Yohn-daw reached, they enter the magnificent Hall of Audience, take seats with feet tucked in, and await the coming of Thebaw. Presently a bell tinkles, and in a twinkling every one is groveling on his belly. The Lord of Life and Death is before them! He is dressed in his regal robes, and wears the gold collar of the Salué, and the heavy jeweled crown, beneath which he seems to totter as he walks, as with shuffling, unkingly gait he gains the throne. The presentation of gifts follows. At a given signal the herald prances toward the King, the lists, written on palm leaves, extended at arms' length. The courtiers cry *Payah!* and the palm leaves are laid at His Majesty's feet. The dance has begun. The King pronounces a discourse with a copious fund of moral sayings, which lasts for two hours. Stiff-jointed Europeans cursed Kaddaw-Nay Day, but Thebaw, who is not without humor, took pleasure in watching their painful grimaces, much as the idle urchin does when pinning an unfortunate fly to a window-pane.

The Lord White Elephant.—The form in which the Buddha-Gautama entered the womb of Queen Maya to be born upon earth for the last time, to teach the law and give "the millions peace," was that of a white elephant. The Saddaw or Celestial Elephant was an avatar of his many existences. Hence the reverence of the Hindoo for the white elephant. Mandalay, his residence, has become a Mecca for the faithful, who go there to worship with him.

Sin-Pyoo-Daw is the King of Elephants, and therefore may not be mounted except by a king. His royal trappings are kept in a palace in which he resides. They are magnificent, and made of silk and bands of rich red cloth, which run from the headstall to the back and thence to the tail, hanging in curves over the body. They are richly embroidered in gold and studded with rubies and diamonds. On the forehead is a plate of gold recording His Majesty's titles. Clusters of precious stones and golden tassels hang suspended down his head and ears. When he goes forth he is shaded by golden and white umbrellas. He and the King share all the white umbrellas between them. The display of a white umbrella would be the signal of immediate execution in Mandalay.

Sin-Pyoo-Daw is guarded in his palace by one hundred soldiers, and the King makes him offerings and pays him tribute. Thirty men wait upon him, and a Cabinet Minister is charged with the care of the revenue assigned him "to eat."

The vessels from which he eats are of pure gold, and each day he is bathed and scented with sandal water. In his younger days the Celestial was suckled by women, who stood in a long row outside his palace, and the honor was eagerly sought after, for the creature "is a national pride, and not merely a royal monopoly."

At sundown of each day troops of *coryphées* come to dance, and songster girls to lull him to sleep. Happy Sin-Pyoo-Daw! what may be your fate now?

Sin, however, with all this good treatment, is an ill-natured brute, and killed an Englishman some years ago. When the King heard of it he expressed much concern about the future state of the Lord White Elephant with the mark of Cain on his brow. The Elephant Minister, however, calmed the royal mind by saying, "Pray, don't be disturbed. *Payah, loo ma hoh-boo kullah*"—(Lord, it was not a man, only a foreigner).

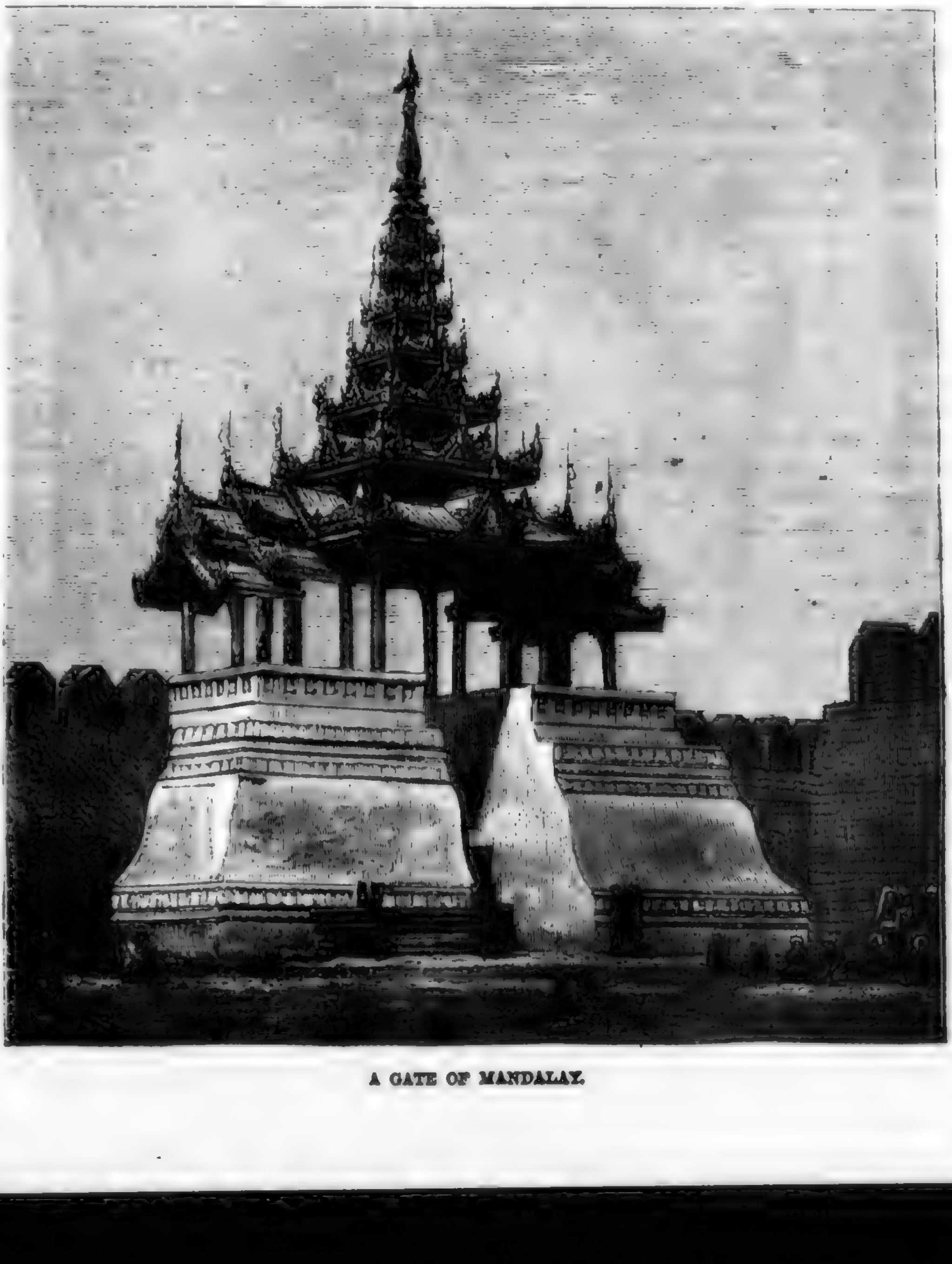
The religion of Burmah is Buddhism. The priests are numerous and bound to celibacy, and eat but once a day. There are monasteries for priests and priestesses.

The language is Burmese for the people, but the Pali is the language of literature and religion.

The Burmese people are a short, active race, of a dark brown color, given to but little dress.

Marriages among the Burmese are frequent, and attended with little ceremony. Thebaw's predecessor had fifty-three wives, without taking note of innumerable concubines. He died possessed of thirty-seven wives and *one hundred* and *ten children!* Thebaw's wife and precious mother-in-law prevented him from emulating his father.

Courtship in Mandalay is modeled something after the



A GATE OF MANDALAY.

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American plan, and a young girl may receive her lover at home. Not alone, however, for he must be accompanied by a male friend. The courting-hour is about nine o'clock, and is euphoniously termed, *Loa-byo-hlé thee a-chehu.* The old folks retire to the next room, but prudently keep their eyes upon the lovers through the chinks in the bamboo walls. The women are quite independent in matters of property, and worship, too, in the pagoda with the men, where, with strange perversity, she prays she may become a man in another existence. The Burmese wife is, all-in-all, a good woman, and the household as happy as mortals may be.

The Judiciary is committed to a council composed of four to six officers acting for the King. The laws are taken from the celebrated Menu Code, and might well be consulted by our lawmakers and administrators, and find in them provisions which would render impossible the holding of office by such creatures as disgrace the Neo-Eboracan Administration.

Ministers of State rose and fell rapidly. The coolie to-day might be a minister to-morrow. As the Egyptian fellah, with the same rapid promotion may become a minister, and be sent into exile or consigned to a sack at the bottom of the Nile, so the Burman may be spreadeagled in the court of the Palace beneath a vertical sun, with huge stones piled on chest and stomach, or treated to a nest of fiery-red ants, whose mandibles soon drive the victim to madness and death.

The Army, like almost all Oriental armies, is a burlesque organization in which European officers have been employed to establish something like order. Shay-Yoe says that the officers were poked fun at for their pains, and when he complained of the insults were told by some sententious Min-gyee that "patience is one of the ten virtues which go to the making up of a true gentleman." On one occasion a French officer with a desire to earn his salary took his battery out for target practice. The noise was too much for the King, who sent out the cavalry to stop the firing. The Frenchman was told that but for his ignorance of the fact that the King should never be startled in any such way he should be made a target for his battery. The Burman officer, however, paid well for his pains, and received a severe flogging around the city.

An American officer in another Oriental army once complained to his division commander that he had nothing to do, whereupon the old pasha replied: "*Bish-wish, ye ibui. Lazim unsik filons bitaak bas wah is kool. El-hamdon-illah*"*!*—(Go slow, my son. In this country it is only necessary to draw your pay. Keep silent and praise God for that).

The moral is quite plain, and may be paraphrased by that which was said to an Oriental of another time:

"Ephraim is joined unto his idols; let him alone."

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

Men who are most familiar with steam-power and modern machinery are puzzled to explain how the grand structures of the ancient world were erected. Builders say that no modern contractor could erect the great pyramid in Egypt, and lift the gigantic stones at the summit to the height of 450 feet. A recent visitor to Baalbec, and the ruins of the great temple of Baal, doubts if any modern architect could rebuild the temple in its ancient grandeur. Three huge stones, 64 feet long, 13 high, and 13 wide, stand in the wall at the height of 20 feet. Nine other stones, 30 feet long, 10 high, and 10 wide, are joined together with such nicety that a trained eye cannot discover the line of structure. A column still stands in the quarry, a mile distant, which is complete, with the exception that it is not detached at the bottom. It is 69 feet long, 17 high, and 14 broad, and one cannot understand how it can be separated at the bottom from the quarry without breaking. The ruins of this vast temple inspire respect for the genius of former years.

THE DYING BOY.

By Sigma.

"Mother, I'm dying now—
There is deep suffocation in my breast,
As if some heavy hand my bosom prest;
And on my brow

"I feel the cold sweat stand;
My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
Comes feebly up. Oh! tell me, is this death?
"Mother! your hand—

"Here—lay it on my wrist,
And place the other thus, beneath my head,
And say, sweet mother!—say, when I am dead
Shall I be miss'd?

"Never, beside your knee,
Shall I kneel down again at night to pray
Nor with the monrihg wake, and sing the lay
You taught to me!

"Oh, at the time of prayer,
When you look round and see a vacant seat,
You will not wait then for my coming feet—
You'll miss me there!

"Now mother! sing the tune
You sang last night—I'm weary and must sleep!
Who was it call'd my name? Nay, do not weep,
You'll all come soon!"

THE PARSON'S OATH.

Chapter I.

The day was drawing toward its close, and the young children, assembled in the newly repaired schoolroom of the small village, glanced impatiently through the windows at the shadows cast by the declining sun, telling that five o'clock was near.

"First class, come up and spell," called out the teacher.

"There ain't no time, miss," replied one of the girls. "It's a'most on the stroke o' five."

The mistress, a fair, pleasant-looking woman, dressed in mourning, and far too lady-like in appearance for her position, saw that it wanted full ten minutes to the hour.

"There is time for a short lesson, children," she said. "Put aside your work, and come up."

The class was ranging themselves round the table, when a young lady galloped past the windows, and reined in.

"Teacher!" exclaimed a dozen voices, "here is Miss Rickhurst."

"Go on with your work, children. What do you mean by pressing to the window? Did you never see Miss Rickhurst before? Jane Hewgill, open the door."

"How d'ye do, Miss Winter?" said the young lady they had called Miss Rickhurst, carelessly nodding to the teacher, as she entered. "How are you getting on? What class have you up now?"

"Spelling," replied Miss Winter. "Jane Hewgill, why don't you shut the door?"

"'Cause here's Mr. Lewis and his aunt a-coming up." answered the child. "I'm a-keeping it open for them."

Miss Rickhurst hastily rose and went to the door to meet the newcomers.

Mr. Lewis, the clergyman of the parish, was a meek, quiet man of thirty. It is certain he was not ambitious, for he felt within him an everlasting debt of gratitude to the noble patron who had stepped forward and presented him with this living and its stipend. He had never looked for more than half the sum.

Once inducted into the living, the Rev. John Lewis worked indefatigably. Amongst other good works, he re-established the girls' school—an anciently endowed foundation, which had fallen nearly into abeyance in the present day. While they were looking for a competent teacher, Miss Winter, the daughter of Farmer Winter, who was just dead, asked for the situation.

The whole village liked Regina Winter, although she had received an education, and, for five years of her life, enjoyed a home, far above what Littleford thought suitable for a working farmer's daughter.

They likewise took numerous liberties with her name. Regina! It was one they could not become familiar with, so some called her Gina, many Ginny, and few brought out a short Gin.

After her father's death she found that scarcely any provision was left for her; and, as she one day sat musing upon what should be her course, the servant Nomy, a buxom woman of forty, who had taken care of the house since its mistress died, ten years before, suddenly suggested that she should apply for the new place.

"What place?" asked Regina.

"The schoolmissis's," replied Normy. "The earl and the parson are a-wanting to find one, and they say, in the village, it will be a matter of thirty pounds a year. Surely you'd do, Miss Gina, with the grand edication you've had."

"It would keep me with what little I have besides," said Regina."

"Go up—go right up yourself. Miss Gina, with your own two good legs," advised Normy. "Nothing like applying to the fountain head oneself, if business is to be done."

"Apply to Lord Littleford myself!" ejaculated Regina.

"Why not? Ain't he as pleasant-mannered a man as one would wish to come across?"

The servant's advice proved good. Miss Winter made her own application to the Earl of Littleford, and she was successful.

As the clergyman came into the school this afternoon, he shook hands with the squire's daughter. He then advanced and held out his hand to Miss Winter.

Miss Rickhurst curled her lip. What business had the vicar, *their* associate, to be shaking hands with a teacher?

"I was going to hear the class, Mr. Lewis," said the young lady.

The children did their best to display their progress, till it was five o'clock, when they flocked out of school. The vicar, his aunt (Mrs. Budd) and Miss Rickhurst, followed.

"Mr. Lewis," began the young lady, in a confidential tone, "don't you think your schoolmistress is getting above her business?"

"In what way?" he asked, looking surprised.

"There is such a tone of superiority about the young woman—I mean, implied superiority," added Miss Rickhurst, correcting herself.

"I have always thought there is much of real superiority about her," replied the vicar. "And she gets the children on astonishingly. One might think, by their progress, she had taught them two years, instead of barely one."

"It is of no use to argue with John about Miss Winter," interposed Mrs. Budd. "He thinks her an angel."

"No, I do not. I only think her very superior to young women in general."

And Miss Rickhurst once more curled her haughty lip,

Meanwhile, Miss Winter left the schoolroom with her assistant, a sickly looking girl of fifteen or sixteen. named Mary Brown. Regina lodged at a farmhouse near.

As soon as they got in, Mary Brown, whose weak health caused her to feel a constant thirst, began to make the tea.

"Mary," observed Miss Winter, when the meal was over, "you had better go up to your brother's for the muslin, and to-morrow set about making his shirts. You know he was scolding you yesterday at their not being begun. Start at once, or you will have it dusk. I will wash up the tea-things."

Mary Brown put on her things and departed; but not long had she been gone, when the door opened, and a tall, fine young man, about six-and-twenty, walked in.

There was a careless, untidy look about him, and it might have puzzled a stranger to tell whether he was a gentleman, or a man of a lower order.

The face would have been handsome but for the willful, devil-may-care expression that pervaded it. His complexion was fair, his eyes were blue, and his light hair curled in his neck.

This gentleman was Mr. George Brown, universally known in the village by the cognomen of "Brassy."

Mr. Brassy Brown did not enjoy a first-rate reputation. He had inherited a little land from his father, on which was a small house, where he lived; and, though he certainly could not subsist upon its proceeds alone—he had no other visible means of support—he lived well, and never seemed to lack money. He was upon friendly terms with the whole neighborhood, from Squire Rickhurst down to the worst character in it.

Until recently his sister had lived with him in his cottage, no one else; but when Miss Winter found she wanted some assistance in the school, she thought of Mary, compassionating the girl's lonely life, and took her as a fellow-boarder.

"Where's Poll?" began Mr. Brassy.

"She is gone for the muslin," answered Regina. "What a pity that she will have her walk for nothing!"

"It will stretch her legs for her," returned Mr. Brown, sitting down. "Now, Regina," he continued, "I want an answer to that question of mine."

"What question?" she inquired, with a crimson flush.

"Don't pretend ignorance, Gina, for it won't go down with me to-night," was Mr. Brassy Brown's rejoinder. "You know what I have been asking you this year past. We are by ourselves now, and I'll have it out. Will you be my wife?"

"Why do you persist in persecuting me?" exclaimed Regina, in a tone of vexation. "I have told you already that I could not be your wife. You behave like a child."

"Why don't you say like a fool?" he rejoined. "'Twould be as polite as the other. What fault have you to find with me? Perhaps you think I can't keep

XUM

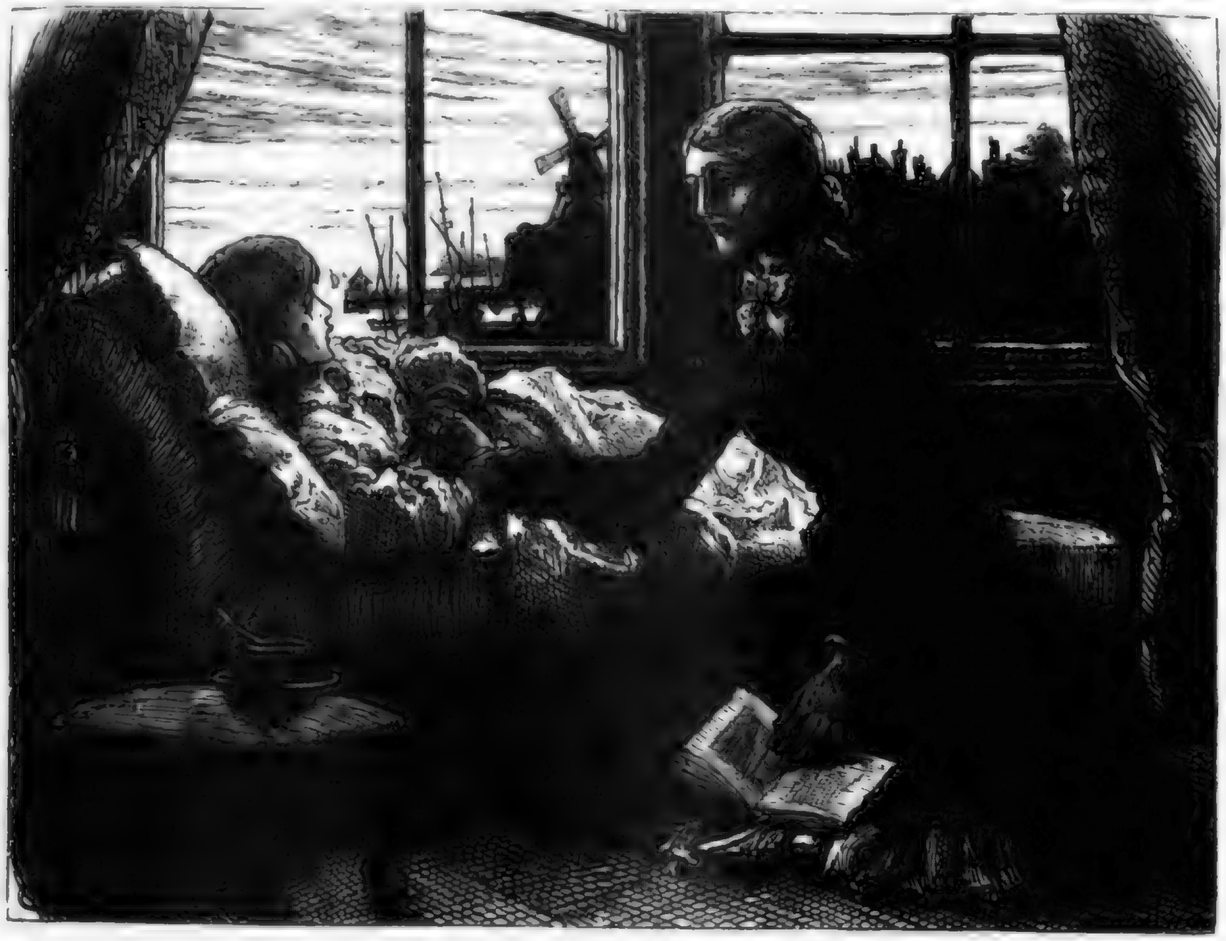
you like a lady, but I can. Never you mind how—I can! You shall have a good servant to wait upon you, and everything as comfortable and plentiful about you as you had in your father's home. I swear it."

Regina shook her head.

"I could not be your wife, Brassy, if you offered me a daily shower of gold. And if you continue to pursue this unpleasant subject, I shall send Mary home, and forbid your entrance here."

"So ho! my fine madam! It's defiance between us, is it?" uttered Brassy, grasping Regina's arm in anger. "Then may the fiend take the weakest! I have sworn to marry you, and I'll keep my oath. I'll keep it by fair means or foul."

At this moment, after a gentle knock, the door was pushed open, disclosing the person of the vicar.



THE DYING BOY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 302.

He saw the angry look of Brassy Brown and his hold upon Regina's arm.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "What game are you after now, Mr. Brown?"

"None of yours, parson," returned Brassy, flinging aside Regina's arm. "She affronted me, and I had as good a mind to treat her to a shaking as ever I have to treat anybody to one in all my life."

"He will kill me some of these days with his shakings," interposed Miss Winter, laughing, and trying to pass the matter off as a joke, for she was vexed and annoyed that the clergyman should have been a witness to it. "If he does, sir, I shall look to you to give me Christian burial."

"Yes," said Mr. Lewis, falling into her mood—for he quite understood it.

"You had better swear to it, parson," added Brassy, with a sneer. "It may be more satisfactory."

"I swear it!" returned John Lewis, giving no heed to his words in the moment's heat; but a flush rose to his brow when their purport came to him.

"Mind you keep your oath, parson, as I'll keep mine," said Brassy Brown, swinging out of the room. "Do you hear, Miss Winter?"

But neither answered.

"Regina," said the vicar, "he is not a desirable visitor for you."

"No," she answered, "and I wish he would not come. Not that I think there is any real harm in him, but I dislike his conversation."

"The plain fact is," resumed the clergyman, speaking with agitation, as a hectic spot appeared on his cheek, "your home here is too unprotected. Regina, will you suffer me to provide you with another?"

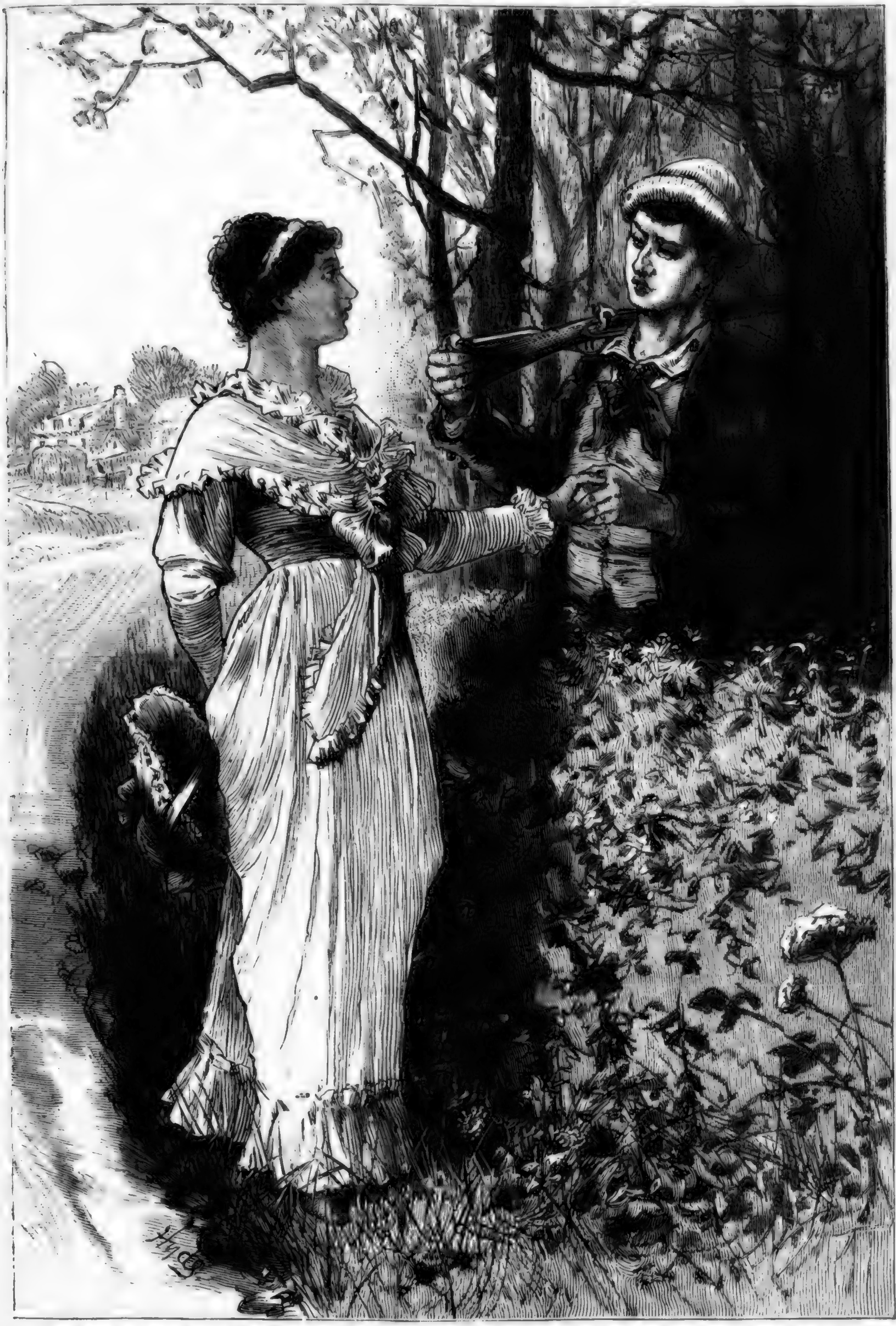
Oh, deeper than the flush Brassy Brown's words had called up was the rosy blush that now dyed her face! Neither she nor he, for some little time past, had been unacquainted with the heart of the other.

John Lewis took her hand.

"Regina, you cannot be ignorant that I have loved you. Will you take pity upon a lonely man, one who has had but few ties hitherto to care for him, and be his wife?"

"I am but the daughter of a small working farmer," she persisted, the tears filling her eyes with the extent of her emotion; "I am but the paid teacher of a village school."

"I was but the son of a working curate," he whispered. "I am indebted to charity, which helped to educate me, for being in the position I now am. A working farmer was immeasurably above *us*, Regina. We are both alone in the world—we have no ties or kindred to consult. From this time forth let us be all in all to each other."



THE PARSON'S OATH. — "SHE HELD OUT HER HAND OVER THE HEDGE. HE SHOOK IT WARMLY; AND AWAY SHE WENT, THANKFUL THAT ALL ANIMOSITY BETWEEN HERSELF AND BRASSY WAS OVER."— SEE PAGE 302.

The news traveled forth; the Rev. John Lewis was about to marry Regina Winter. Mrs. Budd was satirical over it, Miss Rickhurst indignant, and Brassy Brown furious.

"What on earth possessed you to do it, John?" exclaimed Mrs. Budd, to her nephew.

"Do what?" cried the Rev. John.

"You have been offering yourself and your name to the village schoolmistress, they say," retorted the aunt, who feared the introduction of a wife might lead to her losing her snug home at the Vicarage. "You must be out of your senses, John?"

"We shall be able to find another teacher," answered John, evasively. "It is past one, aunt. Is not dinner ready?"

"Dinner! You'll get bread and cheese to-day for dinner, if you get anything," retorted Mrs. Budd. "I and Betty have been too much upset this morning to think of cooking. Oh, John, you are a great fool! you might have had Miss Rickhurst."

"Miss Rickhurst!" exclaimed the vicar.

"Miss Rickhurst, yes," mimicked the lady, "if you had not been more blind, more simple, than anybody ever was yet."

"I don't want Miss Rickhurst," answered the young clergyman. "Let her marry in her own sphere; she would have domineered me out of house and home."

The vicar proposed being married in May, until which time Regina had to retain her place.

One day in April, as she was walking home from its duties, she suddenly came upon Brassy Brown.

"I have been watching for you, Gina," he said, very quietly. "I want to hear from your own lips, whether it's true that you have promised to marry the parson?"

"Yes, it is true," she timidly answered.

"How came you to conceal it from me all the time you were fooling me on?"

"*I* fooling you on!" uttered Regina, in surprise.

"Well—let that pass. Why did you not tell me you loved the fellow?"

"I—could not tell you what I—did not know," stammered Regina.

"Bosh! don't make excuses to me. I'd stake my Skye terrier against his sermon-book, that there has been love between you two this many a month past. What is it you have got in that paper parcel?"

"It is only some work," said Regina. "Good morning, Brassy. Mary is gone home already. She will wonder where I am."

"Let her wonder. I say, Regina, you remember I told you I'd taken an oath. I'll keep it yet, and have you, sooner or later."

The words might have imparted to Miss Winter a sort of dread, but that Brassy Brown was smiling as he spoke them—and a pleasant smile was Mr. Brassy's, with all his imperfections. Her spirits rose on seeing that smile.

"Won't you shake hands before you go?" asked Mr. Brassy.

She held out her hand over the hedge. He shook it warmly; and away she went, thankful that all animosity between herself and Brassy Brown was over.

That same afternoon, on coming in from school, Regina told Mary she thought she should go and see Nomy.

"Do you feel well enough to accompany me?" she asked.

"No," replied the girl, "I feel I could not get so far. Do you mind calling in at our house, Regina?"

"What for?"

"To get my light shawl. This one is such a weight, now Spring weather's coming, I can scarcely drag to school in it. If Brassy is not in, you can get it yourself; it's lying on the middle shelf of the press."

Regina started on her walk, and had walked some distance when who should come swinging down the road in front of her but Brassy Brown.

"Hello, Regina! where are you off to?"

"I am going to see Nomy. The afternoon is so fine, I quite longed for a walk. And I want something for Mary from your house, Brassy. Can you come back and give it me?"

"Oh, bother, I have not a minute to lose. What is it you want?"

"Mary's cotton shawl. Her woolen one is too warm. Do you know, Mary seems to me to get weaker."

"It's no fault of mine if she does. Have the doctor to her. I'll pay."

"Can you bring the shawl down to-morrow?"

"I don't know that I can. You can call in for it as you come back. I shall be at home then."

"Very well," rejoined Regina.

Regina found Nomy up to her eyes in work. She was delighted to see her young lady.

Nomy had heard of Regina's new prospects, and, in talking of them, the time slipped away unheeded.

Regina at length started up.

"To think that you should have come this very evening, of all others," exclaimed Nomy, "when I can't see you back to the village."

"Oh, I shall soon be there," rejoined Regina, speaking valiantly. "The moon is shining; and I have to call up at Brassy's for Mary's shawl; that will break the way. Good-night, Nomy."

"The Lord be with ye, dear Miss Gina!"

* * * * * *

The evening grew late, and Mary Brown sat on, in Regina's lodgings, shivering and trembling. She was a nervous, timid girl and feared to be alone at night, her imagination always running on some absurd ghost or vision story.

Mary had expected her home by eight o'clock, and now it was nearly ten. The people of the house, who had been in bed long ago, slept in a remote part of it, and their presence there gave no courage or consolation to the timid girl.

The girl half resolved to go out and look for her; she dared not stay much longer alone where she was. Yes, she would go out and meet Regina.

Throwing on her bonnet and shawl, Mary tore along the passage as if a spectre were at her heels, and out at the house-door, taking the precaution to lock it after her. Once out, her superstitious fears were over, and any tangible cause of dread brought no fear to the mind of Mary. Reared in the country, amidst the solitudes of its woods and dales, she thought not there of fear.

She continued her way beyond the village, but could see no trace of Regina. She did not meet a soul.

At length she came to her brother's house, and sprang forward to open the gate, hoping Brassy was home.

What a curious thing! the gate was fastened! Never had Mary known that gate to be locked before. The key of it had hung up untouched, on a nail in the kitchen, as long as she could remember. Brassy must be out.

But, as Mary leaned forward on the little gate, for she was tired with her walk, she detected a light glimmering through a chink in a shutter, and, at the same moment she heard a movement in the garden, on the right of the house.

She shook the gate and called out.

Was it her fancy? Mary thought she saw a low, dark form creep from the midst of the garden toward the back door. She shook the gate again.

"Who the deuce is that?" cried Mr. Brassy Brown, poking his head, enveloped in a cotton nightcap, out at an upper window.

"Brassy, it's me," responded Mary. "The gate's locked."

"You!" echoed Brassy. "What brings you here, knocking people up at this time of night?"

"I am looking for Regina," answered Mary. "She went after school to see Nomy, and she has never come back. I got frightened, so I came out to meet her."

"Why, what a confounded little stupid you must be," ejaculated Brassy, "to come out upon such a wildgoose chase! While you have been blundering up here, she's no doubt gone home by the other road."

"She never takes that road," rejoined Mary. "It is a long way round, and very lonely."

"There are no robbers out to-night, you simpleton; it's too light. Miss Regina has walked home with her black-coat—gone the longest way to enjoy his company. I'm up to her. I see, by the moon, it's scarcely half after ten—just the hour for sweethearting. What a frightened child you are, Polly!"

"Do you really believe she has gone that way with him?" returned Mary, wonderfully relieved.

"I am not going to stop prating with you any longer, that's what I believe," retorted Brassy. "Just take yourself off; and never you come waking me out of my first sleep again, or you'll catch what you won't like."

"Brassy," there's a candle burning in the keeping-room."

"Who says so?"

"I can see through the chink. Did you forget to put it out?"

"There was a log on the fire, half-burnt, when I came to bed; I suppose it's flickering up again; so much the better. Hope it will burn till I get up in the morning. Come, be off!"

"You could not come down and give me my cotton shawl?" asked the girl. "The walk tires me so much, I don't know when I can get here again. It was the excitement that helped me on quickly to-night."

"Cotton shawl be burnt, and you with it!" roared Mr. Brassy, wrathfully. "Do you think I am coming down out of my bed for a cotton shawl?"

"Regina said she would call for it," answered the girl, in a deprecating tone.

"Did she call?"

"No, she didn't," replied Brassy. "I've not seen the color of her since I met her this afternoon. She couldn't call here—not she—if she went round with the parson the other way."

"Good-night, Brassy."

Mary had got some paces from the gate, when she turned back, shook it and called out. Once more the window was thrown open with an impatient anathema, and the white cotton nightcap extended itself out, as before.

"Brassy," she said, lowering her voice, "I forgot to tell you I saw something in the garden. It seemed to be making its way to the back-door."

"Saw what?"

"I don't know. It looked like a great black dog."

"Don't you think it was a cat?" rejoined the gentleman, sarcastically.

"No," said the girl, shaking her head, "It was too big for a cat."

Mary finally turned away, and walked home as fast as her troubled breathing would let her, fully expecting to find Regina and the Rev. Mr. Lewis waiting at the door.

What excuse could she make for her folly?

No one, however, was there. And the girl, all her fears renewed, sat down on the doorstep.

She did not dare to enter and take solitary possession of their chamber. It will scarcely be believed that the poor girl sat on that doorstep till morning. She did; it was a fact well known afterward to the village.

With the morning light Mary's courage returned. She thought Regina had staid somewhere to sleep, and would soon be in to explain.

The first thing she did, upon entering, was to make a fire and put on the teakettle. By seven o'clock breakfast was ready, and, after drinking one cup of tea, for she wanted it badly, she sat down and waited for Regina.

Regina never came. Before long the whole village was aroused with the news of her disappearance, and nearly the whole village did something toward searching for her. Houses, forests, glens, lanes—for three days every spot was looked into, every exertion made to find her, but in vain.

No person had seen her, as far as could be learnt, after she left the cottage that night. Nomy deposed that she watched her as far as the turning in the road—about forty yards only—walking at a brisk pace; and Mr. Brassy asserted that she had never reached his house—or, at any rate, that she never entered it.

Mr. Lewis left not a stone unturned to find her. He turned about in his mind every probability and improbability that could bear upon the case.

A vague suspicion, he scarcely knew why, rose like a cloud in his mind—a suspicion of Brassy Brown. But what suspicion?

The clergyman could not define it. Mr. Lewis had heard of such things as young girls being stolen away and married against their will; and it was known that Brassy Brown had long wanted to marry Regina. But Brassy could not have ventured upon a feat of that sort, because Mary found him in his own house soon after what must have been the hour of her disappearance. The joking words of Regina occurred to him:

"He will kill me, some of these days, with his shakings. If he does, sir, I shall look to you to give me Christian burial," and he remembered his rash promise and shuddered.

The fourth day after Regina's disappearance, Mr. Lewis went again up to Brassy's. The latter was in his garden, planting cabbages.

"Mr. Brown," began the clergyman, "I have come up to talk with you about this mysterious affair. Will you swear before Heaven that you have no idea what has become of Miss Winter?"

"Won't do anything of the sort," said Brassy, coolly. "I have had an idea from the first."

"How?—what idea?" cried the clergyman eagerly.

"I suspect you took her off for a moonlight walk that night yourself, parson; and that, maybe, you have kept her in hiding."

"This levity ill becomes you, Mr. Brown."

"Levity!" uttered Brassy, "I don't mean it as levity. Who else is likely to have got hold of her, but you? You had the best right."

"Did *you* get hold of her?" asked the clergyman.

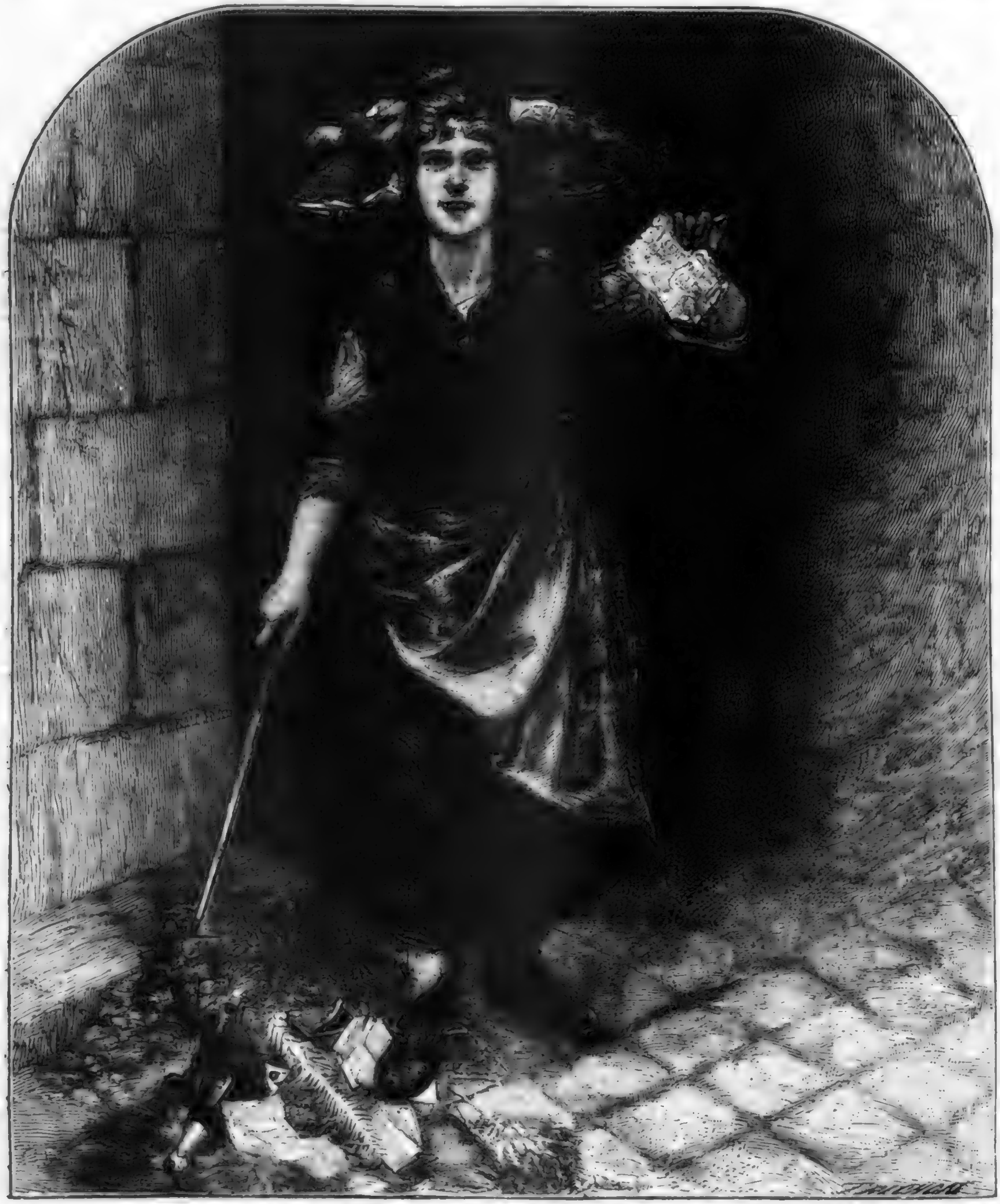
"If I did get hold of her, I shouldn't have been able to keep her," retorted the imperturbable Brassy. "Not likely. My opinion is, parson, that you, and Nomy and

Mary are all going cracked together over this matter. What do I know of Regina Winter—or want with her? Not so much as you."

The affair remained as unfathomable as at its first onset. A new mistress was procured for the school. Mary Brown, growing rapidly worse, returned home to die. Brassy continued his free-and-easy life, and the village, in time, ceased to think and speak of Regina. But there were two hearts in which she was never forgotten—those of poor, faithful Nomy, and of the Rev. John Lewis.

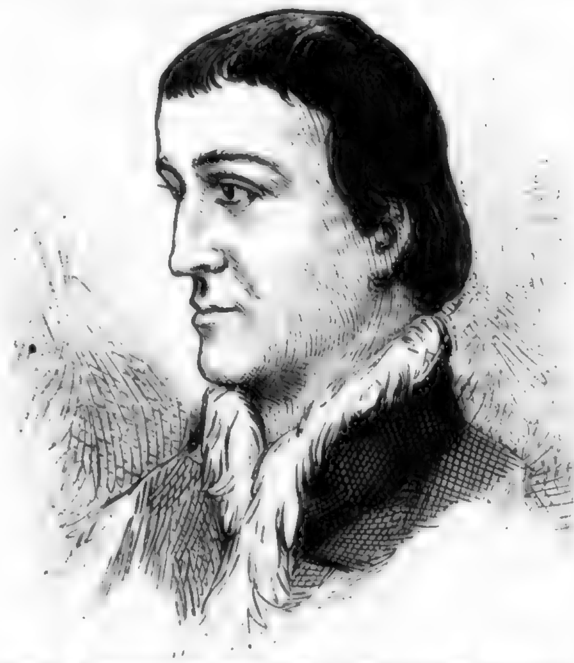
* * * * *

The Rev. John Lewis lay on his bed, in Littleford Vicarage, tossing and turning from side to side. The cheeks' hectic, of which observant friends had predicted mischief in the earlier part of his clerical career, had at length shone out in its true nature, and John Lewis was dying. Seven years had elapsed since the disappearance of Regina Winter, and he had been a fading man ever since.



A LUCKY FIND.— FROM THE PAINTING BY MLLE. CONSUELO FOULD.

The years had brought several changes. Mrs. Budd was dead, and Nomy was housekeeper at the vicarage. Brassy Brown was arrested as one of a party of poachers, but proof failed. He felt, or affected, great indignation. They had treated him like a low, common criminal, he raved, instead of a gentleman, as he was, by descent, and he declared he would not stop amongst them. He advertised his small estate for sale, pocketed the money, took ship at Liverpool, and after his departure he was never more heard of.



PAUL DE CHOMEDEY, SIEUR DE MAISONNEUVE, FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 311.

The Rev. John Lewis lay on his bed, tossing and turning. His restlessness that night was not wholly the result of his feverish, sick state. He had just awakened from a disagreeable dream. He thought that Regina Winter came to him dressed in white, with a pale, sorrowful face, and gently reproached him with neglecting his oath, and suffering her to lie in unconsecrated ground. He thought that he had asked the question, "Where are you lying?" and she had glided on before, telling him to come and see. He seemed, after they had gone some way, to lose sight of her, and to have halted, himself, on a spot of ground familiar to him. But just then he awoke, and, try as he would, was unable to recall the features of the place, which he had seemed, in his sleep, to know so well.

He retired to rest next evening thinking of his dream, wondering whether it would visit him again.

Not precisely that, but one bearing upon it did. He thought he stood upon a plot of ground—a green plot—about two yards square, and all around was cultivated.

He appeared to know that Regina was lying buried in this spot, and again all the features of the place seemed perfectly familiar to him; but when he awoke they had faded from his recollection.

None can tell how the vicar longed for night to come again. A conviction lay strong upon his mind that the real spot of Regina's resting-place would be revealed to him.

He had not spoken to any one of these singular dreams—not even to Nomy, or to the young clergyman who had come to do his duty for him, and who was to him like a brother.

The third night came and passed, and with the first faint glimmering of light Mr. Lewis summoned his housekeeper, who hastened to his room.

"Nomy," he exclaimed, "I have a strange trouble upon my mind. I cannot rest."

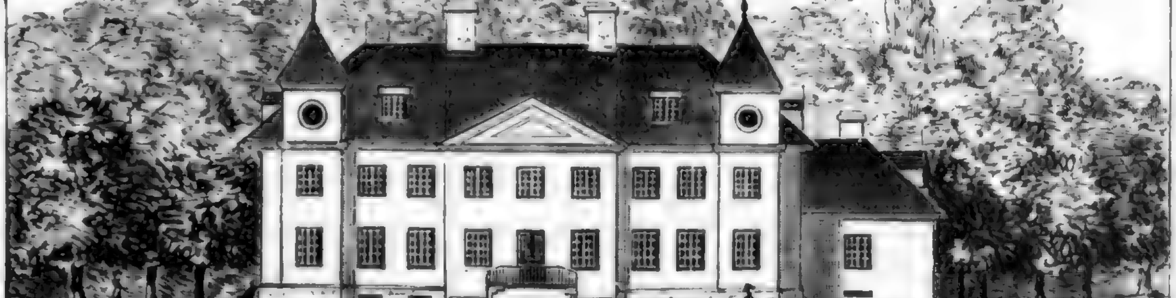
"Dear master," she said, "what is it? I am sure trouble's bad for you."

"These last three nights I have been dreaming of Regina. I thought she came and pointed out to me where she was lying, and though I saw it and stood upon it, though all around the spot was familiar, I cannot recall it when I awake. This last night it seemed the plainest; and the place I now know was a garden, for I saw the vegetables—not a plowed or pasture-field. And I don't know why, but Mary Brown seemed in some way to be mixed up with this last dream?"

"You had better call to mind all the places where you have ever seen Mary Brown, master, or where she ever was, to your own knowledge, with Regina," whispered the woman.

"Where is there a privet-hedge, Nomy?" he said, after a while—"a privet-hedge, and potatoes planted under it, with a path running across to it?"

"A privet-hedge, and potatoes growing by it," uttered



RESIDENCE OF THE EARLY GOVERNORS OF MONTREAL.

Nomy; "there's many such in this neighborhood, master."

"The kidney-beans lie in this way," he added, making a movement with his hand, "and the peas—they are just coming up—are lower down. The cabbages are close under foot. Oh, Nomy!" he cried out, "I recollect! I see it all!"

The servant drew nearer to the bed, and grasped hold of the counterpane. A nameless terror was stealing over her.

"It is Brassy Brown's garden!" gasped the invalid. "I see every part of it, as I used to see it when I went to read to Mary in her illness. The green spot is on the right of the path leading to the back-door, along the side of the house. Cabbages were growing on it the Spring I used to go to Mary. I saw Brassy transplanting them there the very day I went to ask news of Regina. I believe solemnly," uttered the clergyman, with emphasis, "as truly as that we must all one day come to the same earth, that Regina lies there. Call Mr. Hampton."

The young curate came.

Mr. Lewis related his extraordinary dreams, and his conviction that in this particular spot the remains would be found.

He could not go himself—he was too weak to get there and to risk the agitation it would entail—but he took a piece of paper and drew a plan of Brassy Brown's garden, minutely marking the precise spot where he believed the body would be found.

A company—such a company!—armed with spades, pickaxes and shovels, and headed by Squire Rickhurst and the Rev. Mr. Hampton, flocked to the place in the afternoon, the new owner of the place willingly granting them leave to turn up his garden.

It was in Spring, just about the time of year she had disappeared.

They dug and dug, and a few feet below the surface they came upon the moldering remains of Regina Winter, dressed as she had been dressed that evening—a black dress, a black-and-white plaid shawl, a white lace collar, and a straw bonnet trimmed with black. The bonnet and shawl were torn and tumbled, as if in a struggle, and lay upon her.

A coroner's inquest was held, and the cause of death proved at it. She had been shot in the left breast—in, or close to, the heart. The verdict was "Willful murder against George Brown," though some of the jury were for bringing it in "Manslaughter," believing it might have been the result of an accident.

Then came a contention: between the vicar and Nomy, between the vicar and his curate, between the vicar and the squire; he insisting upon officiating at her burial, and they saying he was not fit.

But on the afternoon appointed for the service, the vicar struggled up out of his bed, and dressed.

"I took a rash oath, during her life, that I would give her Christian burial," he answered to their remonstrances; "and I must fulfill it."

All Littleford, and its neighborhood for miles round, flocked to witness that singular interment.

The remains of the once happy girl, about whose ill fate there could be no doubt, were brought, after the lapse of seven years, to their home in consecrated ground; and the weakened frame, the wan, attenuated face of him who stood there, in his white surplice, reading the services over her! No one forgot the scene, or ever will.

With the last word of the burial service, Lewis's strength, so artificially buoyed up, deserted him, and it was feared he could not walk back to the Vicarage, short as the distance was.

Leaning on Squire Rickhurst, on one side, and Mr. Hampton on the other, he at length gained it.

Before he had well reposed an instant on the sofa, preparatory to being taken back to his bed, Ted Timms, the man who had been the intimate associate of Brassy Brown, put his head into the room, and asked to speak with the vicar alone.

"Be quick in what you have to say, Timms," panted the vicar, "for I am very ill."

"I thought it my duty to come and make a clean breast of it, sir," began the man. "I have been away from Littleford till to-day, since the body were found, or I should have been here afore. I think I hold the clew to this murder."

"Speak up," breathed the vicar. "My hearing is growing dull."

"The night afore Brassy Brown went away for good, the very night afore it, we was a-drinking together at my place, and Brassy got a drop too much, which is what he didn't often do. We got talking about a many things; a-bragging what feats, for good or for bad, we had done in our career; boasting, as it were, one again the t'other. Brassy at last hiccuped out that he had, one night, had a desperate quarrel with a girl in his house, and at last got so mad that he shot her, though he never meant to kill her. I didn't pay much attention to him then, setting it down to the boastings of a man in his cups; but, sir, I now think it were nothing but the truth, and that he spoke of Miss Gina. The shot must have killed her, and he might have buried her in the garden that same night. If you remember, sir, Mary Brown told folks she was frightened by fancying she saw something black a-creeping from that spot into the house, while she was a-shaking at the gate. It must have been Brassy a-digging the grave then."

* * * * * *

"Make ready with the sacrament," murmured John Lewis to Mr. Hampton, as he feebly resisted their wishes to carry him up-stairs, "I feel my time here is growing short."

Sure enough, that night he died. It indeed would seem as if he had only been permitted to linger on earth for the purpose of burying Regina Winter.

There was a very interesting ceremony in May at Burnham Thorpe, England, the birthplace of Lord Nelson, when a lectern, made from the wood of the *Victory*, his flagship at Trafalgar, was placed in the church. There are two copper plates on the base (with inscriptions), which are made from two bolts of the *Victory*. The wood and bolts were given to the rector of Burnham Thorpe by the Lords of the Admiralty, to provide a memorial to the great naval hero in his native village.

At Cephalonia there is a very remarkable phenomenon. The sea runs into the land in a strong stream, turning a water-wheel on the way, and disappears in the earth a hundred yards from the entrance. Can you explain this? I believe no one has yet done so. No part of the island is below the level of the sea, nor is there any salt lake or spring in the island. I imagine this water must be converted into steam, which comes out either at Naples or Stromboli.

The Hindoos dress their dead in white, with touches of red for cremation, or sometimes in saffron.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MONTREAL.

By Edmond Mallet.

Few cities in the New World have so interesting a history as Montreal. To the thousands of tourists who visit Canada during the pleasant season it presents itself merely as a beautiful and populous city, a great commercial and manufacturing centre, and an important seat of learning and of civilization. Old landmarks, illustrating the high aspiration of its founders, their struggles for existence and their heroic deeds, are to be found, but these are mute to the casual visitor and mere pleasure-seeker. To the student of the pioneer history of North America, however, they can like Hamlet's pipe, "discourse most eloquent music."

The first mention of the place where Montreal now stands is found in the record of Jacques Cartier's voyage of exploration up the River of Canada, now the St. Lawrence, in October, 1535. The island was then inhabited by an Indian tribe, apparently of the Iroquois nation, who lived in a village named Hochelaga. "The shape of the town was round, and three rows of palisades inclosed in it about fifty tunnel-shaped cabins, each over fifty paces long and fourteen or fifteen wide." It was upon this occasion that the French explorer ascended the picturesque and lofty mountain—which is now almost in the centre of the city—and bestowed upon it the name of *Mont Royal;* in English, Royal Mountain. This name, at first given to the mountain alone, was subsequently applied to the island as well, and later still to the magnificent city which was built upon its southern shore. The explorer Jacques Cartier, like his predecessor, Giovanni Verazano, made no permanent settlement in New France. It had been reserved to the noble Samuel de Champlain to become the founder of a great state on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence.

Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec, the capital of New France, in 1608. After placing his colony in comparative safety he made numerous voyages of exploration up the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario, up the River of the Algonquins, now the Ottawa, to the country of the Nippissings, and up the River of the Iroquois, now the Richelieu, to Lake Champlain, and even into the very heart of the Onondaga country. When passing the Island of Montreal in 1611, he camped there for several weeks, and selected a point of land extending into the St. Lawrence as the site of a future post. To this place he gave the name of *Place Royale.* The Hochelaga Indians had at that time disappeared. Champlain does not appear to have carried out his intention of establishing a post at Montreal, since some years later M. de Lauson received the island as a concession, and as late as 1641 the point of land selected by Champlain was still used by the Indians as a resting-place after they had jumped the rapids of Saut St. Louis, now called the Lachine Rapids.

The Indians in whose midst the French had established themselves were the Montagnais, who were allied with the Algonquins and the Hurons in their wars against the powerful confederacy of the Iroquois or Five Nations. As was to have been expected, the French were soon involved in the wars of their savage neighbors, also, and, necessarily, their allies. As early as 1609 Champlain, with two Frenchmen, had accompanied a war party into the Iroquois country, now in the State of New York, and with his firearms—apparently the first ever used against those Indians—killed several Iroquois chiefs and headmen, and routed a large party of their followers. It is probable that the terror which this bold act of Champlain's inspired, caused the Iroquois to turn many of their blows from the colony at Quebec to the Huron villages in the upper country. But this was only for a time. No sooner had they themselves been provided with "shooting-irons" than they determined with renewed vigor to wreak their vengeance upon the French.

The Mohawks were the first to obtain arquebuses—guns somewhat similar to the old Potsdam muskets—from the Dutch traders at Rensselaerswyck, in exchange for their furs. The Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas were in turn supplied, either by the traders directly or through the other Indians, and soon the Five Nations were in a condition to bring the settlements on the St. Lawrence to the verge of ruin, and utterly destroy the Huron nation and the French missions in the region of the upper lakes. Speaking of the Indians of this period, the historian Parkman says of the Iroquois: "The war which they had long waged with the Hurons was carried on by the Senecas and the other Western nations of their league; while the conduct of hostilities against the French and their Indian allies in Lower Canada was left to the Mohawks. In parties of from ten to a hundred or more they would leave their towns on the River Mohawk, descend Lake Champlain and the River Richelieu, lie in ambush on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and attack the passing boats or canoes. Sometimes they hovered about the fortifications of Quebec and Three Rivers, killing stragglers, or luring armed parties into ambuscades. They followed like hounds on the trail of travelers and hunters, broke in upon unguarded camps at midnight, and lay in wait for days and weeks to intercept the Huron traders on their yearly descent to Quebec. Had they joined to their ferocious courage the discipline and the military knowledge that belong to civilization, they could easily have blotted out New France from the map and made the banks of the St. Lawrence once more a solitude; but though the most formidable of savages, they were savages only."

The whole white population in Canada at this time was only about two hundred.

The reports of the French missions in Septentrional America, which were published in France every year under the title of "Relations des Jesuites," and which to this day form the most authoritative sources of early American history, informed the zealous people of France of the sore straits in which Canada was placed. That was an age of great faith, generous impulses and chivalrous deeds. Some might be found to advocate the abandonment of "the few acres of snow," as New France was sometimes cynically called, but the generous Christian and the patriotic citizen felt that the honor of religion and the glory of France were involved. Should the descendants of St. Louis, the children of the Crusaders, give way before the Iroquois savages? No! Not the abandonment, but the reinforcement, of the colony was the duty of the hour. So argued the friends of Canada in old France.

Two men, Jerome Le Royer, Sieur de la Dauversière, a Receiver of Finances in the Province of Anjou, and Jean Jacques Olier de Verneuil, then a young clergyman, and later the founder of the Congregation of St. Sulpice, conceived the idea of establishing a Christian republic on the Island of Montreal, which it was hoped would not

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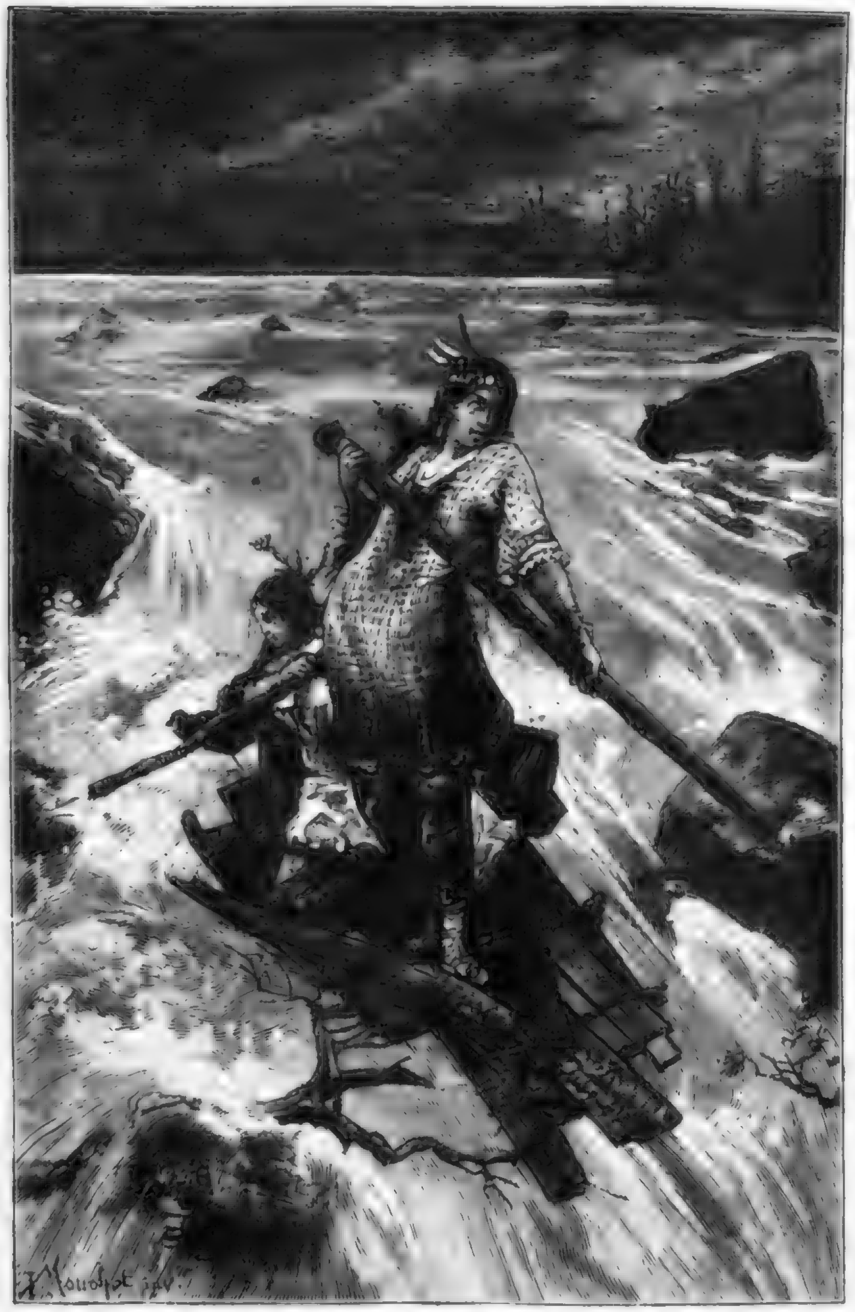


THE INDIAN WOMEN SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

only prove a shield to New France, but would also be the means of converting the Indians; thus rendering them friends and defenders, instead of enemies, of France. They formed an association, under the protection of Cardinal Richelieu, composed of distinguished and wealthy ladies and gentlemen, who through pious and charitable motives were disposed to bear the expenses of founding an important colony in the New World, without ever hoping for any worldly remuneration. The association was named, *Société de Notre-Dame de Montréal.* Its purpose, as stated in the notarial Act by which the association came into possession of Montreal, was purely for the glory of God and the salvation of the Indians. As a means to that end, it was determined to send a company of forty good men, well equipped for defense and for laying the foundation of an agricultural colony, who upon their arrival would fortify themselves and prepare the soil for cultivation. Additional colonists would be sent from time to time for a period of five years, when, without suspension of the labors of clearing the land, a large house would be constructed for the accommodation of such members of the association as would go to the colony to work in the civilization of the natives who could be induced to take homesteads on the island. Seminaries were to be established for the education of the colonists and Indians, and missionaries were to be provided, who in course of time would extend their operations into all of the surrounding country. The plan was admirable, and although circumstances did not permit of its being put into full operation as designed, the general spirit of the founders was constantly kept in view, and Montreal, in fact, more than once saved New France from annihilation by the ferocious savages, many of whom were converted, and who, through their descendants, now form peaceful, happy communities on the soil which they once devastated with fire and tomahawk.

As soon as the association had secured a title to the island, it organized a corps of forty men of good conduct and suited for the establishment of a distant plantation, which was placed under the command of an old soldier, Colonel Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, who had been selected as governor of the new colony. Before leaving France, however, a few additional colonists, skilled workmen, with their families, joined the party, as also a worthy young woman named Jeanne Mance, who offered her services to found a hospital at Montreal. The party, consisting of forty-eight men and five women, embarked in three vessels in 1641, and arrived at Quebec in the Autumn, too late to commence the new settlement that year. The Governor of Canada and the people of Quebec insisted upon the newcomers remaining near the capital for mutual protection, and designated Isle d'Orleans as the locality where they should settle, instead of going up the river eighty leagues distant, where they would be isolated and subject to the continued insults of the Iroquois. But M. de Maisonneuve declined to entertain the proposition, saying to the assembly of notables who had met to discuss the subject, that he had come to lay the foundation of a city on the Island of Montreal, and that that design would be executed were the enterprise even more hazardous than described; were he even to lose his life in the endeavor. "Besides," he said, "I have not come here to deliberate, but to execute, and were all the trees on the Island of Montreal to be changed into so many Iroquois, it is of my duty and of my honor to go there and establish a colony." Governor de Montmagny, the real *Onontlio* (Great Mountain) of the Indians, himself naturally noble and generous, could not but admire such noble dispositions, and he abandoned his design of retaining the Montreal colony in his own jurisdiction.

In the month of October, De Maisonneuve, with a few of the most distinguished of his party, accompanied by Governor de Montmagny, Father Vimont, the Superior of the missions of Canada, and a number of interpreters and voyageurs, ascended to Montreal Island to choose a site for the new colony. They arrived on the fourteenth, and on the following day took solemn possession in the name of the *Société de Notre-Dame de Montréal.* The party then returned to Quebec for the Winter.

Early in the following May, M. de Maisonneuve embarked all his people and proceeded to Montreal. "On the 17th of May, 1642," says Parkman, "Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two rowboats—approached Montreal, and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them to deliver the island, in behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the Missions, for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony. On the following day they glided along the green and solitary shores, now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as a fit site for a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterward as Point Çallière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early Spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

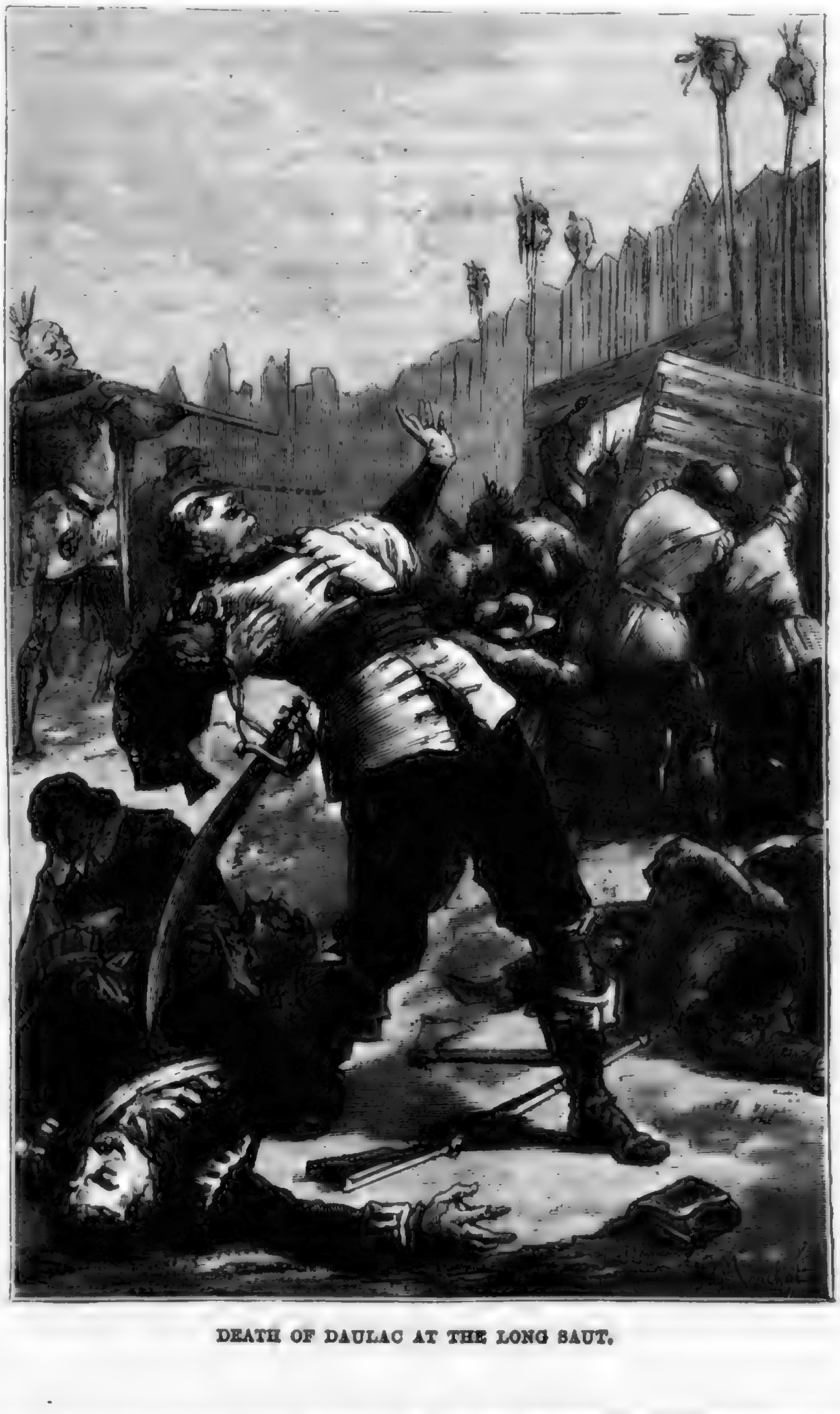
"Maisonneuve sprang ashore and fell on his knees. His followers followed his example, and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand, and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltrie, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders.

"Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him—soldiers, sailors, artisans and laborers—all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft, and when the rite was over the priest turned and addressed them: 'You are a grain of mustard-seed, that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but you work in the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.' The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twinkling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards and lay down to rest. Such was the birthnight of Montreal."

In the meantime, the members of the Montreal Society in France had also held a religious ceremony and given the name of *Ville Marie de Montréal* to the colony.

Fortunately for De Maisonneuve's settlement, the Iroquoise did not immediately discover that a new French post—which was to serve as a barrier to their marauding incursions—had been established, and the Montrealists enjoyed a brief season of peace and quiet. At the end of the Winter of 1643, the settlement had, by accession to its numbers from France and Quebec, increased to seventy, all in perfect health, recites a chronicle of the time. Log cabins had replaced the temporary encampment, and a large building, a hospital, and a chapel, protected by palisades, had been erected. But Montreal, situated as it was, almost in the centre of the theatre of war between the Indian nations and the most advanced post of New France, could not long enjoy immunity from the deadly conflict surrounding it.

In the Spring of 1643 ten Algonquins, who were pursued by a party of Mohawks, took refuge with the Montrealists. The Iroquois followed them to within sight of the palisades, but did not show themselves. In the month of June, however, they returned with augmented



DEATH OF DAULAC AT THE LONG SAUT.

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force, and attacked six sawyers or carpenters at their work outside the fort. The attack was not known until night, when, the workmen not returning, they were sought for, and the dead bodies of three of them were found on the field. The names of these martyrs of civilization were Guillaume Boissier, Bernard Berté and Pierre Laforest. They were the first to be laid in the little cemetery beside the fort. The other three of the party had been taken alive and carried off by the savages; one escaped to relate the story of the attack, while the other two, after suffering untold cruelties, were burned at the stake on the banks of the Mohawk.

For several years following, the colonists at Montreal were kept in a state of continual alarm. "What a situation was that of M. de Maisonneuve!" exclaims his biographer; "camped with eighty pioneers on Pointe-à-Callière, 1,200 leagues from the Mother Country, sixty from Quebec, more than thirty from the last French fort, with which he could hold no communication during six months of the year! What boldness, and what temper of soul! He wrestles at once with the flood and with the forest, against the rigors of the seasons, against wild beasts and against still more savage hordes of barbarous anthropophagi, sustaining a terrible war, an incessant war of ambuscades and surprises, which during ten years neither by night nor by day left any security to the colonist who, without arms, passed out of the threshold of his habitation."

The heroism and devotion called forth by the situation and character of the colony have but few parallels in the wonderful pioneer history of North America.

De Maisonneuve was as prudent as he was brave. As a Christian, and as an experienced military leader, he appreciated the value of a human life, especially of a life that was one of but few, engaged in a great cause.

Instead of rashly pursuing the marauding bands of Indians into their ambuscades, he stood upon the defensive, and made regulations by which the most impetuous among the young men of his command were restrained from uselessly exposing themselves. All work was done in parties, and they came and went in a compact body at the sound of the bell. So careful was he of the lives of his men that, to diminish the chances of their being killed or disabled, he employed dogs to reconnoitre the woods and ravines for prowling savages. The early annals of Montreal have preserved the name of one of these animals, *Pilatte*, which, with her progeny, would accompany the patrols and discover a party of Indians in ambush with the same facility that a sportsman's hound finds a brood of wild fowl. On several occasions when *Pilatte* had discovered a band of skulking savages in the vicinity of the fort, deep murmurs were heard against Governor de Maisonneuve for declining to allow the men to attack them. "Monsieur," some of the soldiers would say to him, "the enemy is to-day at such a place in the woods. Are we never going to dislodge them?" "The time has not yet come, my boys," the governor would quietly reply. "The death of a hundred Iroquois which we might kill would not diminish the strength of those barbarians, who come from all sides, whilst the loss of a few men would materially weaken the colony." This reply, which should have been satisfactory, was not always so, and, at last, the governor himself saw that his reputation for personal courage must suffer under the repeated murmurs of his followers.

On March 30th, 1644, relates the Sulpitian Dollier de Casson, the dogs commenced barking and howling in a frightful manner, and the soldiers ran to M. de Maisonneuve and impatiently cried out: "Monsieur, the Indians are in the woods, up the trail; are we never going to see them?" "Yes, you shall see them," abruptly answered the Governor. "Be prepared to march without delay, and let me see that you are all as brave as you promise to be. I will lead the party myself."

He summoned his lieutenant, M. d'Ailleboust, and after giving him directions in case of accident, placed himself at the head of the troop. The party numbered thirty, who directed their steps toward the forest. When at a point since named *Place d'Armes*, they were attacked by a band of eighty or a hundred Iroquois posted in the woods. The French entered the forest, took positions behind the trees, and fought with great bravery until the Indians broke into small parties and endeavored to surround them. Seeing the contest an unequal one, and having had three men killed and two taken prisoners, M. de Maisonneuve ordered the wounded to be carried to the rear, and then commanded a retreat, which was done in good order at first, but later so precipitately, that the governor soon found himself between the two forces, obliged to defend himself in a hand-to-hand struggle with a stalwart chief, who had singled him out, and determined to capture him alive. The Indian had already seized him by the throat, when De Maisonneuve struck him down with a well-directed blow from his pistol. Fortunately the foremost Indians stopped to carry off the body of their chief instead of following up their advantage, and the French commander was thus enabled to regain the fort, to the great joy of his people, who protested that he should not again so expose his life. The victims of this encounter, Jean Mattemalle, Pierre Bigot and Guillaume Lebeau, were buried with the highest honors by the side of the previous victims in the little cemetery.

The depredations of the Iroquois war kept up without relaxation until a peace was patched up with them at Three Rivers, in 1645. In the meantime the poor Hurons of the upper country were being driven from point to point by the Senecas, who did not consider themselves bound by the treaty of peace. The French were scarcely able to maintain their own position in the country, and, naturally, were unable to render effective aid to their allies in the West. Father Jogues, the great missionary, had been carried a prisoner to the cantons of the Five Nations, and soon afterward was followed in captivity by Father Bressani. Terror struck the hearts of the Hurons, who fled panic-stricken from their relentless foes. Many wonderful accounts of the effect of fear on the Indian mind, and of the indomitable energy it called forth, are found in the old chronicles. An example is recorded in the history of Montreal:

On July 3d, 1646, there arrived under the guns of M. de Maisonneuve's fort two Indian women whose condition was truly pitiable. They were wet from head to foot, exhausted, and in great distress. They were hospitably received, and were questioned as to who they were and whence they came. They were mother and daughter, and belonged to some distant tribe which the horrors of war had dispersed. One day, several weeks previously, they had, while traveling in their canoe, espied some men whom they assumed to be enemies. Fright having taken possession of them, they abandoned everything and fled through the forest, believing their enemies in pursuit or fearing to fall into the hands of some wandering war party. For eight days they ran through the woods, subsisting on wild fruits which they sometimes found and which they gathered while running from their enemies. At last they came to a stream where they were compelled to make a raft with sticks, tied together with bark. Upon this frail bark they had traveled upward of six hundred miles, skirting lakes, descending rivers and jumping rapids. Again and again had their raft been wrecked, the last time at the foot of the dangerous Lachine Rapids, where they had almost lost their lives. A few days of kind treatment reassured them. "After all," says the chronicler, rather lightly, "it was not necessary to bleed them to cure them of their fright; we gave them food, they dried their dresses, and lo! they are out of all their troubles."

With all their anxieties and miseries, the colonists at Montreal led a comparatively happy life. They were brave men and valiant women, who were fulfilling a mission. As they performed all their religious obligations assiduously and lived in perfect harmony, they enjoyed inward peace in a degree that is almost unknown in our modern society. True Christian cheerfulness characterized their lives, and they could even enjoy a good joke. On one occasion, a badly demoralized Iroquois, separated from a party of his nation who had been roughly handled by some Hurons, in his desperation fled to Montreal and rushed within the inclosure of the General Hospital, where Mademoiselle de Boulogne, sister-in-law to Lieutenant d'Ailleboust, was promenading up and down the walks reciting her rosary. The Indian rushed up to where she stood, and, to the lady's great surprise, surrendered to her. The adventure greatly amused the colonists, and they would say, jocularly, "Mademoiselle Philippine takes Iroquois with her beads!"

The treaty of peace, made at Three Rivers in 1645, like all the treaties of that period, was but a temporary expedient, and the Iroquois, having utterly destroyed the Hurons and the Missions in the West, redoubled their attacks upon the French on the St. Lawrence. Scarcely a month passed without some surprise by the Indians. The colonists were obliged to abandon their houses outside the palisades and return to the protection of the fortified places, which were: in the centre, the fort, a mill near it, the hospital and the governor's castle, which latter was on the future St. Paul Street, behind the present seminary; on the east, the mill and the farm of St. Mary's; on the north, Fort Closse and Sailly's house; and on the west, the farm of St. Gabriel; all of which places were connected by a series of redoubts and palisades. But men to defend these places were wanting. The situation was becoming more and more desperate, and, at last, in 1651, Governor de Maisonneuve determined to go to France to make a final appeal for assistance. If he did not succeed in obtaining at least one hundred men as a reinforcement, it was his intention to abandon the colony, which had become greatly reduced by the incessant attacks of the savages. Had Montreal fallen at that time, some of the grandest feats of arms recorded in the world's history would have never been written; some of the most illustrious names in America's roll of honor would have remained uninscribed; the battle of Long Saut would have never been fought; the names of Charles Le Moyne, Lambert Closse, Zachary Dupuys, Adam Dollard, and Annahotaha would never have been written.

On May 15th, 1660, intelligence was received at Quebec from a dying Mohegan, that the Onondagas, who wished to be revenged for their failure to massacre the French colonists in their midst, under Major Dupuy, had sent wampum belts to all the other cantons, with the view to enlisting the whole Iroquois confederacy to make a combined attack upon Quebec, to capture the governor, to lay waste the town, and then sweep upon Three Rivers and Montreal, and, by a supreme effort, wipe out the French from American soil. Pontiac organized such a conspiracy against the English a century later. The invitation of the Onondagas had been heeded, the Mohegan reported, and there were already 800 warriors encamped below Montreal. This force but awaited the arrival of a party of 400 other warriors, who had wintered on the Ottawa, to commence the attack. A general alarm was given. All the colonists sought refuge in fortified places, and the whole country was placed on a war footing. Special religious services were also held in the churches to invoke divine assistance. Days and weeks of preparation and of anxiety succeeded one another, but the enemy did not make his appearance. In the course of time Quebec and Three Rivers learned that the heroism of a Spartan band of Montrealists had averted the impending calamity.

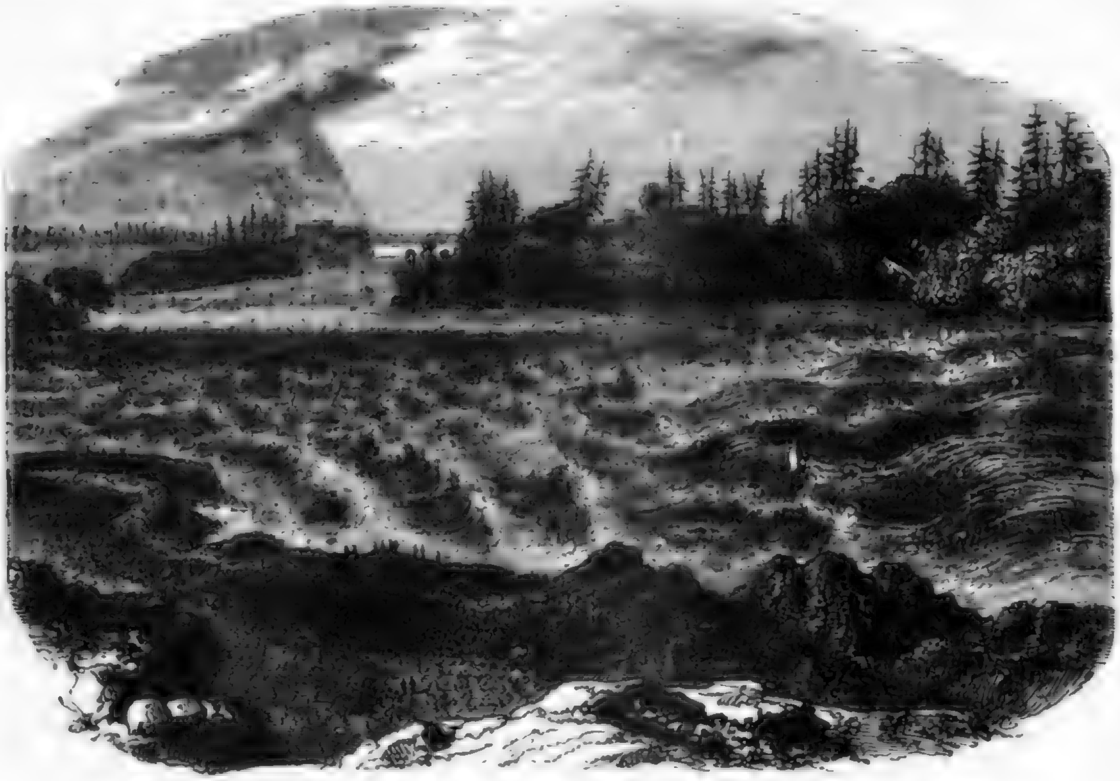
"In the preceding April," says Parkman, "before the designs of the Iroquois were known, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the Governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the enemy. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors in great numbers had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river, and fight them without regard to disparity of force.

"Adam Daulac, or Dollard, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France . . . he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed and received the sacraments. As they knelt for the last time before the altar in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm, not unmixed with an envy which had in it nothing ignoble. Some of the chief men of Montreal, with the brave Charles Le Moyne at their head, begged them to wait till the Spring sowing was over, that they might join them, but Daulac refused.

"The spirit of the enterprise was purely mediæval. The enthusiasm of honor, the enthusiasm of adventure, the enthusiasm of faith, were its motive forces. Daulac was a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World. Yet the incidents of this exotic heroism are definite and clear as a tale of yesterday. The names, ages and occupations of the seventeen young men may still be read on the ancient register of the parish of Montreal; and the notarial Acts of that year, preserved in the records of the city, contain minute accounts of such property as each of them possessed. The greater number had come to the colony as part of the reinforcement brought by Maisonneuve in 1653.

"After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes, well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoe-men, and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of St. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were more successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains and slowly advanced against the current.

"Meanwhile, forty warriors of that remnant of the Hurons who, in spite of Iroquois persecutions, still lingered at Quebec, had set out on a war-party, led by the



THE LONG SAUT, WHERE DAULAC AND HIS HEROES FELL.

brave and wily Etienne Annahotaha, their most noted chief. They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins, under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal, where they were likely to find a speedy opportunity of putting their mettle to the test. Thither, accordingly, they repaired, the Algonquin with three followers, and the Huron with thirty-nine.

"It was not long before they learned the departure of Daulac and his companions. . . . The wish seized them to share the adventure, and to that end the Huron chief asked the Governor for a letter to Daulac to serve as credentials. Maisonneuve hesitated. His faith in Huron valor was not great, and he feared the proposed alliance. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to give Annahotaha a letter, in which Daulac was told to accept or reject the proffered reinforcement as he should see fit. The Hurons and Algonquins now embarked and paddled in pursuit of the seventeen Frenchmen.

They, meanwhile, had passed with difficulty the swift current at Carillon, and about the 1st of May reached the foot of the more formidable rapid called the Long Saut, where a tumult of waters foaming among ledges and boulders barred the onward way. It was needless to go further. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Saut, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forests sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of the rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past Autumn. It was a mere inclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already ruinous. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it . . . . They made their fires and slung their kettles on the neighboring shore, and here they were soon joined by the Hurons and Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning and noon and night they prayed in three different tongues, and when at sunset the long reach of forests on the further shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

"In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Saut. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. The canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met with a volley. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to the fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack, and were quickly repulsed. They next opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

"This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defenses. They planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas. Some of the French dashed out, and, covered by the fire of their comrades, hacked off his head and stuck it on the palisade, while the Iroquois howled in a frenzy of helpless rage. They tried another attack and were beaten off a third time.

"This dashed their spirits, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid 500 of their warriors who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal.

"Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a spattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the parched Indian corn, which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst.

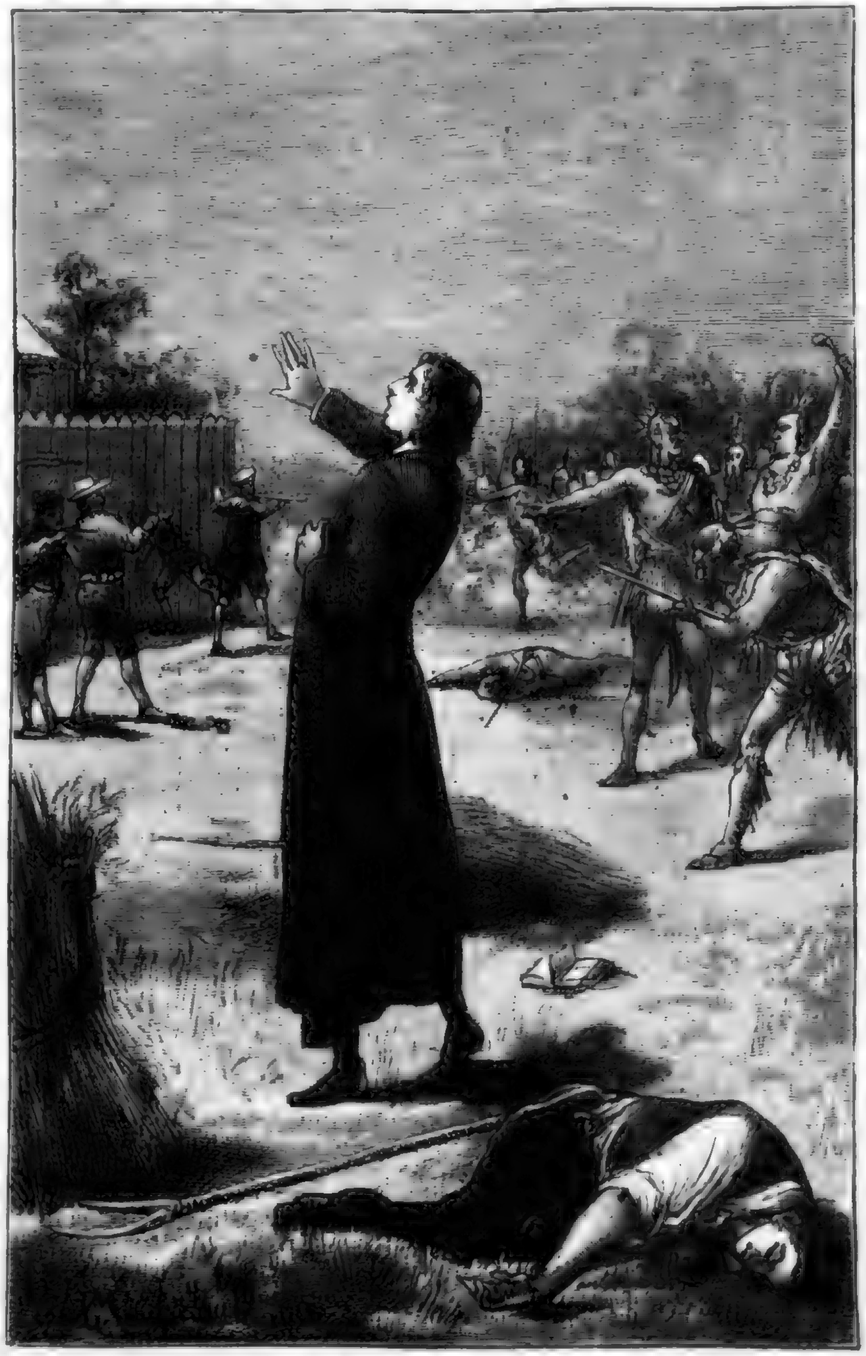
"Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now shouted to their countrymen in the fort, telling them that a fresh army was close at hand; that they would soon be attacked by 700 or 800 warriors, and that their only hope was in joining the Iroquois, who would receive them as friends. Annahotaha's followers, half dead with thirst and famine, listened to their seducers, took the bait, and one, two or three at a time climbed the palisade, and ran over to the enemy, amid the hooting and execration of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm, and when he saw his nephew, La Mouche, join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast with the courage of despair.

"On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from 700 savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcement had come, and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle, and enrolling themselves in the forlorn hope. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of crossbars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by a motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire they reached the palisade, and crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

"Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder, and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a few moments more they had torn a breach in the palisade; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand, and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen, till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

"To the colony," continues the historian, "it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold 700 warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed to howl over their losses, and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance."

The noble band who fell with the Canadian Leonidas



DEATH OF REV. MR. LE MAÎTRE.

were: Jacques Brassier, Jean Tavernier, Nicolas Tiblemont, Alonse de L'Estre, Laurent Hebert *dit* La Rivière, Nicolas Josselin, Robert Jurie, Jacques Boisseau, Christophe Augier *dit* Desjardins, Etienne Robin *dit* Desforges, Jean Le Compte, Louis Martin, Jean Valets, Réné Doucin, François Crusson, Simon Grenet, Annahotaha and Mituvemeg, and four Algonquins. Less fortunate than their prototypes of old, no monument marks their new Thermopylæ, or speaks to the modern Sparta:

> "Go, passer-by, at Sparta tell,
> Obedient to her law, we fell."

It was not only the soldiers of Montreal who performed acts of undaunted courage: women and even priests, apostles of peace, distinguished themselves in the numerous combats which the colonists of Montreal had to encounter with their relentless foes.

In the Winter of 1660-'61, within a year of Dollard's heroic defense of the colony, the Iroquois were again at the door of Montreal in bands of ten, fifty and a hundred or more. In the month of February, a number of colonists at work outside the fortifications were attacked by the Iroquois. As usual on such occasions, Sisters Morin and Brèsoles ascended the belfry of the hospital and sounded the tocsin. A valiant woman, Madame Duclos, seeing that the workmen were unarmed, ran to a magazine and seized an armful of muskets, which she carried to them, in the very face of the enemy. The annals of the times are loud in the praise of this noble woman's act of courage, which was the means of saving the lives of many of her neighbors.

A few months later, on August 29th, 1661, the Abbé Le Maître, with a party of fourteen or fifteen mowers, went to the farm of St. Gabriel, belonging to the Sulpicians, to gather in the hay which had been left on the field the previous day. As the priest stood sentinel some distance from the works, reciting his breviary meanwhile, he observed an unusual movement in a clump of bushes, as of lurking Indians, and advanced to discover the cause. He had not proceeded far when he was assailed by a band of Iroquois, who attempted to capture him. Knowing that his companions were unprepared for a sudden attack, he retreated a certain distance, seized a weapon, and, giving the alarm, faced the Indians, to give his people time to take up their arms. The Indians seeing that by his bravery he retarded their movement to capture the French, and despairing of taking him alive, fired upon him and rushed forward toward the workmen, who by this time had armed and placed themselves on the defensive. The priest, covered with wounds, ran to the rear, and, with words of encouragement, commanded his people to take refuge in their palisade, when he dropped dead near a brave colonist who had just fallen in his endeavor to come to his assistance. The Iroquois, finding themselves masters of the field, hacked off the abbé's head, and bore it away as a trophy to the Onondaga country.

These were the heroic days of Canadian history. In course of time old France sent regular troops to its devoted colony, and these, with the colonial partisans, chastised the Iroquois, even in their own country, dispersing them and burning their cantons.

The once redoubtable Iroquois are now practically an extinct race, whilst the descendants of the French colonists on the St. Lawrence number a million and a half in Canada, and seven hundred thousand in the United States. Their history is a noble heritage which they brought with them in their new relations of subjects of England and citizens of the Great Republic.

BROWNIE AND JACK.

By Madaline Durant.

Only two faces, furry and wise,
Beautiful Brownie and handsome Jack;
Looking with wonder and grave surprise
To see their forms reflected back.

Never in dreamland had they seen
Or imagined a picture as fine as that
Which glowed on the crystal mirror's sheen—
White-breasted Brownie, whiskered Jack.

And *four* furry faces instead of two,
Eight round eyes so like their own—
A dream of enchantment, could it be true?
Were they now in a land before unknown?

"Are these their cousins of first degree,
About whom they had heard from London town?
What a striking likeness to you—and me,
That one on the right, with coat so brown."

So, full of wonder and close to each other—
Brother and sister, a beautiful pair
Looked in Aunt Fanny's mirror together,
And failed to discover the picture there

Was their own charming selves by an artist seen,
And to canvas consigned as a present from me,
To all the young folks of this magazine—
My Brownie and Jack from over the sea?

ABOUT BELLS.

Who invented bells? History saith not; but that bells were invented at a very early period, no doubt at all exists.

When the ceremonial law was given to Moses, and the dresses of the priests were appointed, the golden bells which adorned them were one of their peculiar characteristics.

At Athens the bells of the Temple of Proserpine notified the hour of sacrifice; the Shah of Persia has golden bells upon his robes of state.

Prefixed to a manuscript copy of the Psalms, of the fourteenth century, is a representation of King David playing upon five bells, which are arranged before him, and which he is supposed to be striking with two small hammers which he holds in his hands.

In Greece, bells were used to announce the opening of the markets; they were also used by the Greeks as a military signal; they were suspended from the triumphal chariot of a Greek conqueror; they were hung round the neck of a condemned criminal; they were sounded as a corpse was borne to the tomb. It is said that Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, was the first to introduce church-bell ringing.

There are on record many curious facts about bells being presented to Christian churches and monastic houses by pious benefactors; about bells being duly christened and called by particular names; and about the influence they were supposed to exert in scaring away evil spirits. "Evil spirits that are in the region of the air," says Wynkyn de Worde, "fear much when they hear the bells ring; and this is the cause why the bells are rung when it thunders, and when great storms, and tempests, and outrages of weather happen; to the end that fiends and wicked spirits should be abashed, and flee away and cease from working tempests."

Ingulphus mentions that the Abbot of Croyland gave a great bell to the church of that abbey, which was duly christened by the name of Guthlac; that he afterward added to it six others, baptized respectively by the names Bartholomew and Bethelin, Tusketal and Tatwin, Pega and Bega.

Church bells are now universally employed; they are rung for divine service, rung at weddings, and on the occasion of public rejoicing and memorable anniversaries; they ring the old year out and the new year in; they mark, with mournful monotone, deaths and burials. At some churches special evenings are devoted to the ringing of the bells; and short touches, and bob-triples, and bob-majors, and grandsire bob-cators, awaken the neighborhood with their noisy glee.

Very graphic is the description which Victor Hugo has given of the effect produced by listening to the bells of all the churches in a great city ringing together. "At first," he says, "the sounds are distinct from each other, moving from church to church, like musicians before they strike off. Suddenly, see—for at times the ear may be said to possess the power of sight—see rising at the same instant from every tower a column of sound—a vapor harmony! At first, the vibration of each bell mounts clear, pure, and, as it were, isolated, into the delightful morning sky; increasing little by little, the sounds combine, mingle, efface each other, and unite in one magnificent concert. It is now a mass of sonorous vibrations, which are ceaselessly disengaged from innumerable bells, floating, undulating, bounding, rushing like a whirlwind over the town, and prolonging the deafening circle of its oscillations far beyond the horizon."

Longfellow makes his "Strasburg Friar" cease his discussion when the bells began to chime:

"For the bells themselves are best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers.
From their pulpits of stone in the upper air,
  Sounding aloft without crack or flaw,
  Shriller than trumpet under the law,
Now a sermon, and now a prayer."

Edgar Poe has rung the changes on the bells better, perhaps, than any man: The silver bells that tinkle on the sledges; the golden bells that in their harmony foretell a world of happiness; the brazen bells that scream out their terror in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire; the iron bells, rolling a stone on the human heart; and wedding bells, from out of whence:

"Sounding cells!
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells—
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells!—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!"

LELY'S PORTRAIT OF CROMWELL.

A BIOGRAPHER thus writes of Cromwell: "Oliver now stood erect, with his back to a fireplace, and resembled the picture which had been lately painted of him by Lely. The artist flattered him, perhaps, in the general air, as far as it implied ordinary good breeding, and an habitual urbanity of carriage; and yet the momentary look may not have been flattered even in that respect; for as the greater includes the less, so the princely serenity which Cromwell could assume as well as any man, or rather which was natural to him in his princely moments, involved of necessity whatever is of the like quality in the self-possession of an ordinary gentleman. You have heard what Cromwell said, when Lely was about to paint this picture? He told him to omit nothing that could complete the likeness, however it might tell against smoothness and good looks. Not a wart or a wrinkle was to be left out. Lely accordingly produced a stronger and bluffer face than is usual with him; though it is to be doubted whether the sense of beauty to which he afterward made such a sacrifice of his pencil would have permitted him to go to the extent of Cromwell's directions, granting even that the instinct of a courtier had not prevented it. Nor are we to suppose that Cromwell himself, however great a man, was displeased to think that his warts and wrinkles had been found less inimical to pleasingness of aspect than might have been looked for. Be this as it may, I was afterward, when I came to see the picture, highly struck with the resemblance it bore to him at the period of this interview. If there was any defect on the wrong side it was that the eyes were not fine enough; not sufficiently deep and full of meaning. And yet they are not vulgar eyes in Lely's picture. The forehead and the open flow of hair on either side, as if he was looking out upon the realm he governed, and the air of it was breathing upon him, are wonderfully like; and so is the determined yet unaffected look of the mouth. The nose, which in every face is, perhaps, the seat of refinement or coarseness (at least, I have never found the symptom fail), is scarcely coarse enough; and, in a similar proportion, it is wanting in power. Cromwell's nose looked almost like a knob of oak. Indeed, throughout his face there was something of the knobbed and gnarled character of that monarch of our woods. I will add, as this picture was painted immediately after Cromwell's ascension to the sovereign power, the princely aspect of the sitter was never more genuine, perhaps, than at that moment. But there was one thing which Lely assuredly took upon himself to qualify; to wit, the redness of his nose. It was too red in ordinary, though not so much so as his libelers gave out, nor so distinguished in color from the rest of his face. When he was moved to anger, the whole irritability of his nature seemed to rush into both nose and cheeks; and this produced an effect, the consciousness of which was, perhaps, of no mean service in helping him to control himself. Upon the whole, if many princes have had a more graceful aspect, few have shown a more striking one, and fewer still have warranted the impression by their actions."

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

THE Rev. Father Sangermano, in his unpublished work, "A Description of the Burmese Empire, compiled chiefly from Native Documents," gives an early account of a Burmese white elephant: Nothing, according to Father Sangermano, was wanting to the pride of Badonsachen, the worst of all the Burmese emperors—themselves the champion despots of all the world in all the ages—who was once addressed by the British Governor-general of India as, *inter alia*, "rich in the possession of elephants and horses, and in particular as the lord of many white elephants"—nothing was wanting to the pride of this monarch, who govered Burmah during a long reign in the beginning of the present century, but the possession of a white elephant. In this desire he was gratified in the year 1805 by the capture of a female of that description in the forests of Pegu. It was at once bound with cords covered with scarlet; and as the place where it was taken was infested with musquitoes, a beautiful network of silk was made to protect it from them. To preserve it from all harm, mandarins, who had been deputed to tend it, and guards watched by it both by day and night. No sooner was the news spread abroad than immense multitudes of every age and condition resorted to it, even from the most remote provinces. They knelt down before it, with their hands joined over their heads, and adored it as they would a god; and this not once or twice, but again and again. They offered to it rice, fruit, and flowers, together with butter, sugar, and even money, and esteemed themselves most happy in having seen this sacred animal.

At length the king gave orders for its transportation to Amarapoora. A superb pavilion was prepared on two boats of teak-wood fastened together, which were towed up the river by three large and beautifully gilded vessels full of rowers, and surrounded by innumerable other boats, some filled with every kind of provision, others carrying mandarins, bands of music, or troops of dancing girls. The whole was guarded by a band of 500 soldiers. The king and the royal family frequently sent messengers to bring tidings of its health and to make it rich presents in their name. Three days before its arrival Badonsachen himself, with all his court, went out to meet it. The king was the first to pay it his respects and to adore it, presenting at the same time a large vase of gold; and after him all the princes of the blood and all the mandarins paid their homage and offered their gifts.

On its arrival in the city a feast was proclaimed, with music, dancing and fireworks. A most magnificent house was assigned for its residence, adorned after the manner of the royal palace. A guard of 100 soldiers was given to it, and four or five hundred servants, whose duty it was always to wait upon it, to bring it food, and to wash it every day with odoriferous sandal water. Several cities and villages were assigned for its maintenance. All the vessels and utensils employed in its service were of pure gold, and it had, besides, two large gilt umbrellas of the kind peculiar to the king and his sons. It was lulled to sleep by the sound of musical instruments and the songs of dancing girls. When it went abroad it was royally attended, and the streets through which it was to pass were all cleansed and sprinkled with water. The most costly presents continued to be daily brought to it by all the mandarins of the kingdom, and one is said to have offered a vase of gold weighing 480 ounces. "All these golden utensils and ornaments," says Father Sangermano, "found their way at last into the royal treasury."

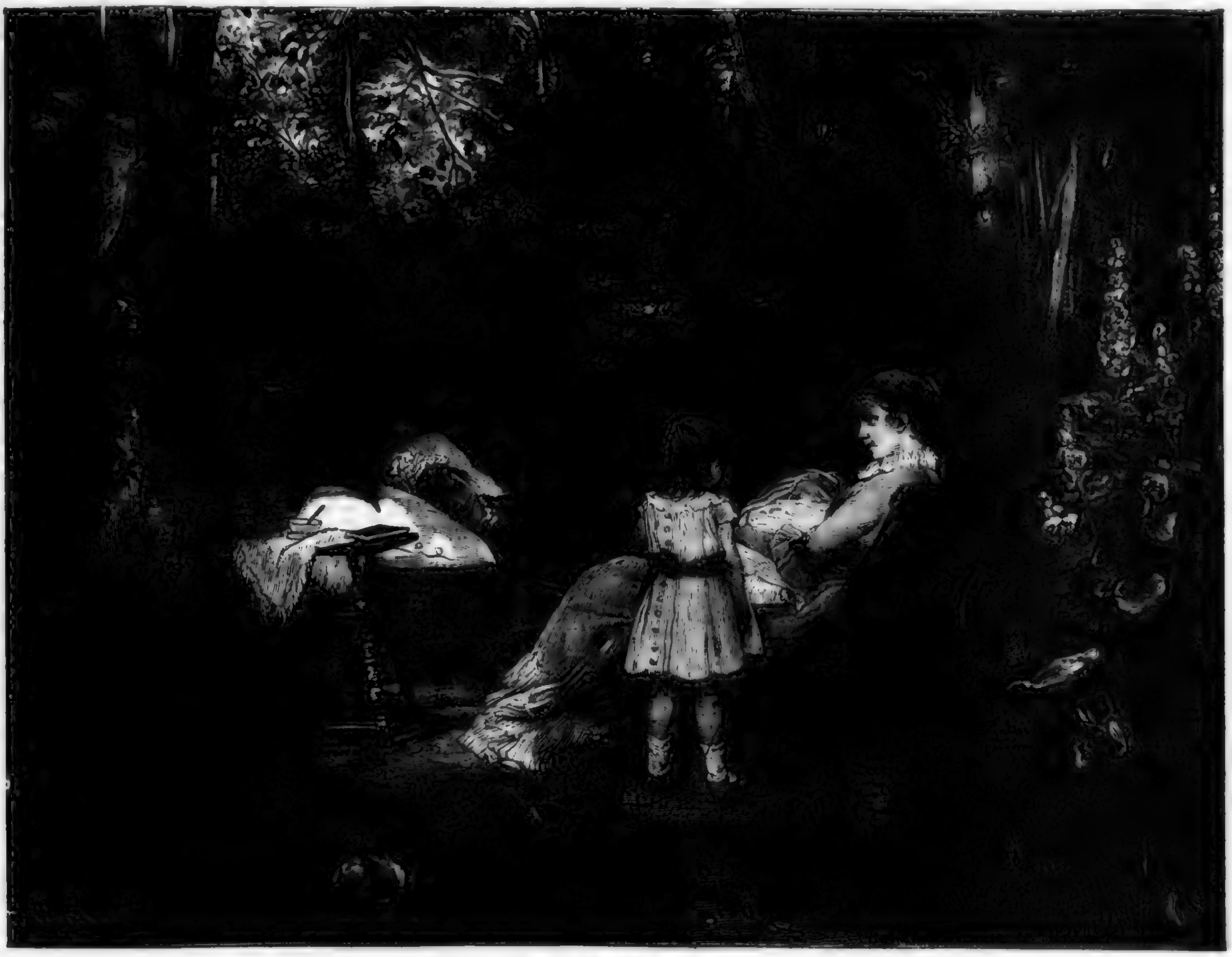
BROWNIE AND JACK.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 318.

The emperor was exultant, for he confidently believed that the possession of the elphant would confer upon him at least 120 years more of life. But the elephant disclaimed all pretensions to divinity by a sudden death, caused by the immense quantity of fruit and sweetmeats administered to it by its adorers. It is impossible to describe the consternation of Badonsachen at this disaster, and from the summit of pride and presumption, he sank at once into the abyss of the most abject fear, expecting every moment to be dethroned by his enemies, and hoping at best for only a few short years of further existence.

This elephant was a female, and its funeral was conducted in the form practiced on the demise of a principal queen. The body was accordingly placed upon a funeral pile of sassafras, sandal, and other aromatic woods, then covered over with similar materials, and the pyre was set on fire with the aid of four immense gilt bellows placed at its angles. After three days the principal mandarins came to gather the ashes and other remains, which they enshrined in a gilt and well-closed urn and buried in the royal cemetery. Over the tomb was subsequently raised a superb mausoleum of a pyramidal shape, built of brick but richly painted and gilt. Had the elephant been a male it would have been interred with the ceremonial used for a sovereign.

Happily the dismay of Badonsachen on the loss of his elephant was not of long duration, for a few months later some white elephants were discovered in the forests of Pegu. Instantly the most urgent orders were issued to give them chase, and one was at length captured, which arrived at Rangoon, October 1st, 1806. It was a male, and was in consequence received with even greater honor than its female predecessor.

In framing a picture covered with glass, be it a water-color, a photograph, or an engraving, there is one precaution which should always be adopted, but is too often neglected—the glass should fit the frame exactly, and should be cemented to the wood inside by a slip of thick paper. This should be glued all round the frame; and if done properly, will exclude all dust, dirt, and undesirable vapors. The backboards, too, should be well papered, so that the picture may rest in a dust-proof and air-tight receptacle.



IN THE HAMMOCK.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXIX.—At Last.

A week passed, and Mignon did not leave her chamber, nor had Lispenard been admitted to her presence. One afternoon Nina came down to meet him in the Berkely drawing-room, full of some important matter. Her black eyes shone vivaciously, there was a glow in her brunette cheek.

"I know not what to make of Mignon," she began; "she is utterly listless, with no interest in anything. She mopes and mopes, and grows paler every day. The doctor declares that a sea voyage is necessary to restore her. He wishes her to go abroad immediately. Paris and Rome will be sure to improve her spirits."

He gave an involuntary start but did not speak.

"Well, our plans are all arranged," continued Nina. "The entire family of Berkely will sail for Europe in the next steamer. Reginald is suffering from hypochondria; papa wishes to study finance abroad; mamma is sighing for new French toilets, and I am going to Greece to gather material for an epic. Now, are you quite willing that we should take Mignon with us?"

She looked at him sharply. Did he change countenance? She was not quite sure.

"If it is necessary for Mignon to go to Europe, certainly I am willing," he replied, in a steady voice. "Do your plans meet with her approval?"

"Yes, she is like a child—eager to start at once."

"Then, like a child, she must be indulged," answered Lispenard, quietly. "I will make special provision for her comfort and pleasure abroad, and send my most trusted servant from the Dale to attend her."

A darkly envious look crept into the poetess's fine, expressive eyes.

"Will you not come with us, too, Lispenard?"

"I? Great Heaven! No! that would, indeed, ruin Mignon's enjoyment! Promise me, Nina, that, if I trust her in your hands you will guard her faithfully; promise that, if she is ill, or unhappy, or homesick, you will let me know without delay."

"I promise," replied Nina, ironically. "For your sake I will sit up nights to watch her, Lispenard. She will not be homesick or unhappy - no rich woman ever is in Paris. I dare say she will squander your money and flirt with other men, and never give you a thought, and if she does," bitterly, "it will serve you quite right, for

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why did you not marry a girl who could appreciate you?"

He paid no heed to this burst of feminine pique.

"How long will you remain abroad?" he asked.

"Heaven only knows! For years and years, perhaps! I hope you may be somewhat cured of your stupendous folly by the time we return. Oh, Lispenard, have you been wise? Have you done well?"

"It is too late to ask or answer such questions," he replied, sternly. "I do not think of myself now, but only of her."

"That is so evident it need not be told," she sighed. "I fear—I greatly fear you have made both yourself and Mignon miserable for ever!"

Lispenard departed from the Berkely mansion and went straight to Mignon's physician; heard him confirm the statements made by Nina regarding the benefit that Mignon was likely to derive from a European tour, then he started for the Dale, called the old servant whom he had chosen to attend his wife, gave her minute instruction in her future duties, and dispatched her to the Berkely town house. Next he arranged that Mignon, wherever she went, should have unlimited means at her disposal, and he wrote scores of letters to foreign friends, bespeaking their care and attention for the young traveler at different stages of her wanderings. And after that there was nothing left for him to do but to bid her a final farewell.

It was a cheerless evening in the late Winter, with rain falling drearily. Signs of an exodus were everywhere visible in the Berkely mansion. The steamer would sail on the morrow. The *bric-à-brac* had been put away, and the trunks packed; the furniture was in covers, and the majority of the servants had been dismissed. Mignon descended the stair and met him in Nina's boudoir, which happened to be warmed and lighted. She had donned deepest black again, a color that always made her look like marble. The lovely hand which she held out to him was chilly and nerveless.

"Why have you not allowed me to see you before?" he burst out, almost angrily.

She looked faintly surprised.

"Did you wish to see me? I am sure I never knew it."

"Did I *wish* to see you?" he echoed, biting his lip. "Most certainly! I have suffered untold tortures in the last few days. How ill and weary you look! My poor child, you must not brood longer over your troubles—you must not! Do you want to kill yourself? Are you tired already of life?"

She leaned her two hands on the marble mantel. The black sleeves slipped back from the ivory wrists. Her lovely head, rippling over with yellow hair, drooped forward like a flower.

"No," she answered, with a sob; "but I will tell you what torments me most of all. It is the thought of Esther, my poor sister, there at his death—eye-witness to it. I have pondered the matter night and day, and I feel assured that she had gone to the West to find a home with him, for she was homeless here. She knew no more concerning his real life than I did. How did *she* bear the truth when it was revealed to her by the vigilants? Did she find a refuge in that strange place, or has she perished of despair and sorrow, perhaps want? Such questions as these are constantly rising in my mind."

Lispenard looked troubled.

"Why have I not thought of them also? To-morrow I will send some trustworthy person to Colorado. We will know at once the fate of your sister, and you shall provide for her future yourself."

Her fair face lighted wonderfully.

"How kind—how good you are! I would be content, I think, if I could have news of Esther."

"You shall have it if it is obtainable. To-morrow at this hour you will be upon the sea; but comfort yourself with the thought that proper steps will have been taken by that time to discover Esther, and bring her back to the East. Are you glad to go with these Berkelys?"

"Yes."

He looked at her with a fierce pain rending his heart. That idiot Reginald would dance attendance upon her from land to land. She had once rejected his love; but with such golden opportunities as now lay before him, who could tell the mischief that he now might do?

"I am here to bid you a final good-by," said Lispenard, in a slightly shaken voice. "At this last hour do you think of anything more that I can do for you?"

"No," she replied. "You have promised, if possible, to send me tidings of Esther, and that is enough."

"You will write to me sometimes, will you not?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"And when you have grown weary of the Old World and of travel, you will come back?"

"Yes," she said again.

He held out his hand. She put her soft, cool palm upon it.

"Cannot you come to the steamer to-morrow to see us off?" she said.

The color flew into his face and out again.

"No; in God's name do not ask me! There is a limit to all human endurance. My dear child, good-by!"

"Good-by!" answered Mignon.

There was no other word. He moved toward the door, looking back at her with a pale, strange face. She did not lift her head. A moment more and he was gone, and Mignon stood alone by the fire of Nina Berkely's boudoir.

Abel Lispenard went by train that night to his tower in the Dale. His servants noticed nothing unusual in his appearance. The dog Cossack, however, crept close to the side of his master, and lifted wistful eyes to his face as though his canine instincts detected something wrong. To be sure, the household heard the wailing of the grand piano far into the small hours of morning, but that was nothing uncommon.

The day dawned wild and stormy. It was bad weather for ocean travelers. Lispenard wandered aimlessly about his great house. He spent a long time in the closed rooms of his dead sister. His worn, haggard look began to disturb his devoted servants. He dined with only Cossack for company, and perhaps it was the most cheerless meal that had ever been served at the tower.

The night came on in clouds and beating Winter rain. The wind wailed mournfully across his desolate lawns and gardens. He sat down before the log fire with his violin, and drew the bow across its sympathetic strings.

Wild, heartrending music broke from the instrument. By this time she was on the sea. Would she make a good sailor? Would night and tempest on the great deep frighten her? He had given her into the hands of those Berkelys for an indefinite period. Would they, indeed, take good care of her? She would change much before he saw her again. She was little more than a child in years, and she would grow, not toward him, but further and ever further away from him; that was inevitable. How many new experiences would be hers! How many new faces she would see! Ah, had he really been wise in letting her go? He dashed down his violin

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and started up in his chair, but alas! it was too late to recall her now—she had passed beyond his reach.

Cossack seemed to divine his master's mood, and whined restlessly at his knee. The rain beat fiercer than ever, the wind was increasing in violence. Suddenly Lispenard heard the closing of a door close at hand. Some of the servants were passing through the hall. He fell back in his chair again, with his chin bowed on his massive breast, and the violin, in which he for once could find no comfort, flung down at his side.

"How can I complain that I have lost her?" he said to himself, bitterly, "since I never had her to lose."

He thought again of Reginald Berkely sighing over her. In those far lands she would altogether forget her deformed, her unloved husband. No matter, if at the same time she also forgot her sorrows—the shadow of her father's sins, which had fallen so darkly on her innocent young life. Sacrifice, renunciation — those words, in their full meaning, were well known to Abel Lispenard. If he could purchase her happiness at the cost of his own, surely he would be content.

The *portière* was pushed suddenly aside. He did not see it. A light step crossed the carpet. Cossack gave a joyful bark. Then he started and looked up.

Great Heaven! could he believe his own eyes? It was Mignon herself standing there on his hearth—Mignon, breathless, eager-eyed, her long wraps shining with rain, and her yellow hair clinging in wet, babyish rings about her lovely brows. Once before she had come to him, in that very room, by night and alone; now she was there again, not with terror in her face, but a timid, sweet appeal, that amazed him exceedingly.

"Mignon!" he cried, wildly; "Mignon, can it be you?"

She sank on her knees at his side.

"Yes," she sobbed, "I went with them on board the steamer, but at the last moment I could not go! They coaxed, they scolded, they pleaded, they laughed at me; but in vain—I *could* not! My heart seemed breaking. I left them—I left the steamer and turned my face toward home. Oh, take me in as you did on that other night. Let me stay with you—with *you!* You will break my heart if you again send me away!"

He lifted her face and searched it with a fierce, devouring gaze. The burning color came and went in her cheek, her brown eyes met his through a mist of tears.

"Mignon, what do you mean? Great God! there is but one thing that you *can* mean! You have come back to me of your own will; you have come back because your heart led you! Oh, my darling, my darling, have I won you at last?"

She was in his arms, his lips to hers, her heart throbbing against his heart, and he knew, beyond any future doubt, that she was all his own—won not by the usual mode of wooers; but won, and for all time! And what that supreme moment of conscious possession, of despair turned to wildest rapture, of darkness flooded with light, of life rounded to its full completeness, meant to Abel Lispenard, no words can ever tell!

CHAPTER XL.

SISTERS.

After long exhausting days and weeks of travel that had brought no reward, no compensation, Esther Vye returned, heartsick and weary, to the Charlestown cottage.

"He is dead!" were her first words to Aunt Deb. "It was all in vain—my journey, and the expense of it—he died before I could deliver your message. Aunt Deb, you must not ask me anything more; this is all I can tell you."

The old woman, whose physical condition remained unchanged, had been eagerly watching for the traveler's return. The news of Gilbert Vye's death set her withered face flaming with a sort of fierce joy.

"Then you are mine now, Essie," she said. "If he is dead he can have no further claim upon you. You belong solely to me! What did you do with the message I sent your father?"

"I destroyed it."

Aunt Deb began to tremble with anxiety or weakness, or perhaps both.

"Esther Hart! you've a good many names, but I'm just going to stick to the oldest of 'em all. Don't tell me you went and opened that message when you found Jim dead!"

Esther gave her a high, indignant look.

"You are sick and childish, Aunt Deb, and I forgive you. No, I did *not* read your message. I burned it with the seal unbroken."

Aunt Deb drew a long breath of relief.

"Good!" she muttered. "Now you and I will cleave to each other for the rest of our earthly lives, Essie, and nothing shall part us but death!"

The burden on the old woman's mind seemed lightened, somehow, from that hour. Peace settled down upon her perturbed spirit. This improvement in Aunt Deb's mental condition was Esther's sole recompense for that journey, which would henceforth be a nightmare horror to her memory. Curiously, persistently, the old woman questioned her, but all in vain. Esther would tell absolutely nothing save that her father was no more.

"And h'ain't he left no money to you and that other girl at Rookwood?" demanded Aunt Deb.

"None!" shuddered Esther.

"Then, after all, Jim wasn't a rich man," said Aunt Deb, in a disappointed tone.

"No, oh, no! He was poor—poorer than the poorest!" answered Esther, wildly. "If you love me, Aunt Deb, don't talk of him; don't even mention his name again."

After this dark episode the daily life of the two women fell into a very dull and quiet groove. They kept closely to their dreary little cottage; saw no strangers, went nowhere. Whatever Esther's mental distress may have been at this time she shared it with no one. From the small store left by old Joe Runnel the pair drew their modest living.

So month after month went by. The rigorous Winter passed, and one Spring night Esther went down to the very gates of death and came back with a little child in her arms.

"Call him Guy," she murmured, her great turbulent eyes grown soft and dewy with the solemn joy of motherhood. And so the golden-haired baby was called Guy, and he looked up at Esther with Fleetwood's own laughing violet eyes.

When she could again walk about the cottage with the child in her arms, distracting thoughts began to press and crowd upon her.

"He is living—surely he *must* be living," she would say to herself. "If I thought he was dead I should go mad. Oh, if he knew of the existence of this boy, could he find it in his heart to forgive me for raising my jealous, wicked hand against his life?"

And sometimes, while Aunt Deb held little Guy, and crooned above him the same old, doleful hymns she used to sing at Porgy Rock, Esther, watching both with a

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swelling heart, would continue her silent meditations in this wise:

"Shall I take the boy in my arms and travel again to his door, and sue abjectly for his forgiveness? Alas! I may be the mother of his child, but I am still the daughter of Black Dave. He fled from me because of my father's crimes. The blood in my veins can never be changed—the curse of Gilbert Vye's sins is upon me—it must remain upon me till I die."

Whatever line her thoughts might take, they always brought up against this bitter and indisputable fact, as against a blank wall that could not be surmounted.

Time went on. Nothing occurred to break the monotony of life at the cottage. Even Aunt Deb seemed neither better nor worse. Little Guy began to toddle about the meagre room and chatter to his beautiful young mother, and to the old woman, whose idol he had become. As the little fellow increased in size and knowledge, Esther, mother-like, commenced to think and to plan for his future.

"Aunt Deb," she said, "for the child's sake, we must not spend our little all."

"That's true, Essie."

"I am young and strong. I must find work and at once."

She left little Guy and the paralytic at the cottage, and set forth that very day to seek employment.

She found it, after some search, at a fashionable cloak and dressmaking establishment on Washington Street. A little withered, piquant Frenchwoman conducted the affairs of the house. She surveyed Esther with keen interest.

"You can sew, you can cut?" she said; "and, *mon Dieu!* what shoulders you have, mademoiselle, what a figure! You are a born model—you can make a garment speak for itself—you can give it style—the air proper—don't you know? If mademoiselle can be satisfied with six dollars per week she may consider herself engaged."

It was not an extravagant sum, but Esther thought of little Guy and accepted madame's offer.

She entered at once upon her new work. Aunt Deb watched little Guy at the cottage and Esther, through rain and sunshine and sleet and snow, fared forth to earn her paltry six dollars in madame's workroom, from the obscurity of which she was frequently called to "try on" choice garments for fashionable customers; and surely the rich fabrics on Esther's superb figure took a form and air that were irresistible. Madame soon found that she had secured a prize in her new workgirl. Her fine lady patrons from Beacon Street and the Back Bay stared at the handsome creature in admiring surprise and begged madame to relate her history.

"History? I know not if she has one," madame would answer. "She never speaks of herself, or her private affairs. She does her work in a superior manner, and, though she looks like a duchess, she is as docile and sweet as a child."

There was one customer that madame seemed to hold in particular regard—she frequently called her an angel, and "one charming grand dame." In the workroom Esther heard her mentioned as the lovely Mrs. Lispenard—heard, also, that she was a person of great wealth and importance, the queen of an aristocratic circle. The name sent a faint thrill along her veins—it brought back the memory of Rookwood and the Dale. She felt a curious desire to catch one glimpse of Mrs. Lispenard, but days and weeks passed and her wish remained ungratified.

But one bitter Winter day, when the snow was whirling across the Common and through the sloppy streets, madame entered the workroom in haste carrying over her arm a white satin opera cloak lined with magnificent sable.

"Mees Vye," she said, "this has been overlooked in the morning's hurry. You must take it at once to Mrs. Lispenard, and beg her to pardon my negligence. And you are to see that it is satisfactory before you leave it."

Esther arose from a ball-dress of blue brocade which she was trimming, and put on her outer garments. The workroom was hot, crowded, and oppressive. She was glad to escape from it for awhile. She packed the opera cloak securely in a box and set forth to find Mrs. Lispenard.

Following the directions given her by madame, Esther turned from Winter Street to Park, passed the tall State House, and came to an imposing mansion overlooking the snowy Common. She went up the steps and rang the bell. A footman answered it. Was Mrs. Lispenard in? No; but she would return shortly. Would the young person wait? Esther could do no less. The lackey showed her into a rose-colored boudoir full of luxurious warmth and the faint sweetness of pot-pourri, all in delightful contrast to the bitter day outside. Adjoining this room was a nursery, for as Esther entered a connecting door stood ajar, and she caught a glimpse of a white-capped *bonne* moving about with a child in her arms. She heard, also, the gurgle of baby laughter. Then some one closed the door on the other side, and all was quite still.

Esther sat waiting. Her big eyes roamed wistfully around the boudoir. Mrs. Lispenard must be a happy woman. Beyond those costly curtains of lace and brocade lay a world of work and want and pain; but within were tropic airs and sweet odors and sumptuous repose. Suddenly Esther's gaze fell on the portrait of a man hanging in a recess. The olive face, the eyes full of volcanic lights, the straight, clear-cut features she instantly recognized as belonging to the rich dwarf whom she had repeatedly met at Rookwood.

A wild alarm seized Esther. She arose, crept stealthily up to the portrait, examined it closely. Yes, it was he. There could be no mistake. She was under his roof, then! Ghosts of the past came trooping up. The perfumed air of the room seemed choking her. Panic-stricken she left the box containing the opera cloak upon the sofa and fled off—away, out of the house into the snowy streets, her limbs trembling under her, her breath grown short with nameless fears.

"Now, who can *Mrs.* Lispenard be?" she thought. "Who can that man have married? Probably the Miss Berkely, who, as Aunt Elinor once told me, was deeply in love with him at the Dale. Is *she* madame's 'angel' and 'charming grand dame?'"—Shirlaw's kinsman, the friend of Philip Vye, the person who had done so much to arrange the match betwixt Mignon and the gallant brown captain. "Oh," said Esther to herself as she hurried across the wind-swept Common, "I would not have encountered Abel Lispenard for the wide world!"

When she reached the workroom she explained to madame that she had found Mrs. Lispenard out, and had left the opera cloak.

"Mademoiselle is pale," said the little Frenchwoman.

"It is the cold," stammered Esther.

A day or two after, the opera cloak came back to madame for some slight alterations. Mrs. Lispenard, a very lovely and stylish young creature, brought it herself.

"Ah, madame," said the Frenchwoman, in her most deferential manner, "I am heart-broken at the trouble you take! Mees Vye was instructed to try on the cloak, but she found madame out and did not wait."

Mrs. Lispenard started, nervously.

"What name did you say?"

"Mees Vye—one of the workgirls, madame."

"Has she been with you long?"

"Two months."

Mrs. Lispenard's brown eyes grew strangely eager.

"Is she—of course, this is only a wild guess—is Miss Vye tall, dark, handsome?"

"Exactly, madame."

"Ah!" Mrs. Lispenard actually grew pale. "Will you kindly permit me to see her?"

The dressmaker went to the workroom-door and called Esther forth. In amazement the "grand dame" and the sewing-girl stood and looked at each other.

"Esther!"

"Mignon!"

Then, unmindful of place or spectators, Abel Lispenard's fair wife swept up to her sister and clasped her in a pair of glad, imperative arms.

"Something told me it was you!" she cried. "Oh, where have you been hiding, poor child? We have looked near and far for you. And what are you doing here? But you need not tell me—I know already."

Mignon turned to the Frenchwoman.

"I must take Miss Vye away, and at once," she said. "She is my sister, and we have many things to say to each other."

The tears stood in Esther's great eyes, but she did not speak. The little Frenchwoman, who scented romance and perhaps tragedy in the affair, helped her to don her outer garments, and the two girls entered the Lispenard carriage and drove away from madame's establishment.

CARRIER DOVE.

In the privacy of the vehicle Mignon sank forward at the other's knees and broke out:

"Oh, Esther, oh, my poor sister! Cyril Vye told me everything. And you were there—you saw him die!"

Then Esther knew that she had kept the secret of Gilbert Vye's death in vain.

Clasped close, with their tears mingling, the pair for the first time opened their hearts to each other. Nothing was kept back. Past and present were told—their full history of love and sorrow, yes, and sin; for Esther did not withhold from the ears of this recovered sister the crime which had made desolate her whole life.

"Long ago," said Mignon, pressing her hand in loving sympathy, "my husband sent a person to search for you in the West. The thought of you, left homeless and friendless there, after *his* death, was agony to me. The man returned with news that you had started East on the day succeeding the dreadful tragedy; but, though we advertised in all the daily papers, and made every possible inquiry, we could find no further trace of you."

"I dared not read the papers at that time," shivered Esther; "I feared I might stumble upon some account of—of——"

"Yes; I understand. How glad I am that I have found you at last, Esther! Never shall you escape me again. As for your crime, dear, you have the fiery temper of all the Vyes," with a heavy sigh, "and your provocation was great. I cannot attempt to judge you. Have you never heard one word concerning your husband from that hour?"

"No—no!"

"Poor child! I can readily imagine the remorse, the misery of this intervening time! No wonder you were strange and unapproachable at Rookwood. I never, for a moment, blamed you, dear, for Victor Shirlaw's desertion. I have had my recompense," with a grave little smile. "There is not in the wide world a happier wife than I am this day. Now I am going to take you to my home, dear—I want to talk with my husband about your future."

"Not to-night," said Esther, quickly, "Little Guy and Aunt Deb will be waiting for me at the cottage. I shall fret no more about my future, dear Mignon, for now that I have found you, now that I know you, I can never feel alone in the world again. This Lispenard whom you have married must be a very noble person. It is not strange that he should win your love. What woman could long remain indifferent to devotion like his?"

"He is the noblest, the grandest of men!" Mignon answered. "There is none like him. Do not think, dear, that I shall longer allow you to work for your bread at madame's establishment. My home is large enough for you and little Guy, and the aunt of whom you speak. You must all come to me immediately."

But Esther shook her handsome head.

"We will not talk of that now. I am proud. I fear I could not be dependent even upon you, dear."

The coachman had been driving slowly through quiet streets while the two were talking. At Mignon's order he now turned his horses' heads toward Charlestown Bridge.

It was dark when they reached the cottage. Mignon followed Esther through the rickety gate and into an humble living-room, and there found a very feeble old woman sitting before a fire holding on her lap a lovely, prattling, golden-haired child.

"Who's that?" quavered Aunt Deb, staring wildly at the fair vision of Mignon in her carriage dress of silk and velvet and costly fur.

"It is my sister, Mrs. Lispenard," answered Esther, gently. "She has come to see you and little Guy. You must love her for my sake, Aunt Deb. She has made me very, very happy to-night."

But the alarm in the old woman's face deepened. She pressed little Guy to her breast with such force that the child began to whimper.

"Lispenard!" she half screamed; "that dreadful name! Keep her away from me, keep her away from little Guy! What does she want here? I'm afraid of her!"

"Afraid of Mignon?" said Esther, soothingly; "nonsense! Look at the child," as little Guy suddenly put out his dimpled arms to the visitor, who, forbearing to notice the old woman's ill-nature, snatched and covered him with kisses.

"Your boy is not like the Vyes, Esther!" murmured Mignon; "thank Heaven for that!"

With tears in her eyes she looked around the humble room. Her heart yearned over its inmates. She knew her husband's generous nature—knew that he would be glad to surround them with every luxury. But would that proud-faced Esther accept help? would the feeble, cross old woman in the chair accept it?

"You have not mentioned your aunt's name," she whispered to Esther.

"Her real name is Tempest," replied Esther; "Concordia Tempest; but I could never master such a mouthful of syllables, so to me she is always Aunt Deb."

Mignon uttered an involuntary cry.

"Oh, how strange! Is—is she a native of this State?"

"No," replied Esther, wondering at the other's agitation. "She was born in Maine, like all my mother's people. My grandfather was a sailor—in his later years he kept a light on one of the islands. You see we have brought mementoes of our old life along with us," nodding toward the cottage mantel, which was filled with tropic shells and corals and odd foreign trinkets.

"What makes her ask such questions?" cried Aunt Deb, sharply. "She's come here for no good. I wish she'd go! I thought I was to have peace after Jim Hart died; but there's no peace for the wicked. Ain't I nearer to you than any sister, Essie? Ain't I cared for you like a mother all your life?"

"Poor dear jealous Aunt Deb!" said Esther, smiling; "you distress yourself for nothing. How many times must I assure you that you and I will never part? I hope Mignon will forgive your lack of hospitality, because you are sick and full of delusions."

A queer, dazed look had come to Mignon's fair face.

"Certainly," she stammered, and "since I disturb your aunt so much, I will go now, Esther dear—besides, I have something strange to tell my husband."

Then she embraced Esther, hurriedly, absently, flew to her waiting carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive home with all speed.

As soon as she reached the Beacon Street house she ran first to a charming nursery, where, in an exquisitely carved bed, on a pillow of finest lace, the baby heiress of the last of the Lispenards was sleeping, watched by a *bonne*. Mignon, the girl mother, bent and kissed the little flower-face, then descended quickly to her husband's library.

Abel Lispenard was writing letters at a table as his wife came gliding in. He arose to meet her.

"My darling," he said, impressed by something odd in her look, "what has happened?"

"I have found Esther," she answered, breathlessly; "and oh, what do you think? With her lives a queer old paralyzed woman, named Concordia Tempest, and she came from Maine—of sea-faring people, too. Her father was a sailor, and kept a lighthouse on an island."

She told him all that had happened that afternoon. His face grew very grave.

"My darling," said Lispenard, "you fill my head with strange fancies. Either this Concordia Tempest—and verily, the name seems big with fate!—is only a curious coincidence, or she means something of vast importance to me and mine. In either case I must see her before I sleep. I beg you to dine alone, Mignon, while I go to find the Charlestown cottage and its inmates."

"Ah, but did I not discover them? If you go, you must take me as guide. The house is so poor and mean, dear! and my beautiful, unhappy Esther is obliged to work for her bread every day. Oh, I *know* you will let me help them."

"Help them? To your heart's content, my darling—that is," with a strange smile, "if you find they are likely to need it. Meanwhile, come with me, if you will, and hear what I shall say to that woman with the fateful name—Concordia Tempest!"

CHAPTER XLI.

WHAT HE SAID.

AFTER Mignon left the cottage, Aunt Deb began to rock back and forth before the fire in a fit of querulous complaint.

"Seems to me I don't more than git fairly settled in my mind about you, Essie," she said, "before something new comes to rile me up again."

"Do not be jealous of Mignon," answered Esther, sadly. "I was fortunate, indeed, to encounter her to-day. We have looked into each other's hearts, and now we are sisters indeed, Aunt Deb, and both you and I will be the happier for having met Mignon."

The old woman began to sob in a weak, unnerved manner.

"I never want to see her again—I never want her to come here again!" she groaned. "I'm a miserable, sinful old woman, and some day you'll hate me—you'll teach little Guy to hate me, too!"

"I teach my baby to hate you!" echoed Esther, indignantly; "how can you talk like that, Aunt Deb? You are quite tired out to-night. I must make haste to give you your tea."

She fed little Guy and rocked him to sleep; then she made the toast, and set the tea steeping, and the two sat down to supper together.

The wind roared through the narrow street outside, the snow fell thick against the window. Aunt Deb put down her cup to listen.

"Seems to me I can hear the sea on the rocks," she quavered. "I wish we were back to Porgy Island—you and I, Essie—at Porgy Island out in the ocean, where nobody could find us."

Esther shuddered.

"Don't speak of it, Aunt Deb! I think it would kill me to even see Porgy Island again!"

They were just pushing back from the table when the rickety wooden gate slammed suddenly, and then the door of the cottage opened without ceremony, and on the threshold stood two persons—Mignon, breathless but smiling, and close behind her the square, misshapen figure of Abel Lispenard.

"I did not think to return so soon, Esther dear," Mignon began; "but my husband insisted upon seeing you at once. And," straightway attacking the root of the matter, "he wants to make the acquaintance of your Aunt Deb."

Aunt Deb staggered to her feet. Supporting her gaunt, trembling figure against the table she glared at Abel Lispenard. It was not the extraordinary appearance of the man that overcame her—evidently she did not notice that. Her agitation proceeded from some inward not outward cause.

"Sir," she gasped, "what do you want of me?"

Lispenard made the old woman a courteous bow.

"I came here to-night, madame," he answered, "to pay my respects to my sister-in-law, and also to see the owner of that extraordinary name—Concordia Tempest."

"There it is again!" cried Aunt Deb, shrilly. "That's what brought Guy Fleetwood to Porgy Island. He wanted to find the owner of that name. I never heard it called extraordinary till then. Whatever has got into folks? The Canadian's object was to steal Esther away from us. Now, sir, *what is yours?*"

Lispenard smiled.

"Pray sit down, Miss Tempest, and permit me to do likewise. My only object is to obtain your help in a search which I have been vainly pursuing for nearly two years. Mr. Fleetwood's interest was centred in a living person—mine solely concerns a vessel which was built in the Maine port of Barton nearly half a century ago. The name is so uncommon that I feel confident there must be some connecting link betwixt its human wearer and the ship that once carried it across the sea."

"How did you know there was ever such a ship?" demanded Aunt Deb, tremulously.

"My one only sister and her infant child made the voyage from Havre to Boston on the *Concordia Tempest* many years ago. She was sick and poor and friendless—her mind had been affected by great sorrow. So far as I can discover, madame, she left her child with some person on board that ship—at least it was never heard of afterward."

Aunt Deb uttered a sharp cry.

"That woman! was she your sister?"

Lispenard advanced eagerly toward the paralytic.

"Ah, madame, you know the story, then?"

Neither Mignon nor Esther had spoken a word. They simply stood withdrawn from the other two, intently listening. Aunt Deb, fairly driven to the wall, made a wild gesture, as if casting off some heavy burden.

"I've told Essie again and again that I was a wicked old woman," she sobbed; "and so I am—so I am! I'll confess everything, sir—why should I longer try to hide that which can't be hidden? The ship *Concordia Tempest* was built at Barton by my own father when I was a little child, and named for me. I remember her well—I remember the very day she was launched!" wringing her half-palsied hands, "for right after that father lost his money and died, and mother married Joe Runnel, and had little Drusie, Jim Hart's first wife."

Esther and Mignon looked at each other. Both involuntarily took a step nearer to the chair into which Aunt Deb had fallen—a helpless, quaking heap.

"Father Joe followed the sea, like most men along the Maine coast," the old woman went on. "He was a foremast hand for years; but afterawhile he got to be second mate aboard the *Concordia Tempest.* Drusie was dead, and Jim had gone West, leaving his child for me and Father Joe to bring up. He was growing sick of the sea—was Father Joe. He had suffered shipwreck in his day, and yellow Jack, and was doubled up with rheumatiz and he'd about made up his mind to quit salt water and get an appointment as light-keeper on one of the islands. His last voyage was on the *Concordia Tempest* to some French port, and he left me alone at Cinderville with Jim's baby.

"'Twas a sickly little thing from the start. Jim gave me a hundred dollars for it when he went away, and he sent its board as regular as clockwork. Of course, that was a great help, for we wasn't rich folks. One night the child was seized with croup, and before midnight struck it lay dead and stiff on my lap—I always knew 'twould never live to grow up.

"'Twas a shrieking, howling night, with the sea booming up the beach—December weather on the Maine coast. As I sat lamenting over the baby and wondering how I was ever to get to the neighbors for help, Father Joe himself, fresh from the last voyage he was ever to make, opened the door and came in with a bundle in his arms.

"'You've reached Cinderville just in time,' says I. 'Here's Drusie's baby stone-dead, in spite of goose-grease and onions, and every other remedy that I could think of, and Jim sent another hundred dollars to it only yesterday.'"

"'Well, shiver my timbers! this *is* a curious turn for things to take!' says Father Joe, and then he opened his bundle, and what do you think he had in it? Another baby, plump, healthy, handsome, a girl, too, like the dead one, sleeping as sound as a top, for he had been obliged to drug the little thing to keep it quiet on the journey from Boston.

"'For mercy's sake! Father Joe, says I, 'where did you get that child?'

"And then he told me how at Havre, a French gentleman, very stern and forbidding, had come aboard the *Concordia Tempest* with this baby and its mother—the last an American girl, handsome as a picture. The French gentleman had paid the passage of the two to Boston. He made short farewells with them and went his way, and the *Concordia Tempest* sailed that same day for America.

"The voyage was long and stormy, and the American girl was very sick—most of the time she kept her berth—she had been sick before leaving France. She seemed to be in great trouble, too, and often talked like one delirious. She called herself Mrs. Laurent, but nobody knew where her husband was.

"Father Joe used to take the child on deck for her, and in various ways he tried to show her such kindness as he could. The baby grew very fond of him, and at the same time he won the confidence of the mother, I suppose. Anyway, as the *Concordia Tempest* approached Boston, Mrs. Laurent came to Father Joe, and told him she was going ashore to look for relatives that had cast her off two or three years before—disowned her, because of her marriage, which didn't happen to please them. She couldn't say whether they were alive or dead, or whether they would receive her or not; and because the child had grown so fond of Father Joe, she wanted to leave it with him till she should find her people. She never told gran'ther a word about them—not even their names, nor station in life. But he saw she was dreadfully troubled; so he consented to take charge of the child and let her go off, and his shipmates jeered him well for his folly, for she never came back, mind you. He waited and waited, but nothing more did he ever hear of her. The captain told Joe to carry the child to some orphan's home, but it clung about his neck, he said, and made him so soft-hearted, that when he found the mother had forsaken it for good, he just brought it home to me.

"When he had told me all this, we sat down together and talked the situation over, and Satan entered into Father Joe, and says he:

"'Why not bury this dead baby, Debbie, and put the live one in its place? Who's ever to know? Certainly not Jim—he's too far away, and we can go on drawing the board-money, and save Jim the distress, too, of hearing that his child is dead—don't you see? And it'll be providing for this desarted little creetur at the same time.'

"Well, I hankered after Jim's money as much as gran'ther did, and so we agreed, then and there, to do it. We buried Drusie's little girl secretly in the dark of that night, and put in her place the child of the strange woman. Yes, I know 'twas a wicked thing to do, and it has worried me at times ever since—it used to worry Father Joe, too. He got the appointment at Porgy Rock, and we carried little Essie there, and brought her up as Jim's own. Now," suddenly stretching out her withered hands to the dumbfounded Esther, "can't you see why I sent you West to Jim? I wanted you to bring him back to me—I wanted him to know that I had deceived him. I couldn't bear to keep my secret any longer—with death staring me in the face, I grew afraid."

Esther stood voiceless, motionless, but Lispenard started up in great agitation from his chair.

"Can I—*dare* I believe all this?" he cried. "What proofs have you to give me, madame?"

"Go, bring gran'ther Joe's brass-bound box, Essie," groaned Aunt Deb.

The girl went to a cupboard and brought forth a square, cedar box of foreign workmanship, and put the same silently in the old woman's lap. From a ribbon about her neck, Aunt Deb then took a key. The brass-bound lid flew back, and she placed upon the table before Lispenard some threadbare baby garments, carefully marked in faded ink with the full name "Esther Lispenard Laurent."

"These were on the child when Father Joe brought her to me," said Aunt Deb; "the mother also left with her a little bundle of things—I have kept them every one."

She next drew forth an English prayerbook in faded velvet covers. On the fly-leaf another name was written —"Lilian Lispenard," and to the leaf the unhappy owner had pinned a half-completed letter, dated at sea, and blotted, as if with her own tears. It was addressed to "My dear brother, Abel Lispenard," and ran as follows:

> "I have a foreboding that I may never reach land alive. Of my kindred and former friends I feel sure that you are the only one who loves me, the only one who has ever forgiven me for my rash and unhappy marriage. To your care, then, I commit my little Esther. God grant that her fate may be happier than mine! I have no words to tell you what I have suffered. There is a man on board this ship—the second officer, I think they call him—who has been very kind to us on the voyage. If I die before we reach land I shall leave Esther and this letter in his keeping. Oh, be good, for my sake, to the child! Sometimes I think I am going mad, such strange things come into my head, such strange sights pass before my eyes! If I can but reach you, my dear brother, I feel assured—for do I not know your noble heart?—that you, at least, will give me a kind welcome. You will not reproach——"

There the letter ended in an unintelligible scrawl. Something worse than death was creeping, even then, on the hapless writer—the long black night of madness, in which child and brother, and memory and affection, were all lost for ever. The other things which the box contained were a few feminine nick-nacks, an embroidered handkerchief and a wedding ring, engraved with the initials of Gustave Laurent and Lilian Lispenard, and the date of their hasty and ill-starred marriage.

"That's all!" said Aunt Deb. "Now you know everything—Esther knows everything! Father Joe and I agreed to keep these things, and if any hue and cry was made for the child we'd give her up and the trinkets with her; but if not we'd go on concealing the whole matter as long as we lived. We never heard the names of Laurent or Lispenard from that day to this, and what call had we to go searching after such folks? Essie's own mother left her to Father Joe, and he took care of her with Jim's money, and that's all there is about it. When I heard Jim was dead I meant not to say a word to Essie till my last hour struck; then, if I'd had breath enough left I'd have told her the whole story."

Aunt Deb fell back exhausted in her chair.

Lispenard turned to Esther.

"Do you understand all this?" he said.

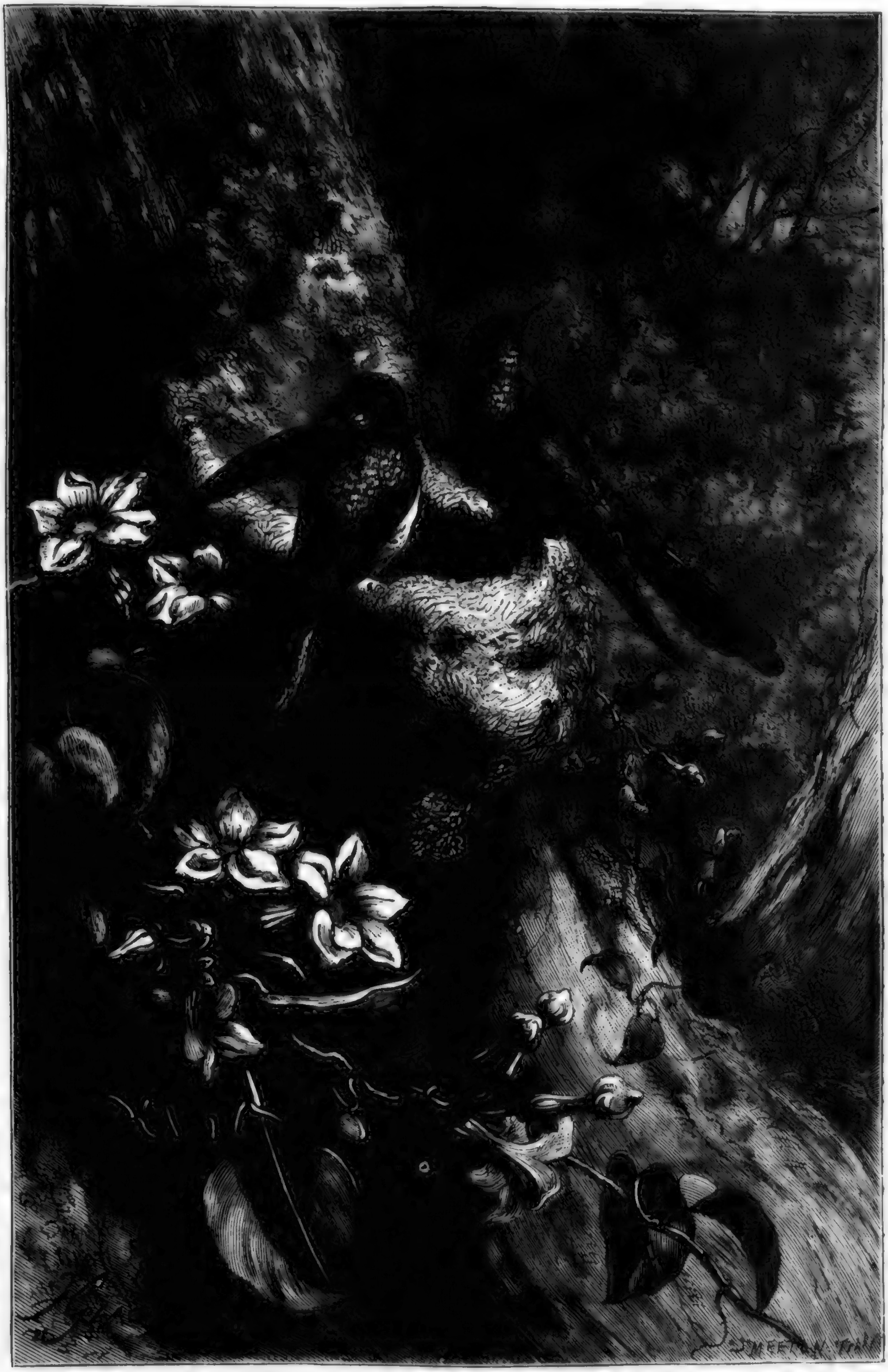
"Imperfectly," she answered.

"You are the daughter of my sister Lilian, and for two years I have been searching everywhere for you. Both your father and mother died in my arms, and both talked of you with their latest breath. It was your father who told me of your birth, and of the ship in which my poor mad Lilian sailed to America; but of the officers and crew of the *Concordia Tempest* I could not find a single man living, and all my efforts to track you from that vessel were in vain. Esther, you are not the child of Gilbert Vye, or the sister of Mignon. You are my niece, and," with a smile of great tenderness breaking over his grave, powerful face, "for long years I have kept intact your mother's half of the Lispenard fortune, to present, as her birthright, to your mother's daughter."

* * * * * *

They sat talking together far into the night.

The burden of sorrow and disgrace which the two girls


SMEETON TILLY

THE MASKED COLUMBIAN THORNBILL HUMMING-BIRD.

had thought to bear together now rested alone on Mignon's shoulders. But she, sheltered in her husband's great love, could rejoice unselfishly that Esther, at least, had escaped from under the shadow.

"Now what is to become of *me?*" groaned Aunt Deb.

Esther put her arms around the old woman and kissed her affectionately.

"Whither I go, Aunt Deb, you shall go, and where I abide, you shall abide! You are old and feeble, and I am the Esther who grew up by your side at Porgy Rock, among the storms and seagulls. We will forget everything but these two facts."

Abel Lispenard nodded approval to his niece. Both were more than ready to forgive any sin that Aunt Deb had committed. Mignon, tearful yet smiling, embraced Esther and said, quietly:

"We will always be sisters in heart, dear, though no tie of blood unites us. For your sake I rejoice in the discovery that has been made." Then she held the girl suddenly from her. "Why, you are the very image of that wonderful portrait of Lilian Lispenard at the Dale! Do you not see the likeness, Abel?" turning quickly to her husband.

"Yes," he answered, gravely, "I observed it the first time I ever encountered Esther at Rookwood. There was another person, also, to whom it was plain—Gilbert Vye, on that night when he found a hiding-place in Lilian's chamber. But it seemed scarcely reasonable at that time to place any importance upon such a resemblance."

She showed no elation at her sudden change of fortune—on the contrary, she was pale, thoughtful, composed.

"Your trials are now over, Esther," said Lispenard. "To-morrow you will leave this place, you and yours, and come to me. You will enter a new world, begin a new life."

She was standing with her hand on Aunt Deb's chair. A pale solemnity came into her face. Her great eyes seemed to look past them all to something which they did not see.

"I have other plans," she answered.

"What! so soon? May we beg to hear them, Esther?"

"Is it true that I am now rich?"

"Very rich. One half of the original Lispenard fortune, and it numbered many millions, I long ago set apart to accumulate, as it now appears, for *you.*"

"But was not my mother disinherited by her father's will?"

"Yes," he answered, "and it becomes my sacred duty to rectify that monstrous wrong. There are rights, my dear child, that are inalienable, and stronger than any will that was ever written. For little Guy's sake you will not—you dare not—refuse to accept your mother's lawful share of the family fortune."

She bent and kissed his hand.

"How good you are—how generous! Being now your niece, and not the daughter of Gilbert Vye, I must go," said Esther, "and find little Guy's father. Yes, first of all, I must find *him!*"

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

At Tamarack Hall the seasons had come and gone with dreary monotony. It was more than two years since the shooting affair in the library, and only one event of importance had occurred in the old Canadian house—and that was the fall of a woman down a flight of stairs, and the breaking of an ankle-bone, whereby Guy Fleetwood found himself deprived suddenly of the faithful services of Marjery Hare, his nurse and general attendant.

A few days after the accident the doctor ascended the broad, shallow stair at the Hall, and entered Fleetwood's chamber.

"How do you find Marjery this morning?" asked the sick man, who was reclining in an invalid chair by a sunshiny window.

"It is a bad fracture," replied the doctor; "and old bones knit slowly. We cannot expect much from Marjery for several weeks, I fear."

Fleetwood drew a deep breath.

"I am an exacting invalid, you know, totally dependent on my servants, and you can't imagine, doctor, what this mishap means to me."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the doctor, in a lively tone, "and I have found a new nurse for you—some one, I am sure, that will fill Marjery's place admirably."

Fleetwood looked up with a faint show of interest.

"Who is it?"

"A lady from the States. She applied to me yesterday for the situation. She brings excellent references. Her uncle is a Boston philanthropist, founder and supporter of St. Margaret's Home for Incurables, a very noble charity. I have a brother on the medical staff there. Mrs. Lispenard—hum! that is her name—brings letters from him, and I feel assured that she is well qualified to look after your comfort so long as Marjery remains disabled."

Fleetwood listlessly stroked a splendid wolf skin that was spread across his knees. He was still strong in the arms and chest, but his lower limbs had become wellnigh useless. For more than two years he had not walked a step; for more than two years he had been confined to that chamber, and his pitying servants had wheeled him about in an invalid chair, or he had lain helpless on his sofa, a gaunt, wasted Hercules, with calm, heroic eyes, and lips that never uttered a word of complaint. That he suffered intensely at times, both mentally and physically, the doctor knew well; yet his attendants had never heard him murmur or repine. They talked of his patience and gentleness with tearful eyes. His face, worn and haggard as it was, now made the real sunshine of Tamarack Hall.

"What is this nurse from the States like?" he asked.

"She is a widow of sober age," replied the doctor, cheerfully. "A quiet, plain-looking body. I know of but one objection that any person can reasonably make to her."

"What is that?"

"She has a child, and she declines to be separated from it."

Fleetwood smiled.

"I see no objection to that," he answered. "Surely there is room in Tamarack Hall for a child."

"You think the little fellow will not annoy you?"

"Certainly not."

"Shall I, then, engage Mrs. Lispenard?"

"Yes, if you consider her a suitable person."

"Very well. I will send her to you before nightfall."

Marjery Dare's accident, by threatening the comfort and peace of the invalid master, was a very serious matter to the household at Tamarack Hall. The servants anxiously awaited the appearance of the new nurse from the States.

At twilight she came, as the doctor had promised, bringing her child with her.

She was a stout, clumsy woman, with a low, gentle voice, and a skin as brown as a berry. She wore blue glasses and an ugly cap, which left only a fuzz of stiff red hair visible. But the child was a dream of beauty, and the fashion and texture of his little garments set the Hall maids staring in admiration and wonder.

The housekeeper was waiting tea for Mrs. Lispenard. She was disposed to be very friendly to this stranger who had come to nurse her master.

"You had better take your supper before you go up to his chamber," she said, and led the way to a comfortable room, where the table was spread. "I dare say you know Mr. Fleetwood's story?"

"Yes," answered the woman in cap and glasses.

"But you don't know how brave and cheerful he is," sighed the housekeeper, as she poured the tea, "nor how we all love him here. It's enough to make one's heart ache to see him sometimes."

"And has he no chance of recovery?" asked Mrs. Lispenard, in a steady voice.

"Well, I don't know," replied the elder woman. "A year ago a doctor came here from Quebec and wanted Mr. Fleetwood to go to Germany and try some baths there. He thought the waters would help his injured spine; but the poor young master wouldn't make the experiment. The lumber mills on the river are all idle now, and Mr. Fleetwood has lost money of late. Misfortunes never come singly, you know."

"Indeed! then Mr. Fleetwood is not a rich man?"

"Oh, dear, no! He's had nothing but losses and misfortunes in the last two years. Even his cousin, Miss Loftus, who was engaged to marry him, went away in a great huff and took another husband, though, to be sure, Mr. Fleetwood was glad, and not sorry, for *that.* But, as I said before, everything has gone wrong with him of late. His investments have failed, and he's had trouble at the mills, and it all comes of that terrible woman. The day she crossed this threshold to do her wicked work was a black day for everybody at Tamarack Hall."

"*What* terrible woman?" stammered the new nurse, stupidly.

"Why, she that shot him. You said you knew his story, ma'am. We never mention her here if we can help it," lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "we don't *dare.*"

"And why?"

"Mr. Fleetwood can't endure it. I warn you, ma'am, not to allude to the shooting in his presence. Marjery ventured once to speak of it, and he went off in something like convulsions, he was so overcome."

"Ah!"

"Of course his sufferings had weakened him greatly; but the doctor was furious, and he ordered us all never to speak of the woman or the shooting in the master's hearing again."

Mrs. Lispenard put down her teacup with a shaking hand.

"If the bare mention of her affects him like that," she muttered, "he cannot have forgiven her—he must still hold her in utter horror!"

"You can't blame him for that, ma'am. Think of what she has done—made him a helpless cripple at five and twenty—he that was so strong and full of life! Isn't that a doom worse than death? When he was first shot he vowed 'twas an accident, and forbade anybody to pursue the creature—said he only was to blame, and all that. Of course he was delirious. But since he found he would never walk again, and he in the flower of his youth, with his life all before him, it seems as though he couldn't bear to speak, or to hear others speak, of the would-be murderess, and the miserable fate she has brought upon him."

"Do you know what relation she sustained to Mr. Fleetwood?"

"Oh, yes. He confessed to Miss Loftus that he had married her secretly. Of course she was jealous—nothing else could have prompted her to do such a deed. His wife! Dear me! It's too dreadful to think of."

"Have some charity for the wretched creature," pleaded Mrs. Lispenard, in a shaken voice. "Perhaps she has suffered agonies of remorse for her sin."

"I hope so, I'm sure," said the housekeeper, spitefully. "I would like to see her well punished. No, I've no charity for her, ma'am. God may forgive her, but we folks at Tamarack Hall never will! There! I'm afraid this talk quite spoils your supper, you are not eating anything."

"I have no appetite to-night," faltered Mrs. Lispenard, and soon after the two arose from table and went up-stairs to Fleetwood's chamber.

He was sitting before the wood fire with a book in his hand, but he did not seem to be reading. His blonde head rested against a crimson cushion; his eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; the pallor of his face was something startling. Guy Fleetwood, indeed, but, ah, how changed!

As the two women entered he looked up.

"It is Mrs. Lispenard, sir, the new nurse," explained the housekeeper."

He gave Mrs. Lispenard a civil greeting, but did not raise his languid head.

"You have come to a dreary house," he said.

"It may be brighter before I leave it," she answered.

She had trained her voice carefully, but it struck some chord of memory and startled him.

"Speak again!" he said, quickly, involuntarily.

Her heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"Do you find anything displeasing in my voice?" she asked, gently.

The startled look died out of his face.

"No," he answered, indifferently, "it was only a passing fancy. You reminded—— but, pray pardon me, a sick man has many delusions."

He asked her no questions—plainly he felt no curiosity concerning the stranger who had come to take the place of the disabled Marjery. The housekeeper gave her such instructions as she needed, then she arranged the room for the night, and soon after Fleetwood dismissed her.

"A man-servant sleeps in the adjoining chamber," he said. "He is my attendant, as the doctor doubtless told you, through the night."

She went away to an apartment that had been assigned her across the passage, drew the bolt of the door and fell on her knees. In the four-posted bed her child was sleeping sweetly and smiling in his dreams. The wretched mother writhed as she bent above his innocent beauty. Would the father of that boy ever forgive her? Alas! Now that she had looked on her own work, it was too much to ask or expect. Her punishment seemed greater than she could bear. In the disguise of a servant she had crept into Tamarack Hall, but only, as it appeared, to suffer new agonies of remorse and despair.

It was about midnight when she heard the rumbling of his invalid chair in the room across the passage. She listened. Back and forth over the floor it went—now fast, now slow, now rapid, now monotonous. She ran to his door and rapped.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Fleetwood?" she called.

The wheels approached. He opened the door with his own hand. Ah, how ghastly he looked with the lights burning low in the room, and a sort of fierce fever flaming in his hollow blue eyes! He was clutching a vial of liquid, but as he met the gaze of the blue glasses he tried to hide the same under his wolf-skin laprobe.

"Nothing is wrong," he answered, in surprise. "Did my chair disturb you? It seems to be growing uncommonly noisy of late. My man Jacob must oil the wheels again."

"Oh," she gasped, "cannot you sleep?"

"Not always," he replied, cheerfully; "'Macbeth hath murdered sleep!' I often pass whole nights in this chair. The exertion of moving about deadens thought, you know, and saves me, perhaps, from losing my head."

She was full of nervous suspicion. She made a breathless rush, snatched the vial of liquid from him and flung it into the fire. For a moment he looked utterly astounded, then he smiled.

"What! you thought I was meditating suicide? That is the coward's refuge, Mrs. Lispenard. You have only destroyed a simple opiate, which the doctor sometimes leaves with me when these insomnious hours become unbearable. I was deliberating whether or no to swallow it when you knocked. You have now saved me the trouble," dryly.

"I beg a thousand pardons!" she half sobbed. "You looked so strange and desperate—I feared——"

"Fear nothing. Go back to your room. It sometimes requires more courage to live than to die, but I am not as weak as you think—good-night."

The new nurse crept back to her own chamber, and to the unconscious child, sobbing softly under her breath as she went. If Fleetwood had "murdered sleep," so, too, had she.

But morning found Mrs. Lispenard, calm and unruffled, at her post of duty. The eyes behind the blue glasses told no tales. The ugly cap was pressed close over the red hair. The stout, padded figure moved about, awkward but quiet. Fleetwood noticed that her hands were extremely dexterous. She anticipated his wishes, grasped intuitively the knowledge of his wants, as dull old Marjery had never done. She brightened his wood-fire, shook out his cushions, gave little womanly touches here and there to the somewhat dismal room, and changed its character altogether. She prepared odd, dainty dishes to tempt his languid appetite, and before he could call, she was at his side, silent, unobtrusive, but thoroughly devoted to her work. At noon, the doctor came to see how matters were progressing at Tamarack Hall.

"Well, my dear Fleetwood," he said, "how do you like your new nurse?"

"She is plainly a professional," replied Fleetwood, "and a vast improvement upon Marjery."

"Her heart is in her work," said the doctor; "keep her here—she will do you good."

An hour or two after, as Fleetwood lay upon his sofa, alone, the door of the chamber opened suddenly, and he saw a little child standing on the threshold, peering with large, round, wondering eyes into the room.

He was dressed in a frock of finest embroidery, and a silken sash the color of his larkspur eyes. His face—a marvel of baby beauty—looked out of a halo of riotous, yellow curls.

"Come in," invited Fleetwood.

The child crept shyly to the side of the sofa. Moved by some kindly impulse, Fleetwood lifted him up—a soft, dimpled armful of rose-leaf loveliness.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Guy," lisped the cherub.

"Guy! that is my name, also—we ought to know each other."

The little fellow had not completed his second year—his stock of words was still small. He jabbered out something unintelligible, and put up his angel face in an irresistible way, to be kissed. Blue eyes looked into blue eyes—ah, how like those two pairs of eyes were!—blonde hair mingled with blonde hair, as Fleetwood, for the first time embraced, all unconsciously, his own son.

"You belong, I suppose, to Mrs. Lispenard," he said; "would you like to stay here with me, and make the acquaintance of Punch?" pointing to an immense Newfoundland dog, who was keeping guard by his master in the brief absence of the nurse.

Punch walked gravely up to the child and laid a huge, hairy paw on the embroidered frock, as an invitation to amicable relations.

"Be careful of him, Punch," laughed Fleetwood; "he is as great a curiosity at Tamarack Hall as something out of a menagerie."

An hour after Mrs. Lispenard, who had been at work below stairs, came into the chamber, and lo! there was Fleetwood reclining on his sofa, quietly reading, and nestled up to his side lay the child, fast asleep, his yellow curls shining like sunshine against the sick man's breast.

"I have taken unceremonious possession of your boy, you see," said Fleetwood, with a smile. "Hush! do not wake him. He has had a hard frolic with Punch, and is quite worn out. It is long since a child's voice was heard in this house."

The sight of the boy in Fleetwood's arms was a trial, indeed, to her self-control.

"I hope he has not troubled you," she stammered, turning her disguised face aside.

"Not in the least," he answered. "You must permit him to come here often. Both Punch and I have fallen deeply in love with him."

She took up little Guy without another word and carried him quickly out. From that hour the child was a very constant and ever-welcome visitor to Fleetwood's chamber.

"The little fellow amuses me," Fleetwood would say; and so baby Guy was allowed to toddle after the invalid chair and roll with Punch on the hearth-rug, and jabber his unintelligible talk hour after hour in the sick man's room.

One morning Mrs. Lispenard entered Fleetwood's chamber bearing a great basket overflowing with blood-red jacqueminot roses and purple heliotrope, and orchids and lilies. A wind from Araby the Blest seemed blowing through the place.

"A friend sent these to me," faltered the nurse. "I beg you will make room for them here."

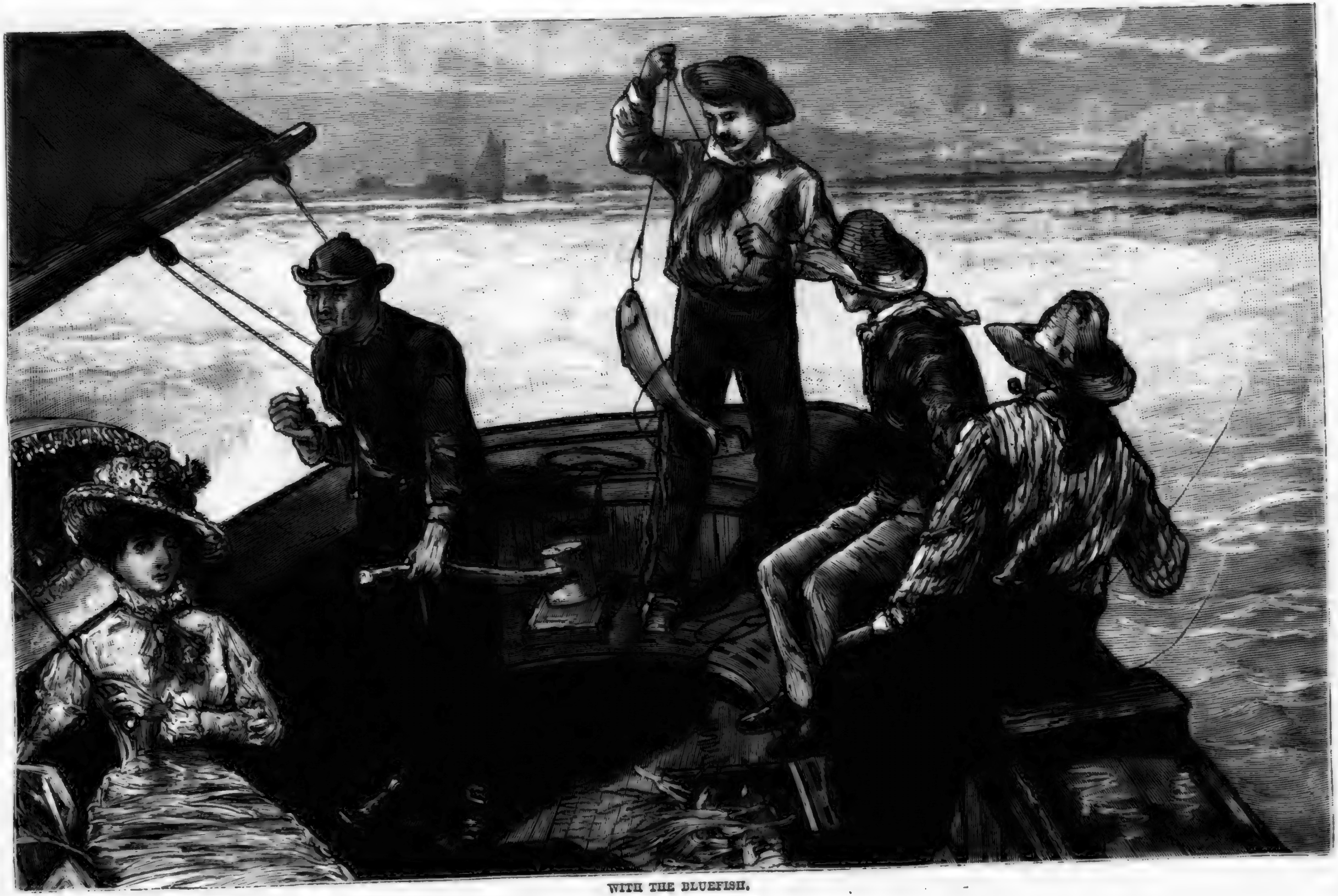
He had been sitting in a dejected attitude with his hands before his eyes. He looked up, and she saw the light break into his haggard face.

"You are too kind," he protested. "I cannot consent to rob you like this."

"My poor flowers will give me no pleasure if you refuse to accept them," she answered, and began to arrange the splendid mass of bloom upon his table. While doing this she said, abruptly: "Is it true, Mr. Fleetwood, that you have been advised to try certain German baths for your injuries, and with some hope of relief?"

"Yes," he answered.

Her hands began to shake among the roses.



WITH THE BLUEFISH.

"Why, then, will you not do so?"

"It is scarcely worth while," he answered, listlessly. "With my crippled resources, and no particular interest in living, the effort is more than I can attempt."

She leaned over the table in her eagerness.

"Oh," she cried, "do not say that! I know of some one who would gladly—gladly provide you with all the money you need! Would you not, for such a vital purpose, accept a loan from a—a—friend?"

Taken by surprise, he stared, then shook his blonde head.

"Indeed, no!" he answered. "Many thanks for your kindness and sympathy; but it is quite impossible—I cannot go abroad."

"You would rather stay here and die?"

"There are worse things in the world than death, as I know by experience," he answered.

She was reckless for the moment, and she cried out, wildly:

"How you must hate the woman who brought all this upon you!"

His face changed. Its ashen hue frightened her.

"You, a stranger, cannot be expected to understand," he answered, in a queer, labored voice; "but you must never speak of that person here. Some one ought to have told you——"

"Some one *did* tell me," she stammered, feebly. "I beg a thousand pardons!"

He fell back in his old attitude, with his hand before his eyes, and remained thus, silent, motionless, for a long time after.

That night Mrs. Lispenard wrote a letter, in which the following passage occurred:

> "I know that both you and Mignon think of me ceaselessly, anxiously. In the darkness that surrounds me I see but one ray of light—he loves little Guy. Sometimes I am almost resolved to give him his child and go my wretched way alone; but even that sacrifice, though it might mean utter heartbreak to me, could not compensate for half that I have made him suffer. Day after day, week after week, goes by. Old Marjery's ankle is healing, and yet I dare not reveal myself to him. Can I stand up and say, 'I am the author of all your misery?' Ah, no! In the long, dark wintry nights, when this old Canadian house is quite still, I rise from the side of little Guy and steal to his door and hear him propelling himself about his room, too miserable to sleep, too feverish to remain quiet. He little knows how the wheels of that chair tear and rend my heart! By day, in the presence of the household, he is calm, heroic, cheerful. At night, shut up by himself, for he refuses all attendance then, I am sure that he suffers fearfully. . . . The good doctor brings me all your letters. Without his help I could never have gained entrance into this house. . . . He cannot even tolerate the mention of the woman who shot him—he hates, he abhors her! Tell me, what shall I do?"

Mrs. Lispenard and her child had been four weeks at Tamarack Hall when something happened.

Fleetwood lay stretched upon his sofa one day, reading letters and quite alone, save for little Guy, who was playing with a new toy on the hearthrug. The open wood-fire blazed and snapped merrily. Perhaps the child ventured too near its flame—perhaps a wind in the great chimney blew some cruel spark to the pretty white frock. At any rate, there was a sudden piercing shriek, and Fleetwood dashed down his letters, to find little Guy wrapped in a sheet of fire.

The two were alone in the chamber, and the child was beyond the reach of his arm. With a superhuman effort he hurled his half-paralyzed body off the sofa, and, like lightning, rolled little Guy in the rug. When Mrs. Lispenard rushed in a moment later, she found her boy whimpering with fright, but uninjured, save for a few singed curls and a spoiled frock, and Fleetwood stretched helpless on the floor, swooning with the agony of the exertion he had made.

He looked more like a dead than a living man. She knelt over him, for one brief instant and laid her cheek to his.

"Oh, Guy!" she moaned, "my love—my love!"

Then the servants appeared on the scene. He was lifted up and the doctor summoned in haste.

"The child! the child!" he cried out, wildly, as soon as he regained consciousness.

"The child is safe enough," answered the housekeeper, "but you are hurt, sir, and badly, too."

"Never mind that," he replied, "if the boy has escaped. I care nothing about myself."

His hands were cruelly burned, and so great was the shock he had sustained that for days after he was confined to his bed and could no longer propel the invalid chair. During this time Mrs. Lispenard's care and attention seemed to redouble. She watched beside him tirelessly; but old Marjery had begun to hobble about the house, and she clamored loudly to be admitted again to her master's chamber.

"I will not have her here," said Fleetwood, sharply. "I cannot let you go, Mrs. Lispenard—I cannot get on without you—at least, till I am better."

Her heart swelled fiercely.

"I will stay as long as you wish," she answered, in a low, shaken voice.

It was a stormy Winter night, with the wind and sleet rattling through the tamaracks, and the dull thunder of the rapids sounding in the distance. Across the storm-lashed windows of Fleetwood's chamber the great boughs scratched and flapped, like birds of evil omen. Little Guy was asleep in bed. Punch, the Newfoundland, had gone down-stairs—only Mrs. Lispenard remained with the sick man.

He had been ill all day, but, at his urgent desire, Jacob, the male attendant, had carried him from his bed to the sofa, where he now lay in the red fire-glow, with the tawny wolf-skin flung across his disabled limbs, and the cheerful light playing mockingly on his pale, wasted face.

For a while he moved restlessly on his cushions; then he looked up at Mrs. Lispenard and said, in a tone that made the tears rise behind the blue glasses:

"It is wretched business, is it not?—this lying here—thinking, thinking from day's end to day's end? Pray read to me—help me to forget myself."

She took some books from a table near, opened one, and while the sleet beat and the tamaracks rattled, began:

"Is it the wind of the dawn that I hear in the pine overhead?
No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land.
Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand?
One coming up with a song in the flush of the glimmering red?
Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea;
Love that can shape or can shatter a life till the life shall have fled!
Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead.
Keep him away from the lone little isle——"

Fleetwood started up from his sofa.

"Stop! For God's sake," he cried, "not those rhymes! You distract—you kill me! Oh, that girl—that girl!"

The book slipped from Mrs. Lispenard's hand.

"*What* girl?" she said, in a steady voice. "Surely not the wicked creature who sought your life?—you cannot be thinking of *her?*—you cannot be talking of her, for you once forbade me to speak of her here!"

"Yes, I forbade you to speak of her," he answered, wildly, "because her name means agony and despair to me, and that way madness lies. Why did you read those lines? You have broken down the dam, and the long-pent floods are out! I *must* speak now to some one—why not to you, stranger though you are? Never call her wicked—call me rather the false husband, the cowardly deserter who deserved all that he got! Is there ever a time when I am *not* thinking of her—when my eyes are not filled with her image? If I only knew that all was well with her this night—that somewhere she was safe and happy, I could bear everything else without a murmur."

Mrs. Lispenard caught her breath in a strange way.

"Is it possible, Mr. Fleetwood, that you can forgive one who has made you suffer so much?"

"Ah, you do not understand! There is nothing for me to forgive!—on the contrary, it is for her to forgive me."

She clinched her trembling hands.

"If—if you can find it in your heart to pardon such injuries as you have received—surely you do not—you cannot really *hate* your wretched wife!"

His pale face grew paler yet.

"Who said that I hated her?" he cried, wildly.

"Your servants."

"Dolts! Do they think I will open my heart to their curious, prying eyes? Since the hour I first saw her face, there has never been a time when I have not loved her more than my own life. If she had murdered me, I must have gone on loving her still, in the world to which I went. I have tried to find her, but in vain. Once I wrote, begging her to come to me, but she made no reply. She is lost, gone—I know not where, and I lie here, powerless to search for her, unable to reach her!"

"But," gasped Mrs. Lispenard, "she is the daughter of Black Dave—have you forgotten that?"

In his great agitation he seemed to feel no surprise that this stranger should know his secrets.

"If I could see her once more," he answered; "if I could once more hold her in these arms, would I ask, would I care, whose daughter she was—whose blood was in her veins—what kindred claimed her? God knows I would not! I am done with all that folly. Oh, Esther, my wife, my darling! come back to me—come back!"

He turned his white face down into his cushions. A door closed softly. For a few moments the chamber was as still as death, save for the crackling of the fire and the rattling of the tamarack-boughs. Then—ah, then, a light touch fell on Fleetwood's shoulder, and he heard a voice that seemed to come from that far time of bridal bliss, on the long, gray beach at Cinderville.

"Guy!" it said, softly—"Guy!"

He started, he looked up, and there she stood betwixt him and the lighted hearth—the brown, disfiguring stain gone from her face and hands, the blue glasses, the cap, the red fringe of hair gone, the ugly padded shape gone, too—Esther herself—white and tall and beautiful, like the sun rising over the sea, as Rube Dexter had once said, her great dark eyes dewy with tears, her red mouth like a grieved child's. She dropped on her knees by her husband's sofa.

"I am here!" she sobbed; "I—your wretched, penitent Esther! Forgive me, for little Guy's sake! I deserve only a curse, but oh, my love, my love, if I do not have your full, free pardon, I must die! For your boy's sake, forgive his unhappy mother!"

It was the supreme moment of those two lives. Clasped in each other's arms, lips to lips and heart to heart, all was forgotten now but their great love, all was forgiven. It mattered little whether she was the daughter of crime-stained Gilbert Vye, or the niece of Abel Lispenard—the girl of Porgy Island, or the heiress of millions—they loved each other still, and Fate had reunited them after bitter parting. Never had Tamarack Hall known such an hour of joy.

When the first rapture of mutual pardon was over, Esther told her story.

"Verily, I had good cause to love little Guy!" sighed Fleetwood. "Oh, my poor girl, if I have suffered, so, too, have you. And in the midst of your great good fortune, when you found yourself rich and beloved, instead of poor and disgraced, could you think of nothing but *me?* Your first act as the niece of Abel Lispenard, was to disguise yourself and fly to Tamarack Hall!"

"Was not my heart here?" she sobbed. "What could I do but follow it? How could I live longer separated from you and unforgiven?"

Long weeks before she had secretly consecrated her whole life and strength and earthly possessions to his service. Before a month was over they were on their way to Europe.

"Oh, Guy, my love!" she said; "if anywhere in the world there is healing for you, we will never rest till we find it."

She had millions at her command, and her devotion and love were unbounded. The best medical skill of the Old World was called to his relief. All the healing springs of nature were tried, and at the end of a year abroad, Guy Fleetwood stood once more upon his feet, sound and vigorous, restored to the full glory of his strength—the same handsome, stalwart Guy as of old.

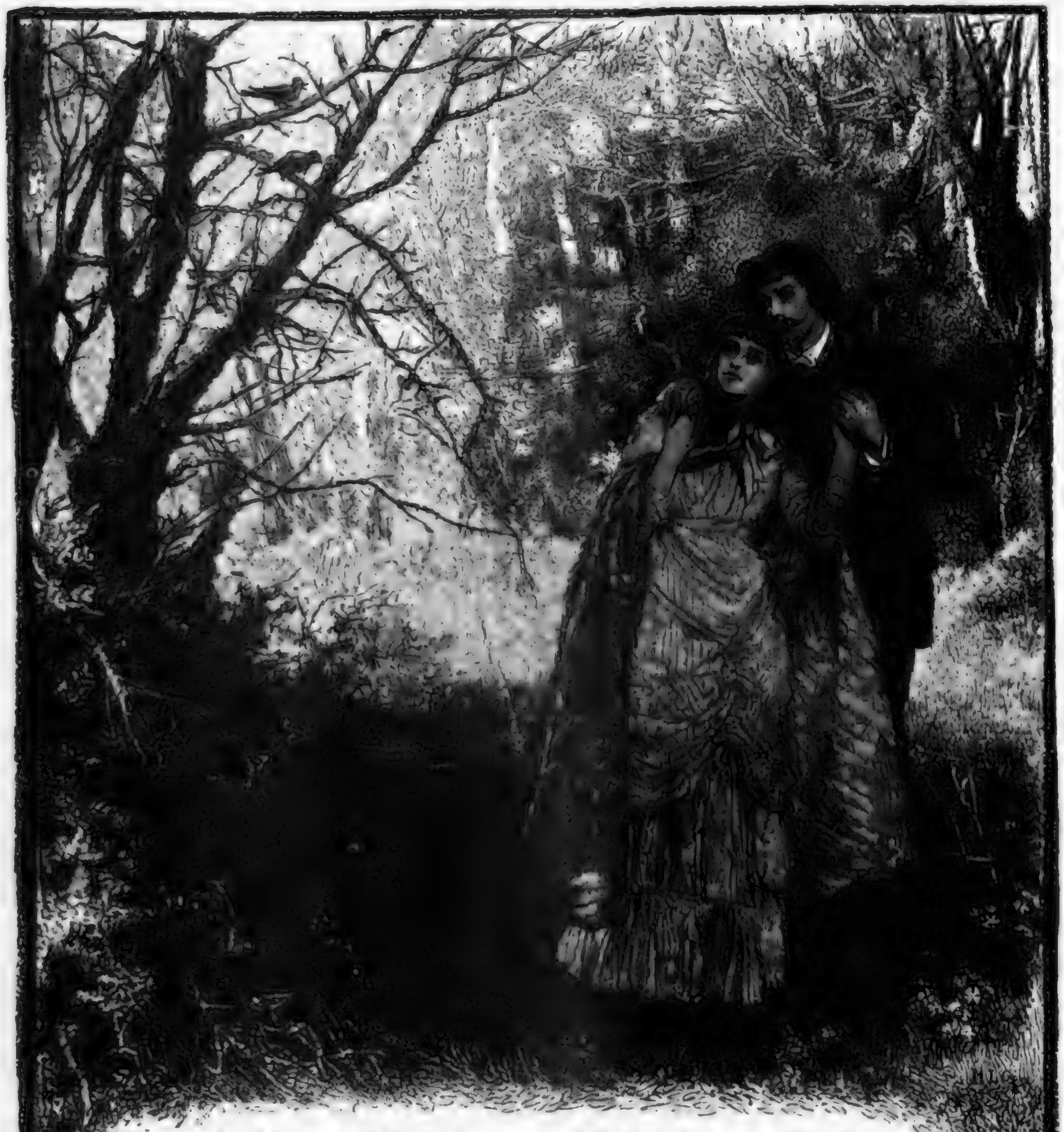
"The passion of that pair for each other is something wonderful," Mignon said to Abel Lispenard at a later date. "Their love has been strengthened, it seems, rather than diminished, by the trials through which they have passed."

"My darling," answered Lispenard, smiling up into the fair face which was his heaven; "that is the way, I think, with all true love upon this earth. They have come out of the fires of tribulation like fine gold purged of dross."

THE END.*

THE eruption of Mount Etna has presented such a magnificent spectacle that visitors have crowded into Sicily from Naples and Malta out of mere curiosity. One eyewitness, a British engineer, ascended within two miles of the crater, and gives an interesting description of the scene. As the lava eruption does not proceed from the crater proper, but from an old extinct volcano at the side, the Englishman was able to reach some high ground which commanded the whole view. Flames and stones were thrown up to an immense height from the crater with continuous roar, and from another mouth below issued a sea of lava, which divided into several streams, and followed the valleys. The lava mass was red-hot, not liquid, but forming millions of large and small blocks of bright red rocky-looking stuff, and was five or six miles long, three or four wide, and from thirty to forty feet deep. It traveled at the rate of a mile an hour, so that when the engineer descended the mountain he was obliged to pick out quite a different path.

XUM



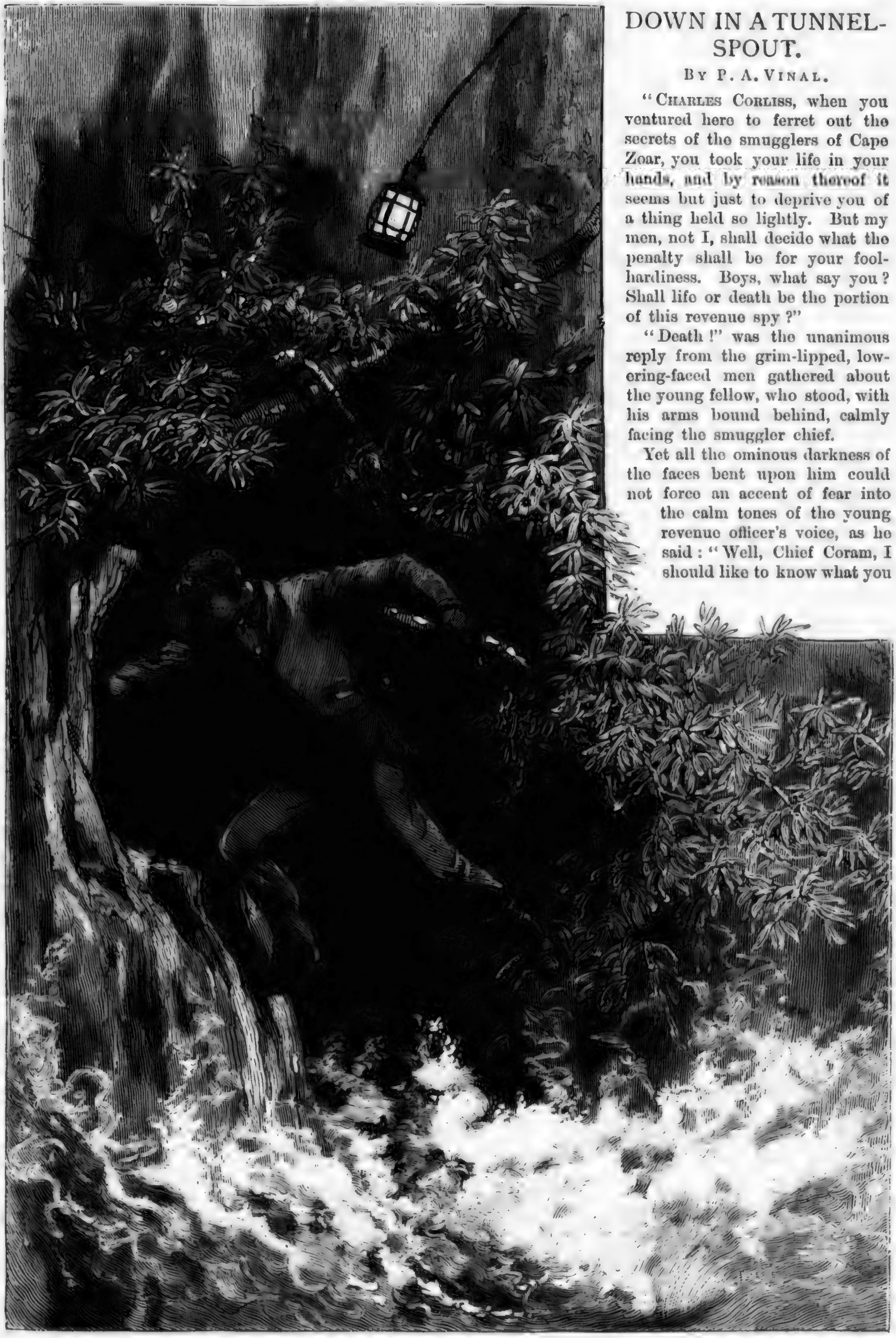
The sorrel lifts her snow-white bloom
From green leaves soft and sour,
The wry-neck bids the cuckoo come,
The wych-elm's all in flower:
That tweet! tweet! tweet! that dusty dew,
That white star at my feet,
They speak of Aprils past —and you,
My sweet!

2.

Our wood still curves against the sky,
And still, all stark and dim,
Our hornbeam's fluted branches lie,
Along the shining rim;
But ah! within its base of moss
The rabbits leap and peer,
No footsteps fright them as they cross—
This year.

3.

When winter shared my hapless plight,
I bound my heart in frost;
There was no wealth to vex my sight
With treasure it had lost;
But oh! the buds, the scent, the song,
The agonising blue—
They teach my hopeless heart to long
For you!



DOWN IN A TUNNEL-SPOUT.

By P. A. Vinal.

"Charles Corliss, when you ventured here to ferret out the secrets of the smugglers of Cape Zoar, you took your life in your hands, and by reason thereof it seems but just to deprive you of a thing held so lightly. But my men, not I, shall decide what the penalty shall be for your foolhardiness. Boys, what say you? Shall life or death be the portion of this revenue spy?"

"Death!" was the unanimous reply from the grim-lipped, lowering-faced men gathered about the young fellow, who stood, with his arms bound behind, calmly facing the smuggler chief.

Yet all the ominous darkness of the faces bent upon him could not force an accent of fear into the calm tones of the young revenue officer's voice, as he said: "Well, Chief Coram, I should like to know what you

DOWN IN A TUNNEL-SPOUT.—"WITH THE RED LIGHT STREAMING FROM THE LANTERN ABOUT HIM, AND THE WHITE SPUME AT HIS FEET, CHARLES RELEASED HIS HOLD, AND THRUST HIMSELF FORWARD INTO THE BLACK HOLE."

XUM

propose to do with me; for it is quite natural that I should wish to be prepared to receive the grim stranger to whom you are about to introduce me, in whatever guise he may come."

"The villagers of Blakeville will find you on the sands in the morning."

"So you intend that the sea shall throttle me?"

"Ay!"

"So be it. I am in your power, and you are able to work your will as far as I am concerned. May you sleep as soundly as I to-night."

An involuntary exclamation broke from one of the smugglers—an exclamation of admiration at beholding one face death so courageously, but a scowl from Chief Coram silenced him.

"McOrnville, Hewett, Burchard, lead this man out into the night," he said, sternly; "and see to it, my men, that he does not bear you company when you return."

Three men started to fulfill their chief's murderous behest. Two of them took firm hold of Corliss's arms, and the third lighted a dark-lantern and led the way.

Two minutes afterward the four were out in the night, which had set in very dark, with a high wind and threatened rain.

Surely it was a fitting night in which to hurl a man down from towering Cape Zoar into the hungry maw of the sea, which thundered at its base; and surely Charles Corliss had reason to regret the day when, with his commission from the Department safely hidden on his person, he had started forth alone to gain the all-important clew to the stronghold of Chief Coram, a smuggler, whose renown extended along the whole coast.

Cool of head, strong of nerve, with a large frame and great strength, Chief Coram's career had been one continuous round of daring adventures and hairbreadth escapes.

Hitherto he had chuckled mightily over the many failures of sharp-eyed officials to discover the spot he had selected for his rendezvous.

But this beardless stripling, in the character of a half-idiotic fisherman, had fooled him completely for a time; had supped with him in his cunning retreat among the rocks, had marked the almost imperceptible entrance to the little deep basin that cradled so securely his swift and sharp-stemmed craft—a thing that hid herself in the elements that haunted the horizons, and mingled with the tints of evening—a night-bird of the waters.

When, therefore, the disguise of the young revenue officer was torn from him, the natural vindictiveness of the smuggler was augmented by a flaming wrath because of being so cunningly tricked, and he had assigned a terrible fate to his prisoner with as little mercy as one would place his foot on a serpent's head.

But the man who had hazarded his life in the discharge of his duty was not one to give it up without a struggle.

A seemingly ornamental buckle was on the back of the belt which girded Corliss's waist; but its edges were sharp as razors. Across one of these edges he stretched his hempen bonds. Strand after strand snapped in twain, and at last his hands were freed. Then he tore his arms loose, dealt a couple of powerful blows which felled his would-be executioners to the ground, and then fled away in the darkness.

Of course he was pursued by the smuggler who acted as guide, but he cared little for that, as he found it tolerably easy running.

He had acquired, like most men who live much in the dark, that cat-like perception of obstacles which is due rather to increased sensitiveness of touch than increased sensitiveness of vision.

His feet accommodated themselves to the inequalities of the ground; his hands instinctively outstretched themselves toward the overhanging boughs; his head ducked of its own accord to any obtrusive sapling which bent to obstruct his progress. But his pursuer was not so fortunate.

Thrice did the young revenue officer laugh mentally at a crash and a scramble that told of a fall. At last, on reaching a little rise, Corliss doubled his efforts, trusting to his superior muscular energy to shake off his pursuer. He breasted the rise and paused to listen. He seemed to be alone.

He was at the edge of the cliffs of Cape Zoar. Below him lay the sea. Out of the black emptiness came puffs of sharp, salt wind. The tops of the rollers that broke below were blown off and whirled away into the night—white patches swallowed up immediately in the increasing darkness. At his feet arose a frightful shrieking and whistling, broken at intervals by reports like claps of thunder. What could it be?

All at once, on the track over which he had passed, he heard a sound that chilled the blood about his heart—the bay of a dog. The whole smuggler force was on his track.

The dog, crashing through the underbrush, gave one short, sharp howl, and ran mute. And Corliss stood for a moment chained to the spot.

The shrieking which Corliss had heard but a moment ago had ceased, but every now and then dull but immense shocks, as of some mighty bird flapping the cliff with monstrous wings, reverberated around him, and shook the ground where he stood.

He looked away from the ocean, and a tall, misty form—white against the all-pervading darkness—beckoned and bowed to him. He saw it distinctly for an instant, and then, with an awful shriek, it vanished.

"Oh, Heaven!" ejaculated the hunted man. "That bloodhound is almost upon me," and he bounded forward.

Again, at his feet, in his face, arose that misty form, breathing chill warning, as though to wave him back. The terror at his heels drove him on. The column disappeared; and, in a lull of the wind arose such a hideous medley of shrieks, laughter and exultant wrath, that Charles Corliss paused in horror. Too late! The ground gave way beneath his feet. He was falling—falling! Thank Heaven! a friendly tree met his frantically clutching hand.

A groan was cast up to him from the depths below him—a groan that changed into a roar of tortured water being forced upward—and Charles Corliss knew where he was.

He was down in a tunnel-spout, which had been bored upward through the cliff by the sea, and a water-spout was coming.

"Oh, Father Almighty!" gasped the poor fellow, as, with both hands round the tree, he clutched his sleeves with either hand, "help me! help me!"

And then the hideous, mounting column caught him.

He felt his feet rudely seized, as though by the hand of a giant, and plucked upward. Water gurgled in his ears. His arms seemed about to be torn from their sockets. Had the strain lasted another instant, he must have loosed his hold; but, with a wild, hoarse snarl, as though it were some sea-monster baffled of its prey the column sank, and left him gasping, half-drowned, but alive. It was impossible that he could survive another pulsation of the sea below him, and he knew it.

He loosed his stiffened fingers, and prepared himself for his fate. As he uttered a prayer as fervent as may leave the lips of one who stands on the brink of eternity, he involuntarily cast his eyes upward.

"Is the mouth of the tunnel-spout aflame?" he questioned in amaze, as a lurid light above him caught his straining vision. "No; a lantern is being lowered into this abyss. The smugglers are taking advantage of this pause to examine the sides of this accursed blowhole. Death is on every hand!"

Down came the swinging light, nearer and nearer.

"There he is!" shouted one of the smugglers. "He's alive; but the waterspout will look after him, and it's coming now."

For a bellow which preceded the fierce belching forth of the torrent came up from the depths below.

But Corliss scarcely heard it, he was so occupied with one last, desperate hope. About two feet away from him, red as blood in the glow of the lantern, a round, shining stream of water slipped out of the rock into the darkness like a serpent from its hole.

Above this stream a dark spot defied the light, and Corliss grasped intuitively at the thought that close beside him was one of those tortuous drives which had been bored by the sea into the heart of the cliff.

The bellow changed into that hideous roar, and with a gust of wind and spray, the seething sea leaped up out of the gulf.

With the red light streaming from the lantern about him, and the white spume at his feet, Charles released his hold of the tree, and thrust himself forward into the black hole at his side.

The immense volume of water forced into this drive struck him and rolled him forward, over and over, and by its very fury saved him from being washed out again with the recoil of the wave.

Collecting all his energies, Corliss scrambled up a little incline, and as he fell forward in a swoon, it was with the blessed thought that he was out of danger at last.

* * * * * *

When Corliss opened his eyes, a soft twilight was about him, and he knew that a calm, sweet day had succeeded that frightful night of tempest. He raised himself and stretched his stiffened limbs, for it was imperative that he should bestir himself.

Crawling as near to the edge of the orifice, by which he had been enabled to enter the heart of the cliffs, as he dared, he craned his neck forward, and saw, fifty feet below him, the sullenly frothing water creaming and gurgling hoarsely to itself.

"No chance to get down there," he muttered.

Turning his head, he gave a grateful glance at the scrubby little trees that had saved his life the night before.

As he did so, something caught his eye which caused a cry of intense surprise and joy to leap to his lips, although it was strangled before it left them for fear that unfriendly ears might hear it.

"A rope! Light here at hand, all tangled up in the branches of this blessed little tree! It must be that the smuggler, who was lowering the lantern by means of this rope, dropped it, together with the lantern, when the water-spout rose right up in his very face, and the recoil of the wave dragged it down among the branches of this little tree, which caught and held it. Thank Heaven! The way is clear now."

Catching firm hold of the gnarled branches which scratched the very edge of the orifice, Corliss swung himself out of his rocky refuge into the tree.

It was but a few minutes' work to disentangle the rope, and then, fastening one end of it firmly to the tree-trunk, he allowed the coils, weighted with the battered frame of the lantern, to drop from his hand.

The rope was long enough to allow the lantern-frame to sink below the water.

Down, hand-over-hand, went the young revenue officer, then he dashed out through the narrow arch through which the sea found entrance to the tunnel-spout.

Outside, a placid ocean wrinkled all its lazy length under the soft touches of a faint breeze.

Not a soul was to be seen on the cliffs; so, undisturbed, Corliss floated around the point of Cape Zoar, and out of the reach of the men who would have sacrificed him on the altar of that great Moloch—Fear.

In a few days the revenue-cutter *Osprey* swooped down on the smuggler rendezvous of Cape Zoar, and thoroughly did her crew accomplish their mission.

The swift-sailing smuggler craft was burned to the water's edge, and thirty ironed, sullen-faced prisoners were passed up over the side of the *Osprey*.

Years have come and gone since Chief Coram's haunt was broken up, but a night of tempest and darkness never fails to bring to Charles Corliss a vivid reminder of that terrible night "down in a tunnel-spout."

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO'S PALACE.

President Diaz and his family are now installed in the Mexican White House, the Castle of Chapultepec. Such a palatial residence is difficult to surpass in intrinsic beauty and historic associations. The woodwork and upholstering of the east wing alone cost $200,000. The palace is a marvel of coloring and skillful decoration. The frescoing and painting were executed by Casarin, a disciple of Meissonier. The roof is a beautiful garden of flowers and fountains. The gates of oak and walnut giving access to the palace are curiously carved and ornamented in bronze. The woodwork in the President's room is in ebony and gold, and the ceiling is an exquisite fresco of the Bucher school, from the brush of Casarin. The bed is of ebonized cherry with gold and metal marqueterie, and domed with a canopy. The bathroom is a grotto with a floor of marble mosaic and walls of French tiles. The floor of the cardroom is a parquet of rare woods, and the walls Cordova leather, with gold and satin panels and red Genoa velvet borders. The parlor is like a fairy creation. The woodwork is in satin panels, maple borders and gold flowers, and the walls are covered with satin damask, relieved by blue and gold Aubusson borders. The carpet alone cost $2,000. A private walnut stairway for the family leads to the second floor, the suit of unfurnished rooms opening off the tropical garden of the first floor. Only the first floor is completed. When the palace is wholly finished it will be of a character to excite the envy of even the most ambitious king.

REGISTRY OF SHAKESPEARE'S MARRIAGE.

There is a curious entry in the register of marria licenses preserved in the Consistory Court at Worc which is so little known and so well deserving of in gation that no apology is necessary for bringing it more

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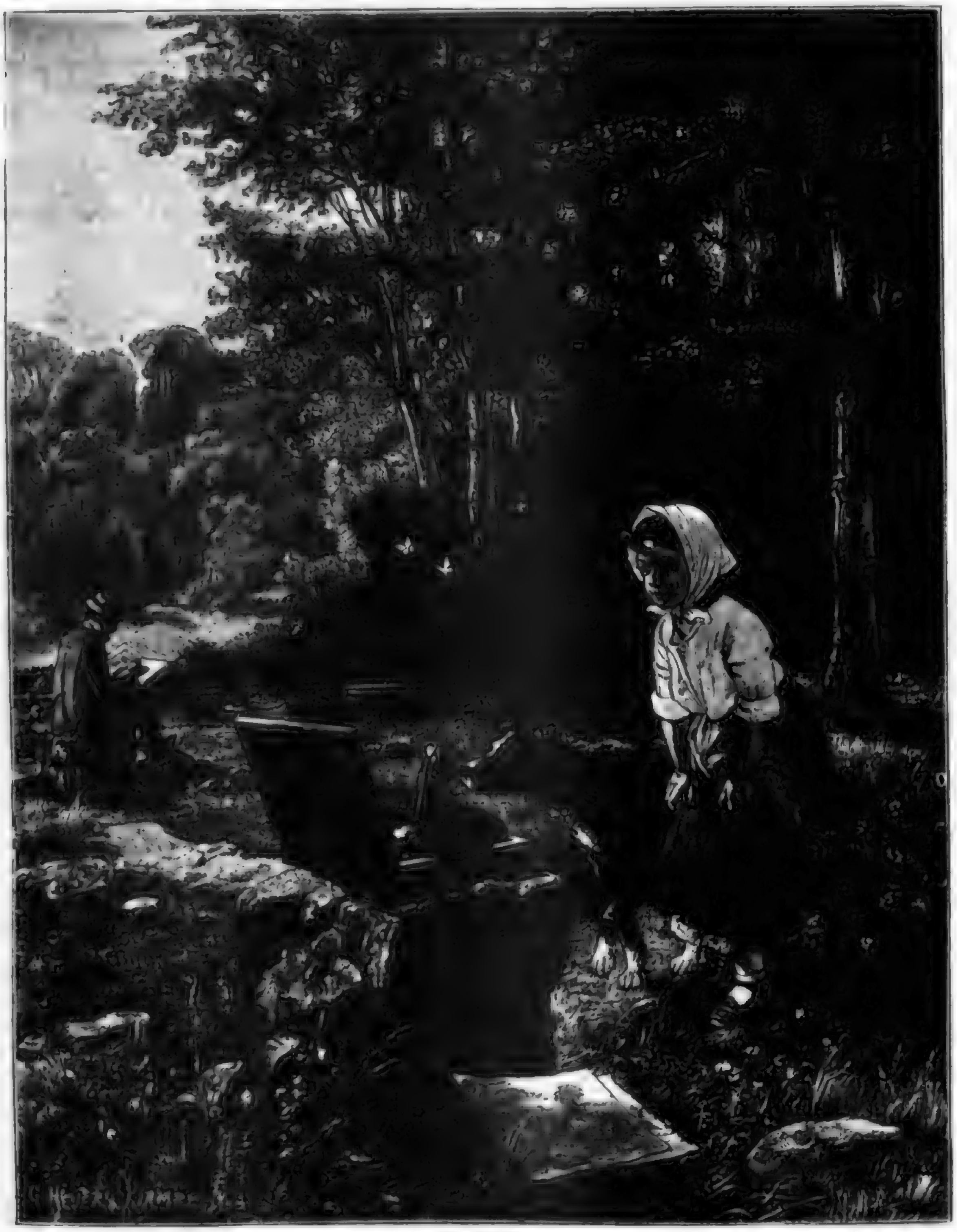
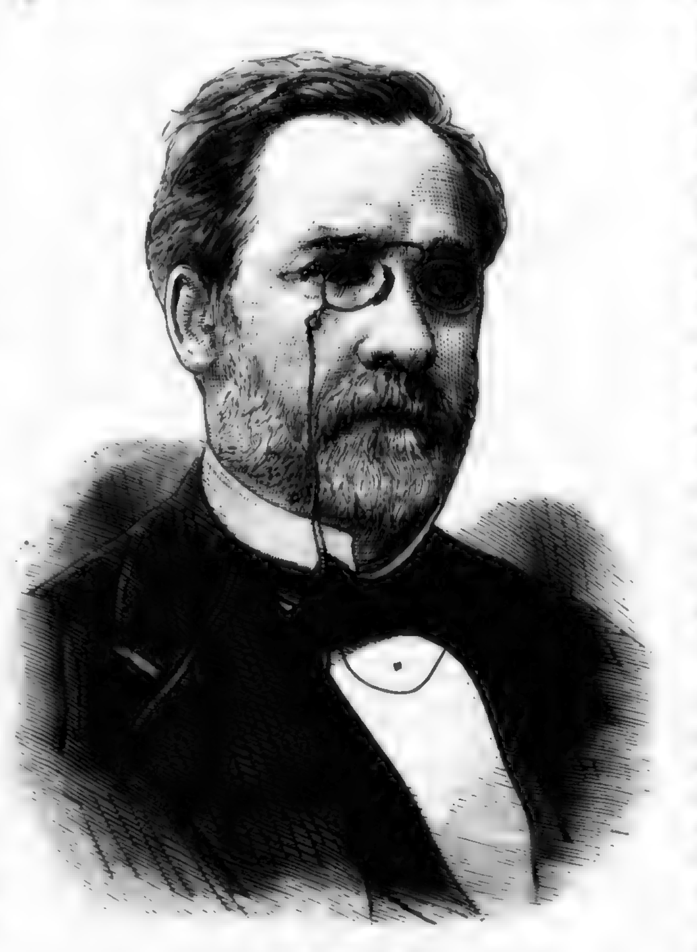
prominently before the notice of biographical students, etc. It is in these terms: "1782, Nov. 27. William Shaxpere and Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton," the latter surname being supposed to be a metonym for Hathaway. This singularly bewildering notice was discovered a few years ago by the Rev. T. P. Wadley, of Pershore, who, in assuming that the entry refers to the poet, who was married on the day following the above date, remarks that there is no other record of the grant of a license to any one of the name in that year. The registers of Temple Grafton are missing.


ART CRITICS.

French and English Proverbs.—To begin with a few similes: We seem to have selected the mouse as an emblem in our "As dumb as a mouse"; the French have preferred a glass, for they say, "As dumb as a glass." We say, "As deaf as a post"; the French, "As deaf as a pot." "As dull as ditch-water," Gallicized, becomes "As sad as a nightcap." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," is changed into, "Don't sell the skin of a bear before having killed it." The self-evident impossibility in the words, "You can't get blood out of a stone," is represented by, "One could not comb a thing that has no hair." "Birds of a feather flock together"; or, to put it less poetically, "Those who resemble, assemble." Naturally, "A thief is set to catch a thief"; or, in other words, "A good cat to a good rat"; "A thief and a half to a thief." Finally, in the proverb, "One man may lead a horse to the water, but a hundred can't make him drink," the French have not inappropriately selected an "ass" as the illustrative animal.

PASTEUR'S LIFE AND LABORS.

Of Pasteur's life, apart from his work, but little is to be said; for his life is emphatically his work. A normally idle and pleasure-loving childhood passed into an adolescence of rare industry and a maturity of entire self-devotion; and the truant schoolboy developed into a scientific philosopher whose breadth of outlook, depth of insight and acuteness of conjecture—to be afterward verified by careful observation and minute investigation—have had results as important as those of the spectroscope and the polariscope. Much as the world owes to Darwin for that grand truth of evolution which shows life as an harmonious whole and makes the future stride possible by the past advance, it owes as much to Pasteur for his discovery of those microscopic agents, those forces of the infinitely little," by which organic changes are brought about and the processes of disease and disintegration are carried on.



LOUIS PASTEUR.

Pasteur's first work was in the field of molecular physics, and the important discovery of molecular dissymmetry was originally due to the note which Mitscherlich sent to the Academy of Sciences. This note stated that the "paratartrate and the tartrate of soda and ammonia have the same chemical composition, the same crystalline form, the same angles, the same specific weight, the same double refraction, and consequently the same inclination of the optic axis. Dissolved in water, their refractions are the same. But, while the dissolved tartrate causes the plane of polarized light to rotate, the paratartrate exerts no such influence."

This difference of behavior of polarized light made Pasteur infer that the identity of the two salts was only apparent, not real, and that further research would reveal molecular discrepancies of an important kind. He verified his belief; but somewhat in a different way from that which he had expected. He expected to find, and he found, that the crystalline forms of the tartrates, and all their chemical compounds, have not what mathematicians call a "plane of symmetry"—that is, are not among those objects which, when placed before a mirror, have a superposable image identical with themselves, and are therefore dissymmetrical; while, on the other hand, he believed that the paratartrates would have this plane of symmetry, this superposable image, and be therefore symmetrical. He found, instead, that all the paratartrates were dissymmetrical like the tartrates; but certain crystals possessed this dissymmetry in one sense and other crystals in an opposite sense. "Some of these crystals, when placed before a mirror, produced the image of the others, and one of the two kinds of crystals corresponded rigorously in form with the tartrate prepared by means of the tartaric acid of the grape." Then by saturating racemic or paratartaric acid with soda and ammonia he procured crystals of inverse dissymmetry—the one set turning the plane of polarized light to the right (dextro-racemic acid), the other to the left (lævo-racemic acid). Of these the left-handed crystal was the new discovery, though Biot had already proved the existence of this double property in rock-crystal. This inversion is due to certain minute facets which, in the one crystal, are ranged along a right-handed, and in the other along a left-handed, spiral.

More, again, than this. Pasteur proved that all the crystalline products of inorganic matter have this superposable image, and are consequently symmetrical; while all vegetable and animal products, all crystals produced from organic and living beings, are dissymmetrical. The explanation he gives of the apparent contradiction to this law, in the existence in living creatures of certain substances like oxalic acid, formic acid, etc., which do not act on polarized light, and of which the crystals do not show a trace of dissymmetry, is an example of his acute power of classification. It is, he says, because these substances are the products of excretion rather than substances essential to animal and vegetable life, hence are "evidently governed by the laws which determine the constitution of the artificial products of our laboratories or of the mineral kingdom, so called." On the other hand, the primordial substances of vegetables and animals, those which are "born under the influence of *becoming* life, such as cellulose, fecula, albumen, fibrine, etc., possess the power of acting on polarized light, which establishes their internal dissymmetry, even when, through the absence of crystallizing power, they fail to manifest this dissymmetry outwardly." Hence he is persuaded that the barrier which exists between the mineral and organic kingdoms can never be crossed until chemists have been able to produce dissymmetrical inorganic substances. This may some day be done; who knows? As the inverse of right-handed tartaric acid has been found, so, some day, we may hope to obtain "all the immediate principles inverse to those now known to us." If that day should ever dawn, then will man be indeed the lord of creation in a higher sense than that of relative superiority. He will be the maker of new types, new beings, new organisms altogether; and to replace in the living cells "cellulose, albumen, and their congeners by their isomers, with an inverse action," would be to

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change the present molecular order of arrangement of things as completely as if plants should be made to walk and animals to root.

Now we leave molecular physics and go into organisms, to which these have been, as it were, the alphabet or stepping-stones.

The putrefaction of a dead body and of blood, the must of the wine cask, the curdling of milk, the souring of dough, the transformation of straw into manure and of fallen leaves into soil, are all due to one thing—fermentation. And fermentation is due to a living organism differing in size and form according to the vehicle in which it lives. Cagniard-Latour and Schwann had before this discovered the yeast-plant, the alcoholic ferment; but it remained for Pasteur to find the infusoria of other fermentations.

Lactic ferment, which was the first subject of investigation on which Pasteur "intended his mind," according to Bacon's expression, is a minute rod, nipped at the centre, scarcely the thousandth part of a millimètre in diameter a millimètre being one twenty-fifth of an inch. This rod reproduces itself by fission, dividing at the nipped-in centre. Up to this time the cause of fermentation had been in the theoretic stage only, where all proof was wanting, and where, therefore, the believers in such and such a baseless hypothesis were hot partisans, firmly convinced of their own truth and passionately scornful to their opponent's error. Liebig held all ferments to be nitrogenous substances in a state of molecular alteration through contact with the oxygen of the air; and fermentation to be the gradual communication of this molecular motion from particle to particle in the fermentable matter. Berzelius and Mitscherlich placed fermentation among the "phenomena of contact." It was an albuminoid substance endowed with catalytic force (the power of decomposing and recombining the proximate and elementary principles of compounds), and acted by its mere presence. Cagniard-Latour and Dumas saw that yeast multiplied itself by budding, and came near the truth when they asked whether the "fermentation of sugar was not connected with this act of cellular vegetation." But this hypothesis "remained a single incident instead of having the value of a scientific principle," until Pasteur recognized the presence and action of a living organism in lactic fermentation; and from this starting-point proved all the rest. He discovered the hitherto unknown ferment of butyric acid, which he found to be a species of vibrio, formed of very small transparent and cylindrical rods, "rounded at their extremities, isolated or united in chains of two or three, or sometimes even more." These vibrios reproduce themselves by fission, like the lactic ferment, but differently, inasmuch as these remain in chains where the lactic ferment forms isolated units. They live without air, and are therefore called anaérobies; while those other microscopic organisms which, like larger plants and animals, cannot live without free oxygen, are aérobies. Whether this vibrio be a plant or an animal, it is undoubtedly a living organism which moves, is a ferment, and lives without air. Putrefaction is caused by a microscopic vibrio of absolutely the same order as this butyric ferment.

We have no space to give *in extenso* Liebig's words when he objected that, to explain the putrefaction of animal substances by the presence of animalculæ, was like the reasoning of a child who should explain the rapidity of the Rhine at Bingen by the wind-wheels of Mayence. If living beings cause putrefaction, what, then, becomes of those plants or animals when their own elements decompose? If the fungus causes the oak to decay, and the microscopic animalcule is the putrefying agent of the elephant, what determines the putrefaction of the fungus and the animalcule when they in their turn die? To which Pasteur answered: "The ferments of ferments are simply ferments." "A ferment which has finished its work, and which, for want of aliment, cannot continue it, becomes an accumulation of dead organic matter." This mass of organic matter, formed by the anaérobies, becomes the prey of the aérobies, which multiply and continue their work of destruction so long as they have free oxygen. Those which die are equally the prey of their own kind; so "that from putrefaction to putrefaction, and from combustion to combustion, the organic mass with which we started finds itself reduced to a mass of anaérobic and aérobic germs, of those same germs which were mixed up in the original primitive organic substance." This is the whole round of life—birth, assimilation, death, putrefaction, slow combustion, and the transformation of the "carbon, the hydrogen, and the nitrogen of the organic matters by the oxygen of the air and the influence of the life of these aérobies into carbonic acid, vapor of water and ammonia gas," by which, again, organic beings are nourished. Whether in the free atmosphere or under the earth, all animal matter ends by disappearing; the anaérobies first putrefying, the aérobies then oxygenizing, and so producing the combustion which burns away matter into gas.

"All that has lived must die, and all that is dead must be disintegrated, dissolved or gasified; the elements which are the substratum of life must enter new cycles of life. If things were otherwise, the matter of organized beings would encumber the surface of the earth, and the law of the perpetuity of life would be compromised by the gradual exhaustion of its materials. One grand phenomenon presides over this vast work—the phenomenon of fermentation." And the scientific world has indorsed, not only the statement of the elemental fact, which is patent, but also that of the cause, the *primum movens* or the *modus operandi*.

Wine, exposed to the air, loses its alcohol, which is replaced by acetic acid, and thus becomes vinegar. And vinegar is the work of an extremely small and slender fungus, *Mycoderma aceti*, like the aérobies, needing free oxygen as well as a certain amount of warmth for its support. Temperature, indeed, plays a most important part in the life of these organisms, extreme cold or extreme heat being equally fatal to them. After all the alcohol has become acetic acid, the mycoderma dies for want of further nourishment, and falls to the bottom of the vessel. Here it is fastened on by the anaérobies, which, protected from the air by the film of "aérobic mucor" on the top, set up putrefaction in the deeper parts of the liquid. At the same time the surface is undergoing combustion by the fixing of the oxygen by the aérobies, which double action irretrievably ruins the whole concern. Besides this cryptogam which turns wine into vinegar, transparent eel-like organisms of extraordinarily rapid reproduction appear in the liquid when exposed to the air. These eels and the plant are enemies, and fight for the free oxygen. In healthy vinegar the plant conquers, and the eels retreat to the sides of the vat, where they form a thick, white, crawling scum. Thus, instead of the old theory of chemical combinations mechanically affecting inert matter, we have now the proof of the active agency of living organisms—by which the whole outlook of things is changed—reproductive Life being substituted for sterile Force and Matter replacing Motion. The commercial value of these researches on the true cause of acetification is the power of the manufacturer to create vinegar at will, by sowing the mycoderma directly in the wine vats instead of waiting for the more costly, tedious, and not always sure method of the mother-cask.

Besides the fact that the ferment is always a living organism, Pasteur also demonstrated that of variety of species. Each kind of fermentation has its own special organism. Also, he showed that the albuminoid matter, held by Liebig and others to be necessary to fermentation, was in reality superfluous. This he showed in the experiment already spoken of on the growth of *Penicillium glucum*—that common mold or mildew which lived and multiplied on a purely mineral soil.

After this a curious controversy on spontaneous generation between Pasteur and Pouchet foreshadowed that which went on here between Professor Tyndall and Dr. Bastian. Pasteur and Tyndall maintained the germ theory, and held that the appearance of monads, bacilli, etc., in prepared flasks, is due to some flaw in the experiment by which the germ-laden atmospheric air has been admitted; while Pouchet and Bastian nailed their colors to the mast of abiogenesis and the beginning of life under certain conditions without the causation of the parent germ. Their ideas on spontaneous generation, however, fell short of Van Helmont's when he declared that he could create a pot-full of mice by stuffing a dirty shirt into the orifice of a vessel containing corn; nor did they touch Virgil's belief of a swarm of bees generated in the corrupted entrails of a young bull. Pasteur, like Tyndall, showed that the total exclusion of atmospheric air sterilized the infusion, while the admission of ever so little by defective arrangements produced swarms of microscopic organisms. Also he showed that in the higher atmosphere no germs exist at all—few or none, according to relative altitude, on mountain heights—comparative rarity in unpopulated plains, etc., and great density in towns. He ended his disclaimer by these words: "Spontaneous generation is a chimera." Nevertheless, it would seem that we may still hope to catch the transitional moment, and to light on the same conditions as those wherein the primordial germ became life. If right-handed tartrate of ammonia proves more capable of supporting life owing to its molecular arrangement, molecular arrangement may be found to be that borderland between the organic and the inorganic which unites inert matter to conscious action. What has been can be again, unless, indeed, this telluric and cosmic germ was the product of conditions passed and done with, and impossible to be reproduced.

The cryptogam, *Mycoderma aceti*, makes wine into vinegar; its congener, *Mycoderma vini*, which lives on new, young wine, fades and withers in old and does no harm. When, however, wine "spurts" in the barrel, is turbid to the eye and flat to the taste, when, poured into a glass, a crown of small bubbles rises to the top, and when, slightly shaken, silky little waves move about in all directions, then a minute filament, about the thousandth part of a millimètre in diameter, of variable length and extreme tenacity, has made its appearance. In large quantities this organism forms a glutinous deposit at the bottom of the cask, producing carbonic acid, which spoils the wine. The disease of turbid, spurted, and spoiled wine is fermentation, caused by an organism—a ferment—originally existing on the surface of the grape, where also exists the organism which causes the orderly and vinous fermentation. All red wines, especially the finest of the Côte d'Or, are subject to this disease, which makes them bitter and unfit to drink. White wines, on the contrary, are exempt from this, but are subject to another disease called *maladie de la graisse*, they, too, become turbid; but where the red are bitter, these are flat, insipid, and viscous. This *maladie de la graisse* is due to a filamentous organism like that which makes red wine spurt; but the two differ in structure and physiological action. The remedy in either case is to kill the organism by heat. One minute's heating at the proper temperature is enough to preserve the wine from all the diseases caused by fermentation. This heating in no wise affects the most delicate bouquet of the most delicate vintages; and, though experts at first professed to detect a shade of difference in the flavor between the heated and the unheated wines, when they had detected a like shade between two glasses poured out of the same bottle they confessed their defeat; and Pasteur's remedy by calorification was justified.

We all know the importance of the silkworm industry to France. In 1849, after an exceptionally good year, a disease like an epidemic fell on the silkworm nurseries. This disease had different times of manifestation. Either the eggs were altogether sterile, or the worms died soon after they were hatched, or else their first, intermediate, or last moltings were failures, after a perfectly satisfactory hatching. They were attacked indiscriminately in every phase of their existence. The silkworms did not eat; and eating is the whole life of the silkworm till it becomes a chrysalis. So far from that vigorous and voracious "munching which sounds like rain falling on thick bushes," the worms turned away from their leaves as sick children refuse their food. The invalids were smaller than the others, had a shining appearance and a blackish tint; and if they did not die before the first molting and went on even to the fourth, they did not then turn white as they should, but retained a rusty tint. "Spots appeared on their bodies, black bruises irregularly scattered over the head, the wings, the false feet and the spurs." They died by hundreds; and the silkworm industry was seriously threatened and harmed. 1850 and 1851 were bad years; and then fresh eggs were brought from abroad, which gave to 1853 an exceptionally fine crop. In 1854, when the new eggs had become moths and the moths had laid their eggs in the infected nurseries, things were as bad as ever. Spain and Italy also suffered, and all the new eggs brought from the as yet healthy districts in Europe became infected in the same way. The disease followed the trade in eggs. In 1864 the whole of the silkworm establishments in Europe were attacked, and in the extreme East only Japan was free from disease. No remedies were of the least use. Flowers of sulphur, cinders, soot, spread over the worms and mulberry-leaves; gaseous fumigations of chlorine, tar, sulphuric acid; not even treating the worms with wine, rum, absinthe—the absinthe to be followed by creosote and nitrate of silver—none of all those prophylactics had more effect than the cabalistic words, written on a piece of paper and washed off into a glass of water, used to have against fever or ague. The epidemic continued; the worms died; and the silkworm industry was at the lowest possible ebb. Then M. Pasteur was persuaded to leave his ferments and apply himself to a scientific investigation of the silkworm disease.

On the 6th of June, 1865, he started for Alais; and by the evening of the same day he had detected microscopic corpuscles in the bodies of the infected eggs, worms and moths. Other men of science had also detected these corpuscles. In a memoir to the Academy of Sciences, M. de Quatrefages stated that two Italian naturalists,

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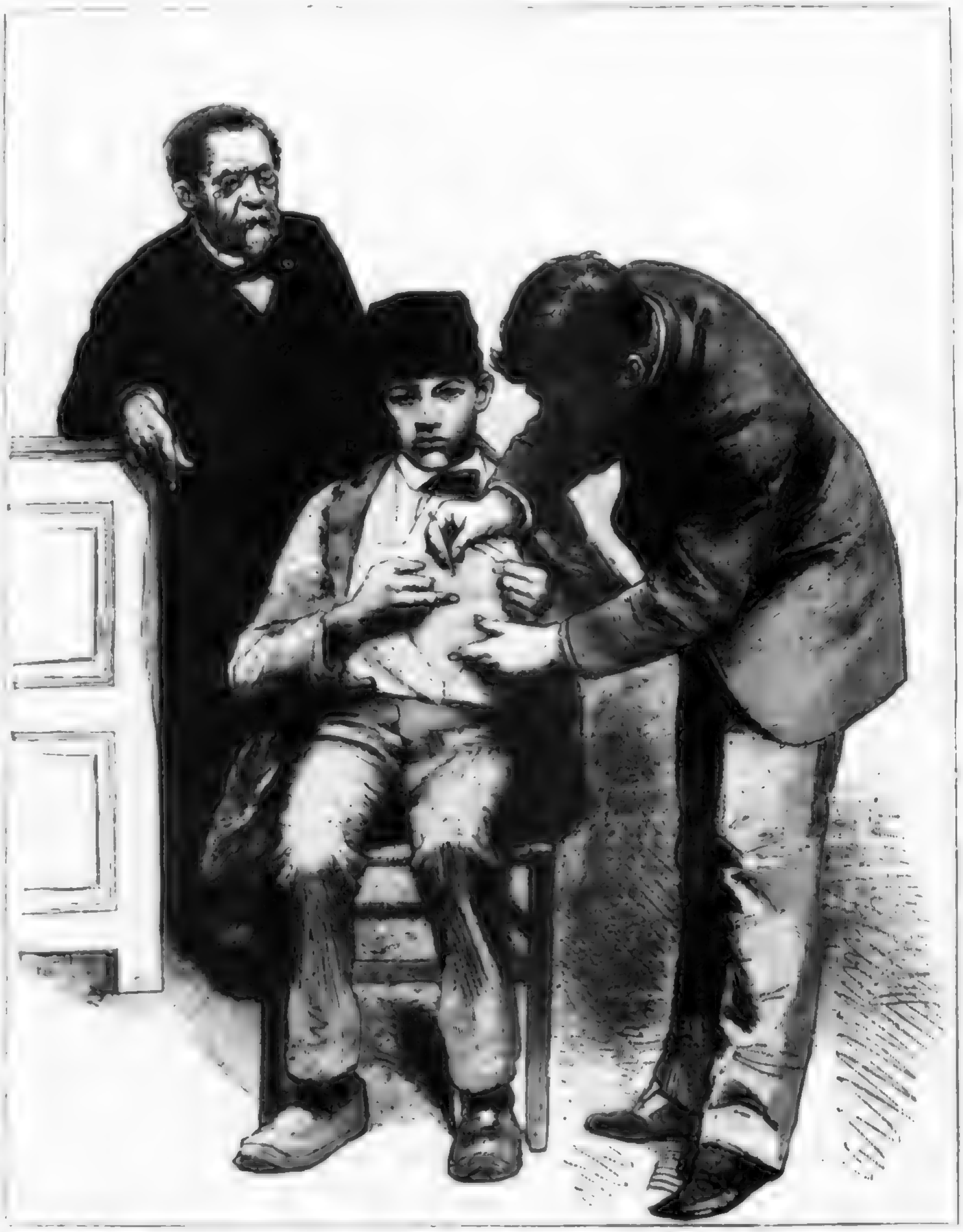
Filippi and Cornalia, had discovered them; that Lebert had said they might always be found in diseased worms; that Dr. Osimo had even detected them in the eggs, and that Dr. Vittadini had proposed to examine all eggs with the microscope so as to secure a sound batch. But, as with the budding of the yeast-plant, these clews were not followed to the end; and Quatrefages mentioned these things only slightly, cursorily, as perhaps not wholly accurate, certainly not essentially important. When Pasteur took the thing in hand, the presence of these corpuscles was the point of his investigation, and their detection the certitude of his theory. If microscopic organisms were the cause of fermentation and putrefaction, why not of disease? The unity with diversity, the harmony with variation, which obtains throughout nature, made the hypothesis at the least likely, and formed a stout foothold whereon to stand for the moment and whence to advance hereafter.

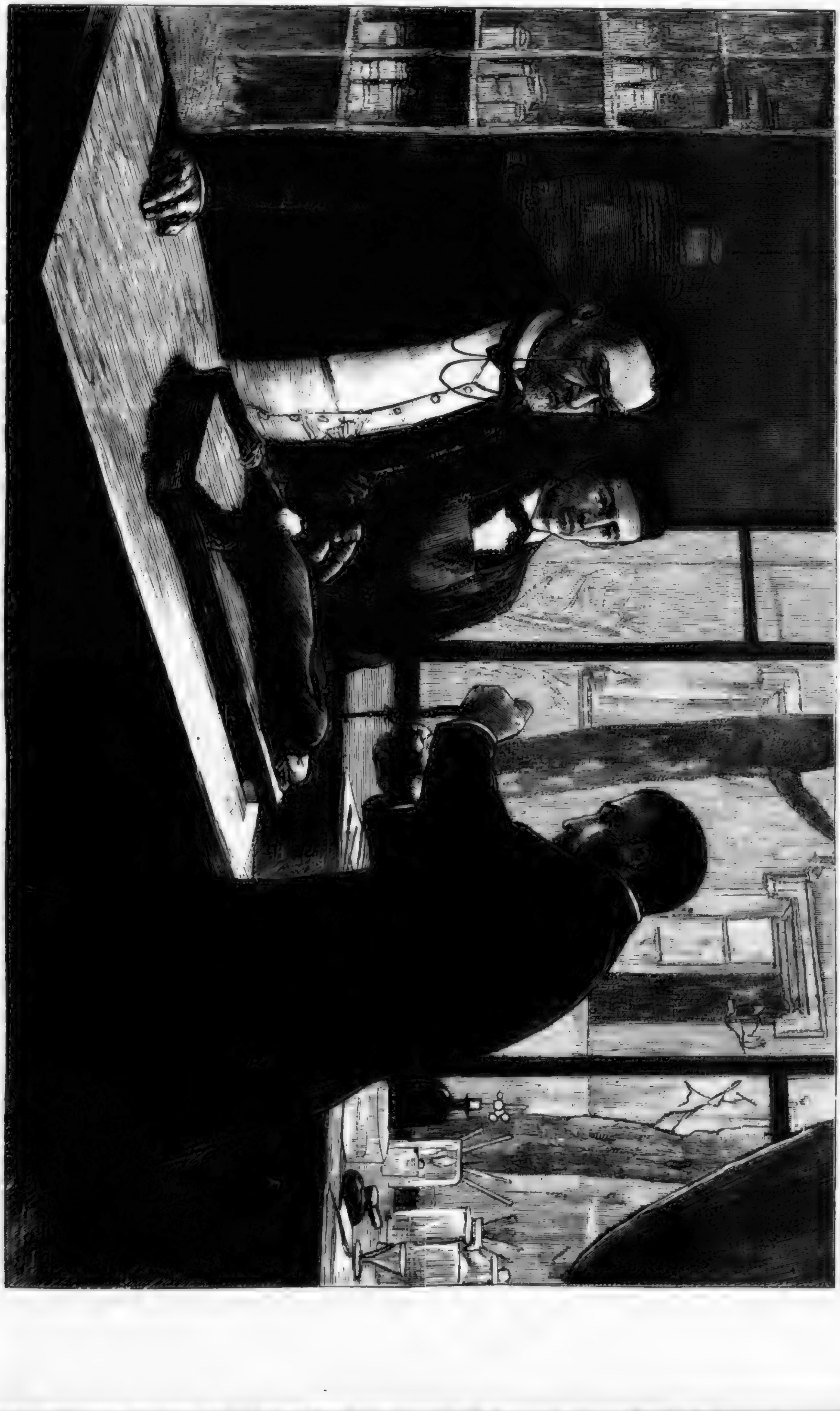


HYDROPHOBIA INOCULATION IN THE LABORATORY OF DR. PASTEUR.

Pasteur began his work by separating the healthy from the unhealthy, that is, the non-corpusculous from the corpusculous moths and eggs, and waited until the coming year for the result. Objections from all sides were showered on his methods as well as on his theory. Some said these corpuscles were inherent in all old moths; others that they were the simple results of starvation; and one experimentalist, Dr. Gaetano Cantoni, said that he had already tried cultivation with eggs free from corpuscles, and had failed. Cornalia said: "Your selected eggs will produce healthy worms; but these worms will become sickly through the influence of the epidemic demon which reigns everywhere"—all of these men, physicists as they were, preferring to believe in a viewless, mysterious influence, like the mediæval demon of the plague, rather than make sure of tangible causes.

Pasteur listened and held on. From like, like, he thought; from health, health; from disease, disease. Meanwhile, to prove that the disease was contagious—which also was denied in favor of that more mysterious epidemic influence—he fed certain healthy worms with leaves, over which he had lightly brushed the infected matter of corpusculous worms. On the twelfth day all the worms so fed were covered with spots about the head and rings; and the intestinal canal was full of corpuscles, which impeded the digestion and assimilation of food. Hence the smaller size of the sick worm. After the fourth molting the disease known as *pébrine* declared itself, communicated by the contagion of infected food. Those worms which lived long enough to spin their cocoons produced chrysalides which were nothing but a mass of corpusculous matter. Worms fed with leaves, brushed over with the matter of non-corpusculous worms, remained quite healthy. Hence one source of contagion was proved to exist in infected food—infected by the fouling of the corpusculous worms.

Also, the six fore feet of the worm, which have sharp hooks at the end, prick into the skin as they crawl over each other. When a healthy worm crawls over the body of one which is diseased, these hooks go down into the corpusculous matter and carry it by inoculation to another. This Pasteur proved by repeated experiments. *Pébrine*, then, is contagious through inoculation while the corpusculous matter is fresh. When thoroughly desiccated this matter loses its virulence; so that the dust, etc., which is so deadly one year, is harmless the next when thoroughly dry. But *pébrine* is transmitted by heredity. Corpusculous moths lay corpusculous eggs; and these, again, hand on the malady to the next generation of moths, if they survive into two generations. In



PASTEUR EXPERIMENTING ON A CHLOROFORMED RABBIT.

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any case the sickly worms infect the healthy, until the whole nursery is empty. He who would have good harvests must look to his seed-corn; and in the eggs of the silkworm lie the success or the failure of the cocoons. Hence the absolute necessity of securing healthy eggs from healthy moths as the starting-point of amelioration. After this come the remedies of isolation and the mechanical prevention of contagion.

Hitherto Pasteur had dealt with only the one disease of *pébrine;* now he discovered the cause of another, *flacherie*, where the worms have no spots and are not corpusculous, but are soft and flabby, "like empty, crumpled intestine," turning black when they die, and putrefying with extraordinary rapidity. If mulberry leaves are crushed in a mortar and mixed with a little water, in twenty-four hours the liquid will be found swarming with microscopic organisms. Some are motionless, joined end to end like strings of beads, others are active, flexible, and with the sinuous movement belonging to the vibrios found in nearly all decomposing organic infusions. These organisms evidently exist as dust on the surface of the leaf, etc. Strong worms digest them with the leaf itself; in the weakly, where the digestion is feeble, they multiply in the intestinal canal and produce *flacherie*.

Flacherie is contagious, like *pébrine*, and the virus has a longer vitality. Where the contagion of *pébrine* is destroyed by desiccation that of *flacherie* lives in a state of suspended animation, and can be brought to life again after any length of time by water. "The dust of a silkworm nursery infected by *flacherie* appears under the microscope quite full of cysts or spores of vibrios. Hence, healthy worms given leaves whereon has fallen the dry dust of a nursery which had been infected the year before with *flacherie* and *pébrine*, reproduce the former and not the latter. *Flacherie* is not directly transmitted like *pébrine;* but it is hereditary, in the sense that the eggs laid by moths already weakened by the disease produce worms in themselves weaker than the rest, and predisposed to take the disease. The parasite is not in the body, but it is preserved in the dust of the nursery, and the weakly worm falls its prey. The remedies for each disease are strict isolation, and the destruction of all unsound moths and eggs; distinguishing by the microscope the corpusculous from the non-corpusculous, and burning moths, eggs, cloths, and every vestige of material connected with these last; the strictest cleanliness; and paying real "Chinese" attention to temperature, nicety of handling, food, etc. By the careful use of the microscope and consequent destruction of all unhealthy moths and their eggs, and by following out his system based on the theory of contagion and infection, Pasteur has restored to France one of her most important industries.

The personal result of this marvelous devotion to hard work in the silkworm nurseries was an attack of paralysis, which, at the age of forty-five, struck him down in the full swing of his success. After two years of helplessness, however, he was once more "his own man," and went back to work—plunging now into the diseases of beer.

Beer is more liable to disease than is wine; and while old wine is a welcome fact, old beer does not exist. "Less acid and less alcoholic than wine, beer is more laden with gummy and saccharine matters, which expose it to rapid changes," and "is easily attacked by injurious ferments—acetic, lactic, butyric." The fermentation caused by the yeast-plant is a different thing from that caused by these other organisms, which make beer "sharp, sourish, turned, ropy, putrid." The remedy is the same as that in wine—heating newly-bottled beer up to a temperature of 50° or 55° Centigrade. This heating destroys neither the secondary fermentation nor the carbonic acid needful for good beer, and is now largely adopted in Europe and America. This system is called "Pasteurization"; and the beer, "Pasteurized beer." A still greater problem was, how to preserve beer in casks, where it could not be heated for a second time without driving off its carbonic acid. This is now done by an apparatus which insures perfectly pure air, free from germs of any kind, at the time of the cooling of the wort, when all the germs within the liquid have been destroyed by boiling, and only those of the atmosphere remain. This method has been proved so successful that at the Amsterdam Exhibition were shown bottles half full of absolutely sound and pure beer, which had been tapped from the time of the opening of the exhibition.

Pasteur was now entering on the latest phase of his life's work—the study of virulent diseases, their cause and method of propagation. From molecular physics to ferments, from ferments to the silkworm diseases, and from them to the diseases of animals and man, was a line of action as logically sequential as is the path of all true science. It was an example of evolution in work of singular force and value.

"When Pasteur, in 1856, began his labors on these subjects, the ideas of Liebig were everywhere received. Like the ferments, so the viruses and processes of disease were considered as the results of atomic motions, proper to substances in course of molecular change, and able to communicate themselves to the divers constituents of the living body." Before this time Pasteur had proved the presence of a fungus in certain diseased conditions of the human body, and had recommended injections and washings with boracic acid as an antiseptic. On this hint M. Guyon acted in France; and on this method, independently reached, Sir Joseph Lister, in England, has effected the most important revolution known to modern surgery. If there were no truth in germs and organisms, and atomic motion and molecular change were the causes of diseases, an antiseptic, the function of which is to destroy microscopic organisms, would scarcely seem to be of much practical good. The sequel, however, proved the case.

Pasteur took up splenic fever, anthrax, or *charbon* as his first study. No disease is so fatal to flocks and herds as is this. In Russia it is called the Siberian plague; in Egypt it dates from the "grievous murrain," which was one of the ten plagues sent by the Lord through Moses on the innocent subjects of Pharaoh. Splenic fever, called by different names, was supposed to be a different disease, as it attacked sheep, cows, horses, or men. In sheep it was called *sang de rate;* in cows, *maladie du sang;* in horses, *fièvre charbonneuse;* in man, *pustule maligne*. Yet it had been found communicable by inoculation from sheep to other sheep, to cows, to horses, to rabbits; interchangeably, from horses to other horses and to sheep; from cows to sheep, horses, and rabbits; and from all these animals to man. Certain flies, too, carry the virus; and after they have sucked the blood of an animal dead of this disease, inoculate those which they sting. Again a clew given had not been followed. Thirteen years ago, M. Davaigne had found in the blood of the creature attacked with splenic fever "little thread-like bodies about twice the length of a blood corpuscle," which had no spontaneous motion. Now the researches of Pasteur on the ferments, and specially on the filamentous butyric ferment, turned M. Davaigne's attention again to these organisms, which he found in infected blood transmitted by inoculation. These filiform bodies reproduce themselves by fission of the living body, and by bright corpuscles and spores, as do the filaments of the butyric ferment, and all the filaments of putrefaction. Pasteur isolated this microbe of splenic fever, this *Bacillus anthracis*, as he had isolated the butyric ferment; cultivated it in a state of purity in artificial liquids, and proved its inoculating power, free from all suspicion of external agents.* "It is, then, the bacteria which cause splenic fever."

A difficulty arose in the inoculation of some rabbits with splenic virus. The first died rapidly, their blood swarming with the bacillus; other rabbits inoculated with the blood of these also died, but their blood was free from this organism. Here was a *crux*, one of those contradictions which seem to stultify experiment and disprove conclusion. Before this, Pasteur had shown that the healthy animal body with a whole skin is sealed against the introduction of certain lower organisms. All the internal organs in a normal state of health are absolutely free from germs or particles which can be transformed into bacteria, vibrios, monads, or microbes. But in the stomach are aérobic, and in the intestinal canal anaérobic, germs and living products in every state of development and physiological action. The vitality of the mucous lining keeps back these anaérobies from penetrating into the interior of the body. After death this vital action of repulsion ceases, and then the anéarobic vibrios rush into all parts of the body and begin their work of putrefaction and destruction. They swarm into the blood directly this ceases to be oxygenated. And in deaths by splenic fever this soon occurs, as part of the oxygen has already been taken up by the aérobic *Bacillus anthracis.* The septic vibrio is the most active of all anaérobies; for it must always be remembered that there are many, not one. In twelve or fifteen hours the blood of a diseased animal, which at the time of its death contained exclusively the parasite of splenic fever, has both this and the septic vibrio. Without oxygen the bacillus perishes, leaving only amorphous granulations, deprived of all virulence; the septic vibrio, on the contrary, flourishes in the deoxygenated body and putrefies its food. If an animal is inoculated with the blood taken from one dead of splenic fever soon after death, the blood communicates splenic fever only. If after a certain number of hours, it communicates at one and the same time splenic fever and septicæmia. This last is the quickest in action, and kills the patient before splenic fever has had time to declare itself. It was septicæmia, then, which had killed the rabbits. The splenic bacteria which were searched for were not found, and the spores of the septic vibrios were overlooked. The two germs are cultivated differently. The bacillus of splenic fever needs oxygen; the septic vibrio, which oxygen would kill, has to be bred in a vacuum. Hence the two kinds can be cultivated for purposes of inoculation at will.

In the blood of a woman who had died of puerperal fever were found transparent filaments, simple or jointed, motionless, straight or bent, which a certain doctor said belonged to the genus Leptothrix. "No," said Pasteur; "your leptothrix is the *Bacillus anthracis*, the bacillus of splenic fever." Inoculation of rabbits proved that he was right; and on inquiry it was found that the woman had lived over stables.

Blood or serum full of septic vibrios, and exposed to the air, presents a curious phenomenon. The first layer or *couche* of vibrios dies by contact with the oxygen of the air. Beneath this *couche*, by which they are protected, the others multiply, until their individual life, too, comes to its terms, when they pass into spores or germs which are not affected by oxygen, but are taken up as dust and carried about by the air—forming a fatal deposit on the food of some weakly animal whose vitality is not strong enough to resist their deadly action. Putrid diseases, then, are communicated by the air carrying about, in a state of latent vitality, the spores of organisms which cannot live in the air. This, again, is another instance of the close connection and interchangeable variations of nature. Thus among the microbes of special diseases are to be found aérobies like the bacilli of splenic fever, and anaérobies like the vibrios of acute septicæmia; both existing at the same time in the same body, and proving the parasitic origin of diseases.

Temperature plays an important part in parasitic diseases. Thus, splenic fever does not attack poultry, because of the high temperature of their blood. An infinitesimal quantity would kill an ox, and a large dose would not inconvenience a chicken. To prove this, Pasteur put the feet of a hen in cold water, thus lowering her temperature from the normal 41–42 to 37–38. He then inoculated her with the splenic virus. She died, and her blood was found swarming with splenic vibrios. Another, the temperature of which he also lowered in the same way, and then inoculated, recovered, because he brought back her normal warmth by wrapping her in cotton wool. By these and other like experiments he proved that *Bacillus anthracis* cannot live in a temperature of 44° Centigrade. Cold also arrests the development of all germs; and the practical bearing to us is the advisability of lowering the temperature of the body in typhoid and other fevers.

With the micrococci of fowl cholera he was no less successful. He proved their harmlessness to the guinea-pig, where they often appear in abscesses, but their certain death to fowls and rabbits, which the guinea-pig inoculates. Pasteur cultivated this microbe till he attenuated its virulence, and was then able to inoculate poultry against fowl cholera, as we are protected against smallpox. It is a true virus, a true vaccine, weakened at will, and in its weakened state capable of preserving the body from the disease.

From this Pasteur passed back to the consideration of splenic fever, and on to the cultivation of the splenic bacillus, though he was met by the apparently insurmountable difficulty of the dust of spores, which retain their vitality for years, needing only moisture and the fitting nidus to develop into virulent life once more. Under its filamentous form the microbe of splenic fever is like that of fowl cholera, and cultivable to the same extent. The question, however, was how to prevent the production of the spores. He succeeded, finding the splenic microbe non-cultivable at 44 – 45 degrees, but easily cultivated at 42 – 43, *when it produces no spores.* At the latter temperature, then, and in contact with pure air, the filamentous parasites of splenic fever can be cultivated, but the cultivation maintained, deprived of all germs. Thus a vaccine was found from which all things were hoped.

On the 5th of May, 1881, at Melun, Pasteur inoculated with fresh splenic virus certain animals, vaccinated and not vaccinated. All the non-vaccinated sheep died, and the cows were very ill with enormous swellings behind the shoulder, at the point of inoculation, in high fever,

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* Dr. Koch, of Berlin, by his researches published in 1876, anticipated Pasteur in the study of this organism, and was the first to give a correct account of its life-history and its relation to the splenic disease of cattle.

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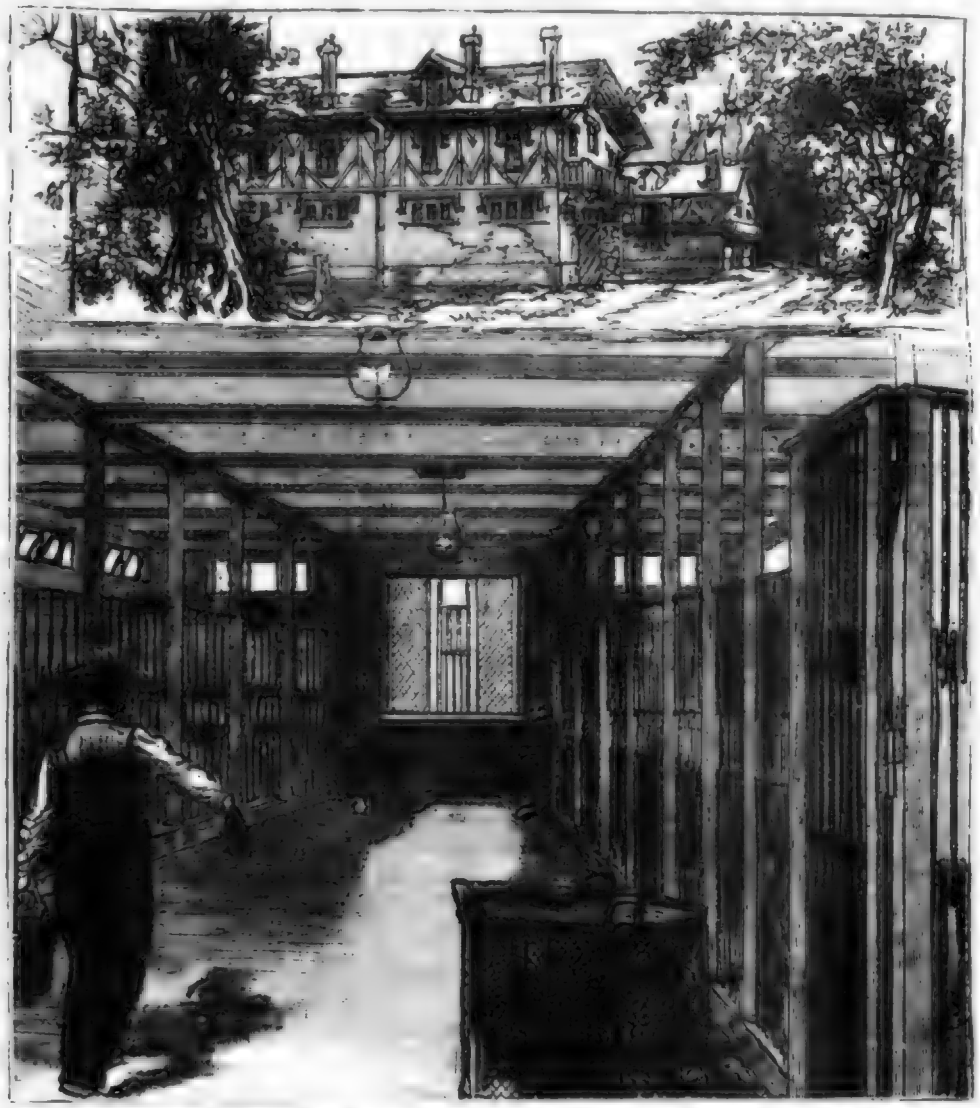


PASTEUR'S SUPPLEMENTARY LABORATORY AT VILLENEUVE-L'ÉTANG, NEAR PARIS.

and unable to eat. The vaccinated sheep were perfectly well, and "en pleine gaieté." The vaccinated cows were eating as usual, and had neither fever nor tumor. This experiment was considered decisive; and since then vaccination against splenic fever has been largely adopted in France, the result being a striking diminution of mortality among the vaccinated as against the non-vaccinated. In sheep the numbers are 1 in 740 against 1 in 78; in cows and oxen 1 in 1,254 against 1 in 88.

The cause of splenic fever was supposed by M. Delafond to be due to the over-richness of the blood. Pasteur showed that it is propagated by material conditions of contagion, and especially by food. The fields where splenic animals have been pastured or buried are true splenic-fever breeding-grounds. The germs in the dead body get mixed with the soil, and the worms bring this deeper infected soil to the surface, where the rain and the dew reawaken the vitality of the spores, and so pass on the disease to the next comers. Pasteur advocates the burying of infected animals in a dry, sandy, non-arable soil; but surely no argument in favor of cremation can be so strong as this revelation which he has made of the changeable conditions and persistent vitality of the spores, which are the future vibrios.

The value of Pasteur's discoveries and applications of principles can scarcely be exaggerated. To his own country they have already more than sufficed, as Huxley says, "to cover the war indemnity of ninety-five milliards of francs paid by France to Germany." To the world at large they represent an incalculable saving of property, mitigation of suffering, and prolongation of life, not to speak of the priceless possession of Truth. He is now sixty-two years of age, in full mental activity and energy, and deep in experiments on hydrophobia, made with chloroformed dogs. By these experiments he has proved that hydrophobia is essentially a disease of the brain, specially active in the medulla oblongata, that most delicate, highly vitalized, and important part of all; that the spinal marrow along its whole length, and the nerves throughout their whole system, may be as rabid as the saliva, once thought to be the seat of the disease; and that rabies has a microbe of its own, like every other disease hitherto investigated. After incredible pains and labor he has succeeded in isolating (though not seeing) this rabic microbe, and in cultivating it to a state of purity and attenuation fit for vaccination. The power of vaccination to protect dogs from hydrophobia was conclusively proved in the experiments made before the commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction to inquire into the matter; when out of nineteen unvaccinated dogs only five lived, and of twenty-three vaccinated, not one died after inoculation by the terribly virulent poison of rabies.

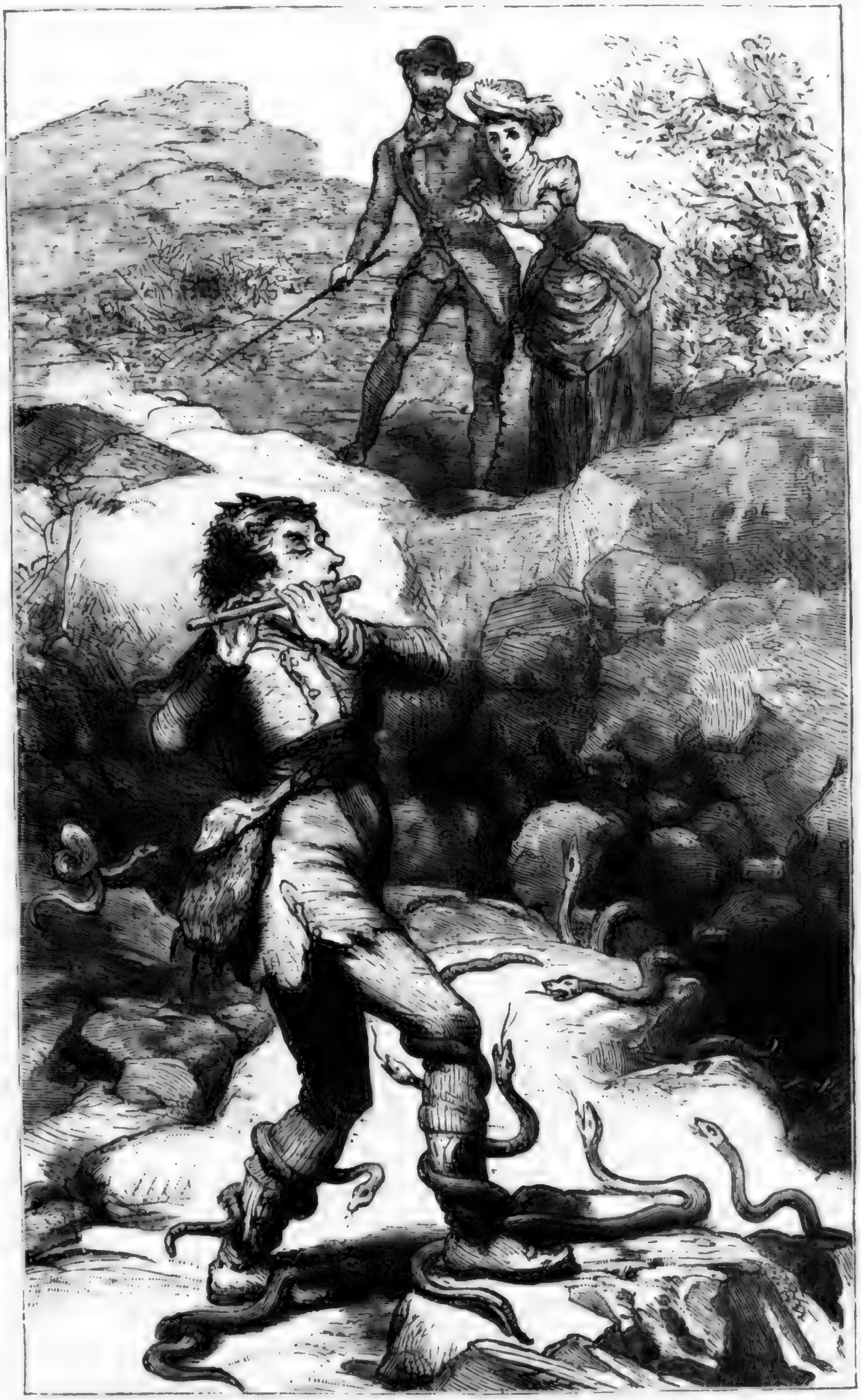
"Never before during the long period of its history did a day like the present dawn upon the science and art of medicine," says Professor Tyndall in his preface to the book we have been considering. "Indeed, previous to the discoveries of recent times, medicine was not a science, but a collection of empirical rules dependent for their interpretation and application upon the sagacity of the physician. How does England stand in relation to the great work now going on around her? She is, and must be, behindhand. Scientific chauvinism is not beautiful in my eyes. Still, one can scarcely see, without deprecation and protest, the English investigator handicapped in so great a race by short-sighted and mischievous legislation. A great scientific theory has never been accepted without opposition. The theory of gravitation, the theory of undulation, the theory of evolution, the dynamical theory of heat—all had to push their way through conflict to victory. And so it has been with the germ theory of communicable diseases."

We do not yet see the end of this wonderful man's labors. Disease first mitigated and finally stamped out; industries revived and prosperity insured; true knowledge of actual causes instead of illusory reasoning on empirical hypotheses; the scientific method adopted in every branch of medical practice; the abandonment of speculative error and the acceptance of actual truth, are among the working results of that grand bit of human mechanism—Louis Pasteur's brain. By his labors we see even more clearly the universality of organic life—a truer "materialization" than is to be found in the dreams of mystics or the visions of ecstatics; and by his investigations the chain which binds all nature into one interdependent and interacting whole becomes even more visible in its links and more solid in its clasp. Instead of impalpable forces acting by chemical combinations and molecular changes as occult as the alchemist's transmutation of metals, we have tangible matter, the form of which we can see, and the *modus operandi* of which we can trace. Instead of the Hand of God and the ghostly mystery of superhuman and viewless Influences, as the causes of disease, we have organisms with which we can deal and over which we have absolute power. Instead of dry destruction, we have life—at once the parent and the product of death. Life lies about us everywhere, unseen, unheard, but as potent and as active as the cosmic forces which have formed and now maintain the equilibrium of the spheres. The infinitely little is the infinitely mighty; and that which we call death is but the release of energies and the multiplication of activities whereby the unit is disintegrated into countless millions of organisms. When we weary of the sterile things of the world, we have always the rich and fertile fields of science for our rest and refreshment. When we are harassed and disturbed, perplexed and dismayed by the multiplicity of groundless faiths and baseless beliefs pressed on our acceptance, we have always such as Pasteur has proved to make us feel more on solid ground what is—is—and where that phantasmal disarray set forth by the lovers and makers of miracles has no place.

OLD LEATHERS.

WHILE a member of a traveling company I visited Selma, where I made several friends. Among others, the family of Deacon Clay, which consisted of one strapping girl and three stalwart sons, all about (or over) six feet in height. The eldest and most stalwart of these three was named Saul, and it was he who, in the forenoons during the first three days of our stay at Selma, showed me the "lions" of the place, the waterfall, the sawmill, and the "Maiden's Leap"—for Selma, like other places, had its romantic traditions. On the fourth, as I, like Oliver, "asked for more," he proposed to take me on a visit to "Old Leathers." I consented, and on our way to this curious personage's abode he gave me some information about him.

Old Leathers, it appeared, was a harmless lunatic, who lived on odd jobs and the charity of the neighboring farmers. His particular weakness was a friendship for snakes in general, and rattlesnakes in particular. To



OLD LEATHERS SHOWING HIS PETS.

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avoid the danger of being bitten by these reptiles, he invariably wore a suit of soft leather, boots, jerkin, and all—hence his cognomen.

We started from the town in one of those boxes upon wheels which are dignified in the West by the name of "wagons"; and after a jolting drive of several miles, arrived at a glen between two "bluffs." At the top of this Saul fastened the horses, and led me carefully down the narrow path which wound its way to the bottom of the little valley. It was bestrewn with masses of rock of all sizes and shapes, three or four of which, thrown together by some convulsion of nature, formed a sort of cave between them. Pausing some twenty feet above this, Saul hallooed, and a figure, which I saw at once must be "Old Leathers," appeared in answer to the summons, like a demon through a trap in a pantomime.

The old man was eccentrically clad in the suit of leather in which I had been prepared to see him attired, and the skin of a raccoon with the tail hanging gracefully behind, formed a characteristic covering for his gray head. His features were deeply marked with age and a hard frontier life, but had an appearance of haleness and health only seen in those habituated to an open-air existence.

"Here's a young lady come all the way from New York to see you," said Saul, with pardonable exaggeration. Old Leathers took off his cap, and bowed with the air of a polished courtier. "Can't you show her your pets?"

"Why, yes," said the old man. "But you must not be frightened," he continued, with a genial smile. "It's not every one that fancies 'em. Keep quiet and I will bring them out."

Though considerably nervous, I concealed a cowardice which I felt that Saul would have despised, and was silent, while the old man took a flute from his pocket, and began to play one of those "Christy Minstrel" airs which are so popular in the United States.

Then I saw a sight which astonished me. From under each of the numerous blocks of stone which were scattered around came a snake. "Copperheads," spotted with copper-colored splotches not only on the head, but all over the body; "garter-snakes," gray and yellow-green, were there; but the majority of the audience at Old Leathers's concert belonged to the species designated in natural history books as the "deadly" rattlesnake. They came forward and curled and wound themselves about Old Leathers's ankles, their heads gliding upward over his legs, moving as if in caress, and then falling to the ground, rising again to repeat the motion. The quaint figure of the old frontiersman; the grotesque contrast between the strains of "Mother, I am Dying Fast," and the general surroundings; the background of rocky cliffs and irregular rock-strewn grass, and the sight of the ever-moving, silent reptiles, whom my fancy and their constant, restless motion multiplied into thrice their number, had a strange effect upon my senses. Louder and longer sounded the soft notes of the flute; faster and faster coiled and uncoiled themselves the supple bodies of the snakes; till, at last, I felt a sort of mesmeric drowsiness coming over me, and had I gazed at this strange spectacle much longer, I believe, despite my horror of snakes in general, and "rattlers" in particular, I should have left the spot where I was standing and joined in a tarantula dance with Old Leathers's favorites.

But the music ceased, and almost before he had time to put up his instrument every snake had disappeared as suddenly as he had come. I pressed the old man to take a reward for his exhibition, but he courteously refused. "If you would like to *buy* one, miss," he said; "I sell many to menageries, and send some to England." Seeing my horror, he added "You would not be the first, miss. Only this morning——"

"Oh, no!" I interrupted him, in horror. Thanking him for his courtesy, we departed as we had come, but by what seemed an easier path.

A BROWN STUDY.

By E. Nesbit.

Let them sing of their primrose and cowslip,
Their daffodil-gold-colored hair,
Their blue-bells, blue eyes and white violets,
All the pale dreamy things they find fair;
Give me stir of brown leaves in the sunshine,
The whir of brown wings in the heat,
The rush of brown hares through the stubble,
And the light in brown eyes of my sweet!

Gold hair? Well—I never could love it,
Yet gold, I suppose, has its worth;
The head that I love is as dusky
As the breast of our mother, the earth.
With a gleam like the shine of wet seaweed,
Round pools that the tide has left clear,
And warm, like the breast of a linnet,
And as brown, is the hair of my dear.

From edge of the cliff we look downward
On the shore, and the bay, and the town,
And brown is the short turf we lean on,
The fishing-boats' sails are all brown;
The sky may be blue—that's the background,
But the picture itself, to be fair—
However it's shaded and varied—
Should be brown as the dress that you wear!

A lark bursts to sudden-sweet singing—
That tuft of brown grass is his home—
And now, a brown speck, he is rising
Against the clear, windy sky-dome;
And he sings How I know? Love instructs me
To know all his notes, what they mean—
That it isn't the color I care for
But yourself—O my gypsy, my Queen.

Ah! the lark knows my heart—I, his language:
It's my heart he sings out to the skies;
It is *you* that I love, and what matter
The color of hair or of eyes!
No doubt I should love you as dearly
Were your hair like an apricot's down;
And your eyes like the gray of the morning—
But I'm glad, all the same, that they're brown!

A GOLDEN LOCK.

By Margaret F. Aymar.

Chapter I.

A storm without—pitiless and blinding; within, warmth, elegance, and two women sitting by a blazing sea-coal fire; one, slight, wonderfully fair and pallid as a snowdrop; the other, dark and brilliant-eyed, a face full of luscious tints and suggestions; both dressed in deepest black; and cousins—Chauncey Strafford and Adele Delville.

"Chauncey, do not weep any more; come, you are weary; it is late, let us retire. Hark, a footstep!" exclaimed Adele, suddenly springing to her feet.

"The judge, of course," replies Chauncey, as a venerable gentleman enters the room and greets them both, warmly.

"Going to retire, my children? That is right. This has been a weary day for you, and to-morrow is likely to be wearier."

The old man raises his eyes as he thinks of the lifeless form of his old partner lying in the apartment above, awaiting its burial.

The cousins bid him "Good-night," and together ascend the grand staircase leading up directly from the library.

As they reach the landing, Chauncey, somewhat in the rear, hears the judge's voice, in a tremulous whisper, uttering her name. She pauses for a moment and listens.

"Hush! be quiet, my child! Come to me at midnight or later, whenever Adele and your maid are asleep—in the library—do not fail! I have something of terrible importance to communicate to you!"

Judge Asheton turns abruptly back into the room he has quitted, while Chauncey Strafford darts by the closed portal of her dead uncle's chamber like some chilled and horrified spirit. She thinks she hears a soft sound, as of the brush and sweep of a woman's garments before her, but in the darkness can distinguish nothing, and when she reaches her room, which communicates with Adele's, she finds her cousin on her knees.

It is already twenty minutes to twelve; Chauncey has made a feint of undressing herself, dismissing her bright-eyed little maid, as she frequently did long before she was really ready to retire.

Chauncey starts down-stairs. She does not lift her eyes or look back to see the dark-robed figure with the brilliant eyes that follows her every step, and only pauses as she turns and enters the library; then, but for an instant, it walks quickly along the hall, gaining the conservatory, and thence having command of the room where Judge Asheton sits bending wearily and anxiously over a pile of documents. He rises hastily and puts his arm about her.

"From the outset, Chauncey, I do not wish to influence you; but tell me, have you no love for Henri de Valence!"

At the mention of this name the eyes of the dark shadow, lurking in the conservatory window, burn with a sudden, sharp brilliance.

"None," cries the girl, sternly, under her breath. "I despise and abhor him!"

"Chauncey, you know your dead uncle's hope, his dream—his command, almost—that you should marry Henri de Valence, the child of the woman he once loved, the child of the man whom he considered as his best and warmest friend after my unworthy self."

"I know it all," she answers, haughtily, "and if it is to urge Mr. De Valence's suit upon me that you have summoned me to this most extraordinary rendezvous, judge, you have but lost your time. Let me bid you good-night."

"No, no; a thousand times no, Chauncey. I never fancied him, but I would spare you if I could. I cannot listen to this. Your uncle's will leaves the bulk of his enormous estate to you—everything except a small annual allowance to Adele Delville, and legacies to his two faithful old servants, David Flynn and Anne, his wife."

Chauncey's eyes fill with tears, but the eyes of the watcher and spy sparkle with rage and excitement.

"But,"—Judge Asheton makes a painful pause—"Chauncey, there is a codicil to this will, in which he leaves all to you if you will marry within forty-eight hours after his death; otherwise, every penny goes to Adele Delville. Oh, Chauncey, my poor little girl, do you not see that John Strafford intended you to marry Henri de Valence, or else that you should be turned out into the streets an outcast and a beggar?"

"Does the paper say 'Henri de Valence'?" the girl asks, in a harsh, strained voice.

"No, no, child; no name is mentioned, but of course he meant De Valence. He told me so. I, who drew up the will and the codicil, I, Chauncey, know its meaning. Moreover, should you marry again, the testament sets forth that the property reverts at once to Adele, so you see how emphatic my poor old friend was in this wretched matter."

"But I do not love him, and all my life I have sworn that I would not marry a man whom I did not love, and now do you think that I will do it for the sake of three millions of paltry gold dollars? No!"

"Is there any one that you do love?" asks the judge, eagerly. "Henry de Valence's name is not mentioned, so, Chauncey, if there is any one whom you care for, let me go for him at once, and you will be not only your uncle's heiress, but a happy wife. I am wrong, perhaps, in letting the spirit of the law take care of itself, but I have only to do with the letter of it. I am a lawyer to-night, child, as well as a friend."

"I love no one," she answers, quietly. "But, at the same time, my dear judge, if my uncle could be so cruel in intention to me, I can do what is in my power also."

There is a look of determination and strength in the pale, beautiful face, such as no human being ever saw in it before. The judge waits in breathless silence as he watches Chauncey glide from the room and up the broad staircase.

Chauncey presently returns, white and pallid as some avenging angel, stands for a moment, motionless as a statue, by the table in the middle of the floor.

"What is it?—what have you done, Chauncey, my child?" cries the judge, in alarm at he knows not what.

"I have done nothing, judge; it is only what I am going to do, and you, oh, you will not refuse to help me?" She clasps her two slender arms across his shoulders, and looks steadily into the old man's eyes. "I have sent David out into the streets to call in the first man he may meet, and I am going to marry him, be he pagan or Christian, lord or laborer, thief, assassin, what you will. My uncle said that in order to inherit the money he brought me up to look upon as mine, I should marry within forty-eight hours after his death! Well, and so I will. The beggar thus will confer upon me a true title to three millions, and can easily be bought for a few thousands. Do you see?" she cries, wildly. "Judge, do you see and understand? You will marry me to this man, David and Anne will be the witnesses, and they will be both true and silent. Ten thousand dollars—here they are in this cabinet, my uncle's last birthday gift to me—will purchase the oblivion of this wayfaring wretch, whoever he may be. You will not betray me, and Henri de Valence will be foiled in his base attempt to win a fortune, for I know that he alone was the instigator of that infamous codicil! My father's brother would never have had me sell my body and perjure my soul for a mess of pottage."

"But, Chauncey, this is madness, madness! You can never marry another, and, my child, you will inevitably love, one of these days. If you do, I must then do my duty and produce this codicil, which otherwise may rest unheard of, it is true, for ever."

"I shall never love," she answers, sadly. "Of course my *fiancé* must sign a paper to the effect that he will never molest, claim, or attempt to recognize me. It is so dark here that I cannot distinguish even your well-known

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features. Judge, *I am determined*—no power can shake me; and you will not refuse to save me from starvation, or from the more horrible fate of becoming the wife of Henri de Valence, which I would not do—no, not for thirty times three millions."

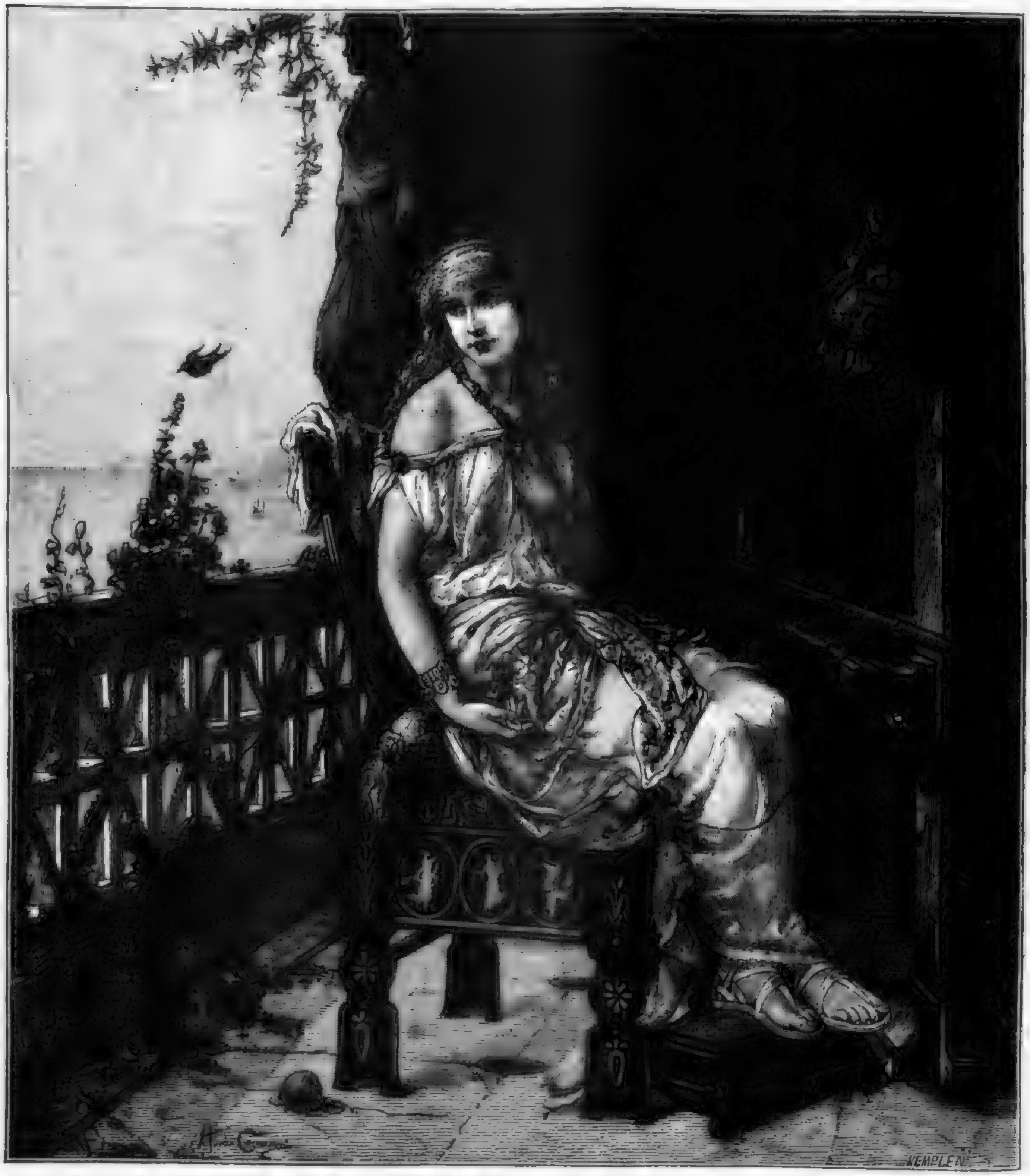
The outer door opens and closes, as by stealth, with a dull thud; the glowing eyes of the one who witnesses this remarkable scene from a coigne of vantage in the conservatory window flash with a cruel splendor, and the hot breath parting the scarlet lips comes in great gasps and pantingly.

David enters the library, followed by a tall figure, in a heavy ulster and a low, soft hat. The rain is dripping from his garments in rivulets into the rich Persian carpets, and the mud from his soiled boots has made ugly tracks over the spotless marble of the hall and the velvety softness of the rugs.

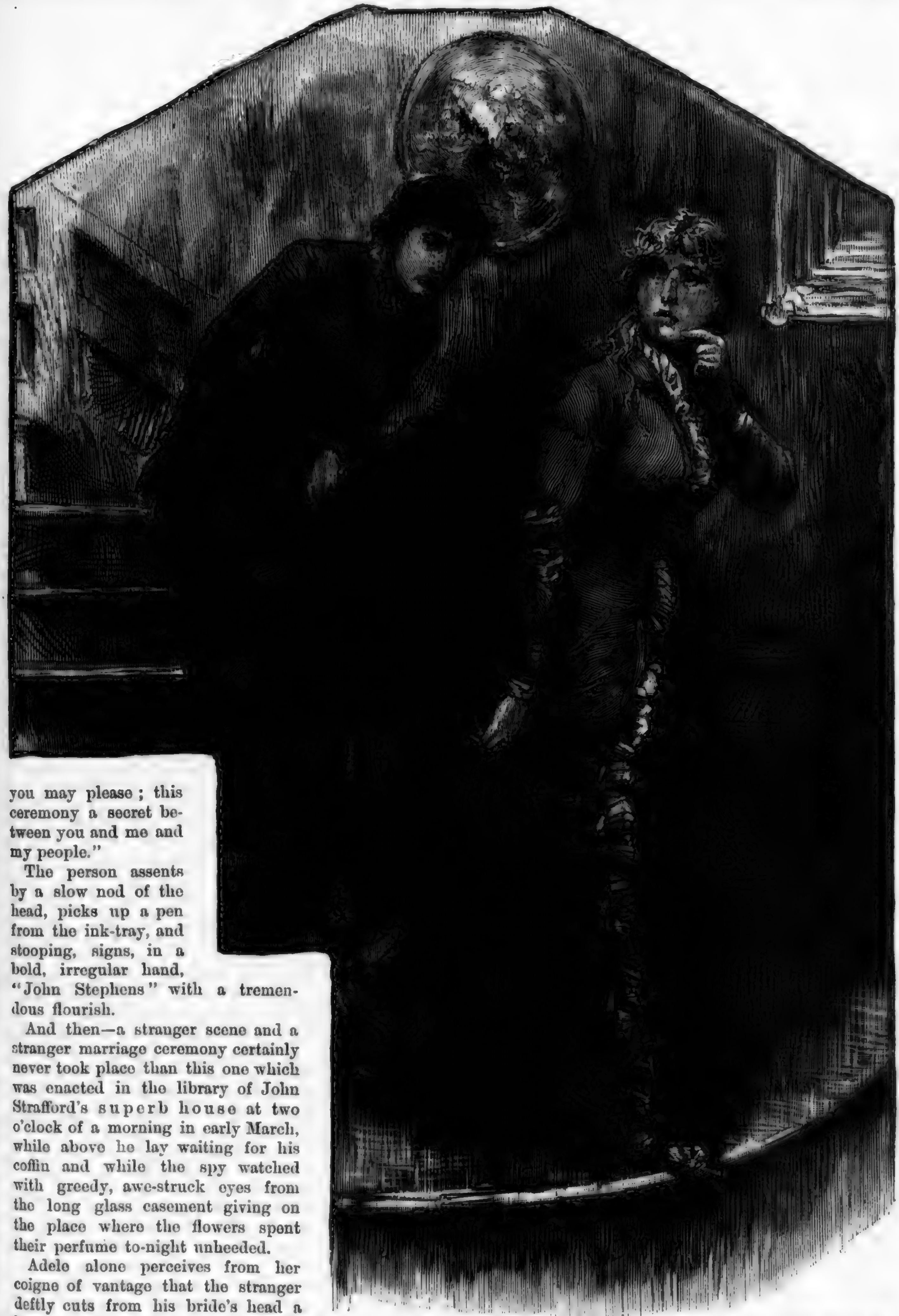
There is nothing to be seen, for the crushed hat is pulled low over the face, save a wet, brown beard, thick and tangled. Even the man's hands have sought awkward refuge in his pockets.

Chauncey walks up to the stranger and says, very quietly—there is no tremor or hesitation in the voice: "I wish to know, what my servant has already told you, if you will marry me and sign this paper?"

She hands him a sheet, whereon she has hastily inscribed the form of the oath—"to leave her for ever after in peace, unclaimed, unrecognized, in consideration of the sum of ten thousand dollars; asking no questions, leaving this house at once, free to go, to do whatever else



A CAPTIVE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EVA COOMANS.



A GOLDEN LOCK.—"CHAUNCEY STARTS DOWN-STAIRS; SHE DOES NOT LIFT HER EYES OR LOOK BACK TO SEE THE DARK-ROBED FIGURE THAT FOLLOWS HER."

you may please; this ceremony a secret between you and me and my people."

The person assents by a slow nod of the head, picks up a pen from the ink-tray, and stooping, signs, in a bold, irregular hand, "John Stephens" with a tremendous flourish.

And then—a stranger scene and a stranger marriage ceremony certainly never took place than this one which was enacted in the library of John Strafford's superb house at two o'clock of a morning in early March, while above he lay waiting for his coffin and while the spy watched with greedy, awe-struck eyes from the long glass casement giving on the place where the flowers spent their perfume to-night unheeded.

Adele alone perceives from her coigne of vantage that the stranger deftly cuts from his bride's head a long, soft tress of her fallen golden hair, reverently kisses it and hides it from sight. Long after Chauncey discovered her loss, and many a time did Adele playfully tease her about the "somebody" for whom she must have cut off one of her matchless golden locks. Such was Chauncey Strafford's wedding night.

Chapter II.

Six months had passed away. Adele, weary of retirement, pleaded for the gayeties of the villa at Newport.

It was in the midst of her pleading, one day, that David entered the boudoir and handed his mistress a card with rather a pretentious look about it, yet in good form, for the crest belonged rightfully to the name—"Henri de Valence."

"I will be down presently, David."

In a few moments Chauncey stood face to face with one, and the most persistent, of her many lovers.

It was the first time that she had consented to see De Valence for several weeks, and he considered himself especially fortunate when David conveyed to him Miss Strafford's message.

"Chauncey—Miss Chauncey, then—you are ill. You are looking terribly pale and thin. This protracted mourning"—the gay Frenchman, with his continental education, looks upon grief very much as Adele's foreign birth and foreign mother have taught her to do—"the air of the city in midsummer, are killing you by inches."

"Oh, I fancy not, Monsieur de Valence! And you? How goes the bright world of fashion? Who is married, and who is betrothed? And are you fresh from Saratoga, or *en route?*"

She laughs lightly as she asks her questions, but there is no answering mirth in De Valence's dark, handsome eyes.

"I know absolutely nothing of the fashionable world. I am neither from nor for Saratoga, Chauncey; since your beautiful face is seen no more in our old, gay haunts, I am never one of the throng. I live a hermit's life, an existence of solitude, peopled with but one image—yours; haunted by the remembrance of one lovely voice—your own. Chauncey, Chauncey, can I not, will you not show me how to prove to you the terrible love that I have for you! *Ma belle,* I cannot live without you. I come to you to-night to cast myself, my hope of heaven, my all, at your little feet. Let them not prove cruel and tread ruthlessly upon the heart that, for the twentieth time, implores so humbly for a little love, a little forbearance. Oh, Chauncey, as my wife you would be so happy! Every tear should be kissed, for ever away, every grief turned into joy!"

"Hush! hush!" she cries, springing from her seat and casting from her with scorn the white and handsome hand of the man who kneels before her.

"Henri de Valence, it cannot be! How many times do you wish to hear from my lips the same old response, 'I cannot love you'?"

"Again and again and again! I can wait years—listen to 'No' for a thousand times, so that in the end I hear you say to me 'Yes'!" he exclaims, catching at the hem of her robe.

"Then I must say the words that your persistence forces me to, in order to compel you to resign all hope or expectation of winning my heart. I not only do not love you, but I despise you, I loathe you, I do not wish you to come anywhere near me, or to breathe the air I breathe! Do you understand me now?" she asks, coldly and quietly.

"The language is certainly sufficiently emphatic," he replies, slowly rising from his kneeling posture, and regarding her with eyes still full of passionate admiration. Am I deformed? a thief? a murderer? worse than other men? Chauncey, why do you so hate me?"

There is an infinitude of pathos and tenderness in the softly modulated voice.

"Why?—why does one shiver at the approach of a snake, or tremble at the sight of a tiger?"

"And you compare me to these things, Chauncey Strafford, simply because I have dared to lift up my eyes and love, nay, worship, you?"

There is a dangerous, cold smile on his mouth, and his lips quiver as he speaks.

"I compare you to them, because I think that certain characteristics of theirs you share with them. Look back a little into your life, Monsieur de Valence, and see if the way is straight—if there are no crooked turns to the pleasant paths you have trod?"

"My conscience is clear," he responds, with easy grace.

"Will you leave me?" the girl cries at last, goaded beyond her strength.

"No! At least, supposing that I should decline to so far oblige you, what then?"

"'What then?'" she echoes, haughtily, straightening her beautiful figure to its full height. "I cannot conceive of such an impossibility; in any event, I will preclude it by informing you that when I marry"—how hollow and horrible the mere words sound in Chauncey Strafford's ears no living being ever can guess—"it will be because I believe the man loves me and not my money."

"Chauncey Strafford! By Heaven! no woman should say that to me but you, and not even you, without retaliation; there and there, and there!"

He catches her in his relentless arms and presses burning kisses upon her white, agonized face.

"At least I leave those kisses on your lips to remind you that I loved you!"

De Valence flings her from him and rushes from the room in a frenzy of passion and anger; returning for his gloves a moment later, he beholds Adele standing where he had last beheld her cousin.

"Why, Monsieur de Valence, it is an age since I saw you!" she exclaims, brightly, extending her hand in cordial welcome. "Does Chauncey—does my cousin know that you are here?"

"I have just parted from her, Miss Adele."

"Ah, then I will not detain you. After the rose, another flower!" she points to the cluster of violets at her throat with an arch and meaning smile. "Well, I am glad to have had a glimpse of you, but you are not looking well, Monsieur de Valence!" Adele lays her cool finger-tips lightly on his arm, and her voice with its very fascinating foreign accent is very *caressante.* "What has happened? Nothing dreadful, I trust?"

"Dreadful? Well," he answers, harshly, "Miss Adele, your cousin has scorned my heart and my hand for the last time. She has insulted and disgraced me! What am I saying? I do not know. I am mad, crazy!"

"I am sorry!" Adele shakes her pretty head in deep concern. "Can I not help you? Can I not say some words of comfort to you?"

"Ah, you have a kind heart!"

His hand touches hers, and a thrill of rapture runs through Adele Delville's veins, but his dark eyes are looking far beyond hers into the space that is only peopled for him with the vision of a fairer face framed in golden hair.

"I can feel for a friend," Adele murmurs, raising her great dark eyes to his.

"Are you are good and gentle, but what do you know of the bitterness of such words as I have listened to? It has been bad enough to be rejected courteously many times, but at the last, when I have laid my heart's best at a woman's feet, to be spurned, to be scorned—to be told that I am seeking the heiress rather than the woman, it is too much! Pray Heaven! Mademoiselle Adele, that you never are loved as I have loved, for such love sometimes turns to hate."

Henri de Valence's voice is sharp and almost venomous as he strides up and down the room.

Adele Delville's cheeks flush to a richer crimson as she echoes in a low, contemptuous tone the one word: "Heiress!"

"Yes. I put it to you, her cousin, her friend, the companion of her girlhood, can you blame me if in place of the passion I felt for Chauncey Strafford one hour ago, a singular hatred stirs through all my being? She has blasted my life. John Strafford told me that she should be my wife, and yet she repulses me with loathing."

Henri de Valence is remembering a certain evening not long before John Strafford's death, when the old man swore to him that the paper he held in his trembling hand at that moment would make Chauncey his wife, and Adele by a strange coincidence is recalling the reading of a certain codicil, and a wild wedding to which she was witness not so many months ago.

"Friend!" she repeats, curling her scarlet lip in derision.

"Is she not? What has Chauncey done to *you?*" cries Henri, excitedly.

For a moment Adele hesitates—only a moment—and then she decides to risk all, and strike out and see what fair or foul fortune has in store for such women as she—bold, unscrupulous, jealous—loving this man with all the strength of an ardent nature.

"Done to me?" she cries, in an anguished voice. "She has robbed me of my right, she has made of me almost a beggar in this house which should be mine, she has—— Listen, Monsieur de Valence, and then judge if cousin Chauncey Strafford can ever be aught than my my enemy and yours!"

In a low and stealthy whisper Adele recounts every circumstance and incident down to the most minute of that fatal night of early March. With cruel exactitude she omits not one jot, one syllable, one look or motion connected with the remarkable events of the evening preceding her uncle's funeral.

Henri de Valence listens—listens with a growing and terrible purpose—a fierce and dauntless design deepening on his handsome face.

She has finished, and one glance into that face tells Adele Delville that she has cast her chance upon a mere thread of hope, and that she has won.

"Adele," he says, grasping her arm, "we are both duped, wronged; we have a cause in common. You, mulcted of a superb fortune; I, disdained in favor of a nameless scamp! Is there no redress for us?" he whispers, cautiously, in the girl's ear.

Adele is well satisfied that here is her kindred spirit, and that her good days are nigh at hand.

"There is," she says. "Chauncey may marry. Judge Asheton will keep her miserable secret, but so help me Heaven! *I* will not!"

"Marry!" De Valence exclaims, ironically. "She will never marry. Chauncey Strafford has no heart."

"Aha! You do not know my cousin as I do. Women can read each others' hearts chapter by chapter, page by pageful, where you men see only the unblemished blank. Chauncey has gone out a little of late. There are all her old adorers—you know how many—and there are numberless new ones. Not long since she met Philip Dacre, whom every one is raving over, and I can assure you my lady iceberg was not as insensible as she may appear to you."

"You think that she would marry and risk——"

"What? Absolutely nothing, from her standpoint. The judge would never betray her. Whom else has she to fear *save me?* No; all the trouble will lie here. It will not be easy to persuade her to mingle in society, or to receive the visits of gentlemen, especially those of a man whom she fears she may learn to love; but once involve Chauncey Strafford's heart, and then, trust me, her head will go with it."

"But how——"

"Leave all to me. Ah, Henri, from the bottom of my heart I pity you. Remember that we work together, but that I care more for avenging the slight that you have received at this woman's hands than for the money that will inevitably be mine."

"Then do I understand that you honestly believe that your cousin will love, will marry?"

"Infallibly. I tell you, Henri de Valence, I am a woman, and one who has loved," she says, lowly, passing her hand wearily across her brow, "and I know a woman who can and will love when I see her. Leave the rest to me. Can you not trust me? And meet Miss Strafford and me at Newport. Let me see! Say next week."

Chapter III.

Adele had conquered, conquered in everything. They were at Newport.

Philip Dacre was at Newport, so was Henri de Valence. Moreover, day by day Chauncey was yielding to her lover's fascinations, and the marquis was daily more tender to the dark-eyed Adele.

She appeared to be able to coax her cousin into anything, and to-night Chauncey was at Philip Dacre's ball, waltzing with Philip's arms about her, watched by Adele and Henri as a cat would watch a mouse.

Wearied by the heat within, he has led her out into the fascinating gardens.

"Chauncey," cries Philip Dacre, "I can stand this no longer. My darling, my darling, you act as though there were some frightful barrier between us."

"And if there were?" the girl says, with wild, wide eyes, as she sinks into a garden-chair.

"But there cannot be, there is not! Dear little girl, there are blots in my past, God knows, as there are in most men's, but my love for you has cleansed me of every sin, I think, and yours for me. Oh, Chauncey, you can never unsay that one sweet word you spoke to me not ten minutes ago in the ballroom—never! Your 'Yes' will outlive and outweigh ten thousand 'Noes.' Does anything trouble, worry you? Tell it to me. I would relieve you of every burden, every care, however petty, and I *know* that I can reason away my love's prejudices against me, whatever they may be."

"I have no prejudice against you," she exclaims, in a strained, low voice. "Philip, it is myself, my wretched, miserable self."

"Impossible! Chauncey, if you love me, what matters anything else on earth or in heaven?"

"Hush-h-h!" she says, laying her hand gently across his lips.

And then, as the fast, sweet kisses fall upon it, she

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shrinks away again, and rising, walks off a little, plucking flowers unconsciously as she goes.

"Chauncey!"

Philip Dacre does not rise and follow her, but his tone is full of repressed, terrible strength.

She turns her face toward him, and stands still.

"You must answer me," he says, "and that answer must be a promise to become my wife. Child, I love you—you love me! It is so seldom that in this world the man and the woman who are made for each other meet, that no idle whim, or caprice, or idea of yours should thwart it. Say, my love, that you love me well enough to marry me!"

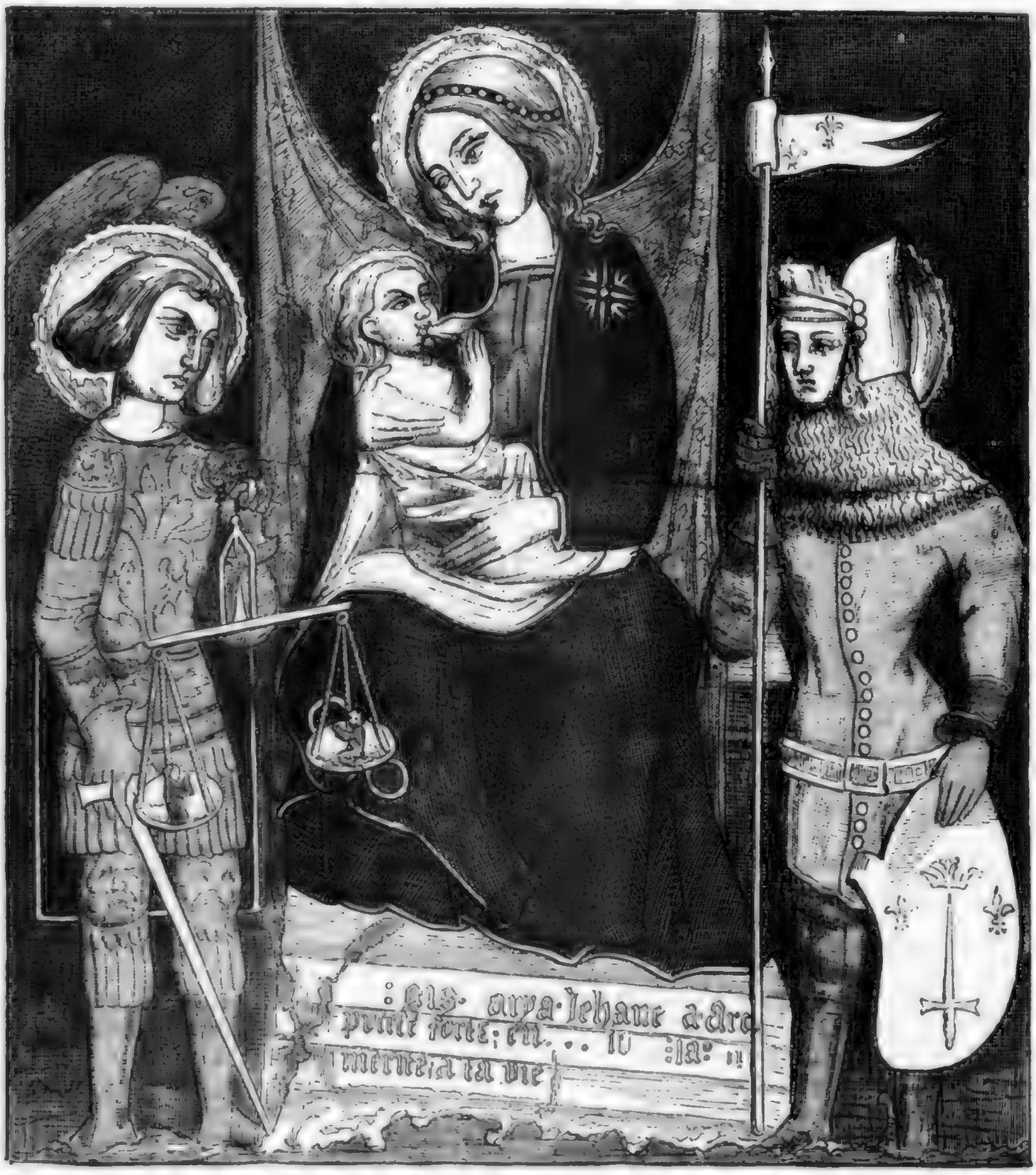
She draws nearer to him, slips behind the rustic sofa on which he sits, and, leaning above him, her elbows on the rough wood, places her hands lightly on his head.

"Philip," she says, in an odd voice, "if I were a criminal would you love me?"

"Yes," he answers, firmly.

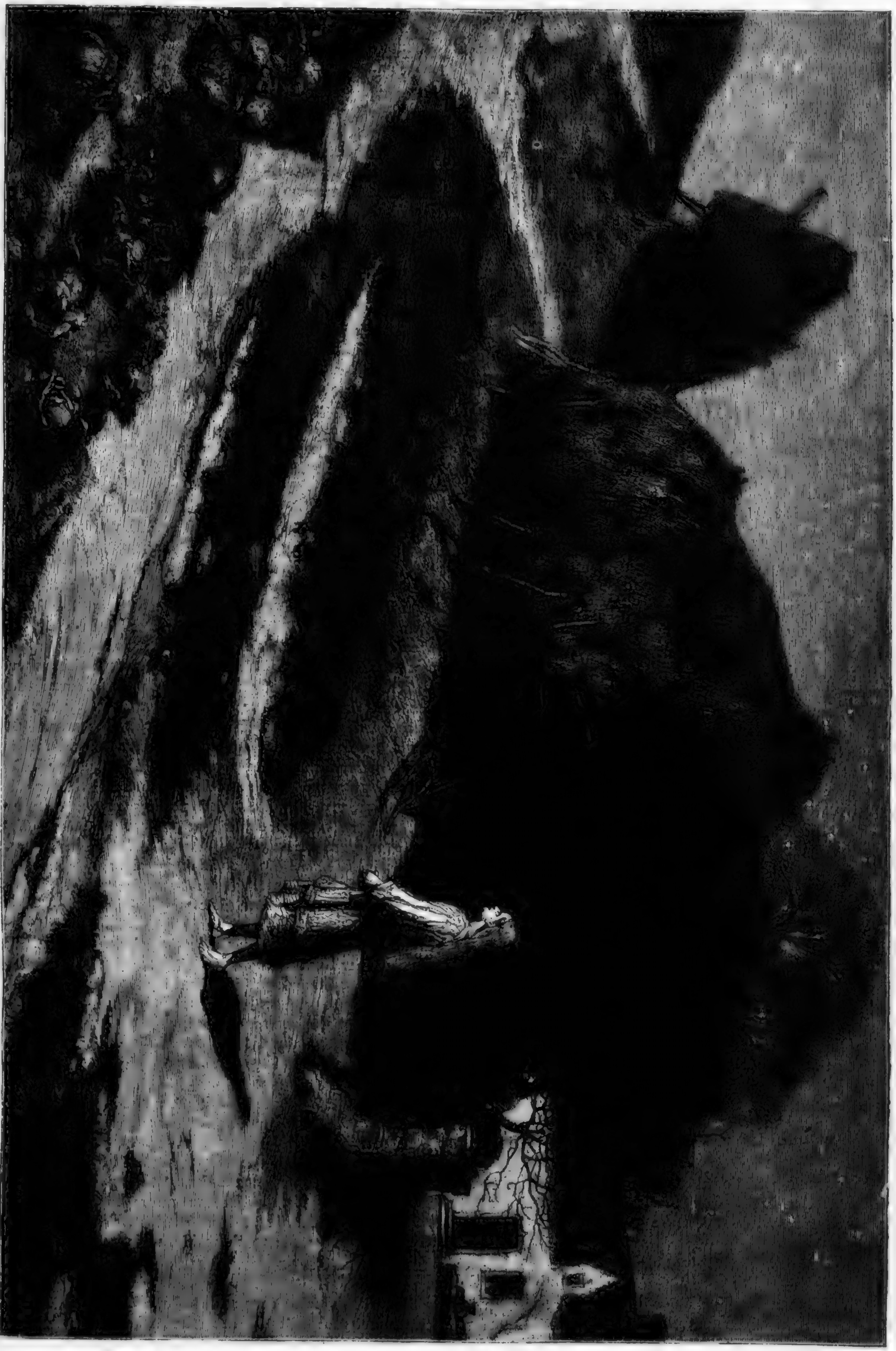
"If some day, some horrible day, you awoke and heard the world call *your wife*—— Oh, I know not what I am saying!" She bursts into a loud, harsh laugh. "I am losing my wits, Mr. Dacre. Let us go back into the ballroom, and see if I can find them. Come!"

"Chauncey, see here!" Philip Dacre's voice is full of entreaty and command; "were you the vilest sinner that walks the earth, did your heart show a record as black as the stormiest midnight, you would still be too good for me, and you are only magnifying some childish escapade into an enormity. Trust me, my darling! Into my hands commit it all and rest in my arms. When you say that you love me, heaven and earth, the past, the present and the eternal future are rounded in the compass of those three words!"



THE MOST ANCIENT PICTURE OF JEANNE D'ARC.—SEE PAGE 359.

Chauncey's blue eyes dilate, a fearful struggle is going on within her heart and brain. Her cheeks blanch and turn to rose; her lips quiver; she hears a footstep and thinks, in abject terror, "Can this be the man, the low-born wretch she *has married*, come to claim her and snatch her from bliss into perdition?" But the footstep dies away—some passing attendant; and still, although the haunting vision pursues her, as it ever has since that fatal night, Chauncey drops her clasped hands in front of her, and sinks on her knees at Philip Dacre's feet.



JEANNE D'ARC LISTENING TO THE "VOICES."

"Take me," she whispers, "take me away, far away—and—if—I suffer some day—and cause—you—to—suffer, too, oh, my love! remember—that I love—you!"

In a second she is gathered to his heart, and his kisses are raining down upon her lips.

A footfall on the path, and coming toward them half a dozen merry dancers seeking the cool night-air after the heat of the ballroom.

Sauntering slowly after them is Judge Asheton, with a careless smile on his face which, however, quickly fades as his glance rests upon Chauncey Strafford and her companion.

"You look pale, Chauncey—ill! Are you not feeling well?" the judge asks, anxiously, taking the young girl's trembling hand in his."

"She is weak, nervous. The heat—that room is suffocating," Philip says. "I will go and fetch Miss Strafford an ice or some sherbet."

"What is it, child?" the judge asks, quickly, as soon as Mr. Dacre is out of sight. "Has anything happened?"

"No, no, no! Yes! Oh, judge, have mercy on me—have pity! You were wiser than I. You knew life and life's chances better than I when I stood on my pinnacle of pride and self-reliance that miserable night last March."

"What is it? Speak! Do not keep me in suspense. Has the man——"

"No, no!—a thousand times no!" Chauncey exclaims, in horror-stricken tones.

"What then? Chauncey, it is not possible that——"

"But it is!" she says, fiercely. "It is possible that I am loved as I would be, and that I love as I never dreamed of loving—that I have promised to become Philip Dacre's wife—that—— See, I will not quit my knees until you promise me to be silent. It is not much to ask, and to the woman who asks it of you it means life, peace, happiness, protection, husband, home. Quick! I hear footsteps, and unless you say 'Yes' I will not rise."

"Rise, rise!" cries the judge, in a voice choked with emotion. "Yes, I will be silent—'silent,' which means the first breath of dishonor that ever tarnished James Asheton's fair name and fame!"

Chauncey stands erect, pallid as the roses blowing beside her, but with a smile on her face as she turns to greet her lover.

"She has told you, sir?" Dacre says to the judge, although his eyes are fastened on Strafford's face.

"She has told me," the old man repeats, extending his hand. "I—I congratulate you!" And he turns away his head.

"Who is to be congratulated? What is it? No secrets—no secrets!" Adele's fresh, clear, penetrating voice, as she appears leaning on Henri's arm."

"I Miss Delville, am the man above all others, for Chauncey Strafford has promised to become my wife."

CHAPTER IV.

CHAUNCEY'S wedding-day. Early in the morning she received from her lover a small packet and a line hastily scrawled across the envelope:

> "I return your own; do not open this until after we are married.
> PHILIP."

Surely, on a lovelier bride eyes never gazed when Chauncey Strafford, leaning on the judge's arm, entered the room.

The music was hushed, and silence fell over the assembled multitude, as the solemn words of the Episcopal ritual were uttered in Dr. Thompson's deep, sonorous tones.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

The almost imperceptible pause that invariably follows this sentence in the marriage ceremony was on this occasion, alas! filled.

As Dr. Thompson was repeating it, the dark eyes of Henri de Valence sought the face of Miss Delville. A smile of triumph, one might say, played about her lips, and no sooner was the sentence spoken, than Adele took a step forward, and, gazing straightly into the face of the bride, she said, in a clear, murmuring voice and with erect head:

"I can. Chauncey Strafford is already a married woman. I can prove against her the crime of bigamy!" and then she glanced at the bridegroom.

Philip Dacre's face was ashy pale, and his firm lip set. He looked haggard, as a man brought suddenly face to face with unsuspected death might look.

With cruel exactitude, she rehearsed every incident from the night of her cousin's first marriage down to the present moment, scarcely pausing for breath, her great eyes dilating, as she gazed at Henri de Valence.

At last, her terrible tale finished, there was one moment's terrible pause. Philip Dacre, his arm about his bride, stepped forward and spoke:

"My friends, one moment, let me detain you to listen to a little story of my telling, perhaps to the full as dramatic as Miss Delville's, although in it I do not play the spy. When I first came to America, nearly a year ago now, I encountered in the streets several times a lady whose face, once seen, haunted me as no woman's face has ever done before or since. I could procure no introduction, nor could I discover who she was. One night, as I was returning from a game of cards at my club, very muddy, very wet, with my ulster collar turned up over my ears, and my crush hat pulled down over my eyes, I was accosted by an aged man, and bidden to enter a certain house for Heaven's sake! Having ever been of an adventurous turn of mind, having led a wild life, full of all sorts of haps and mishaps, over half the civilized world, I unhesitatingly accepted this respectable old man's rather sudden invitation. Miss Delville has spared me the recital of the rest of my story save this: I cut from Chauncey Strafford's head a golden lock of her hair. Here it is. It has lain next my heart ever since. Chauncey," he cries, turning to the fainting girl, "the packet I sent you this morning! Quick! It contains the money which you gave me that night so long ago! My wife! my wife! at last! Have I not kept the bond? I was the man whom you, judge, married to this woman."

Adele knelt for pardon before her cousin. Could Chauncey refuse it when her own happiness was so complete? She forgave everything, and bestowed part of her fortune on her cousin, whom De Valence immediately sought in marriage, and won, it is needless to add. The poor old judge walks once more erect among his fellowmen, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dacre are two of the happiest people in this wide, wide world.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

By John Dennis.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books and men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.
He has no pocket, and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny;
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile—
A despot, strong through infancy,
A king, from lack of guile.
He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother—
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
There is no limit to his sway;
For, wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.
Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him.
His subjects bend before him too—
I'm one of them. God bless him!

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BRITISH SHIP AT BRIGG, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Some excavations were made recently in a field adjoining the Brigg Gas Works for a new gas receiver, and some three feet below the surface the workmen came upon what they supposed was a large piece of oak, but it was soon found to be a very long boat of supposed ancient British origin. The head of the vessel was slightly damaged, but, excavating more carefully, the whole of the boat was laid bare, and was found to be cut out of a solid piece of oak 48 feet long. It has been carefully lifted from its bed, and is thus described by Mr. W. Stevenson, of Scarborough: "The tree itself is the finest stick of oak I have ever seen, and there is no tree growing in England to-day that is its equal. The straight, even growth and the enormous length of the trunk before any branches present themselves imply that it grew in some forest or soil highly favorable to its development. The diameter at the butt is about 5 feet 3 inches; at the first branch, which was nearly 50 feet above the ground, it is about 4 feet 9 inches, and throughout this length it is as straight and uniform as if turned in a lathe. These figures represent the tree after being divested of its bark and sapwood, which, combined, would be 4 to 6 inches in thickness, the sapwood of oak being worthless for any purpose.

"The trunk of this tree, measured over the bark, contained between 900 and 1,000 cubic feet, and when dressed for converting into this vessel contained 700 cubic feet. The log was flattened on the top for "digging out," which has been performed in a very workmanlike manner with the ax or adze. The head or prow is rounded off somewhat blunt, and gives one the impression of its being used as a ram. The stern end is sloped or beveled, the excavations being carried through, and a plank end fitted in, the planks being fitted into grooves wrought in the inside face of the vessel. As this plank end of the vessel was fixed in a perpendicular position it follows that the sides, being sloped or beveled, projected some distance beyond. These projections beyond the stern boards have the appearance of brackets intended to support a raised deck or seat. Toward the top edges there are large holes pierced through the wood; at first sight I thought these might have been used for mooring the vessel, but I am now of opinion they have been laced through with ropes or cords to bind in the sides and press them to the plank ends. Along the sides of the vessel, toward the centre, there are other holes, the purpose of which I cannot conceive. They are too small and square through the wood to have been used by oars. The floor of the boat is upward of 40 feet long and 4 feet wide, perfectly flat and level, and without any signs of a mast being fixed therein. The sides are hewn quite perpendicular, and toward the stern there are some brackets left in the solid wood as if to support the ends of a seat. There is a hollow at the head as if for a bowsprit, and near to this was a piece of crooked oak somewhat partaking in shape of an elephant's tusk. Nothing has been found in the boat, except some pieces of Scotch fir, but near it were some curious bones, which have not been identified.

"Such, then, is this finest and most perfect ancient British vessel that has ever been found; the size of it impresses it as regal, a *Great Harry* of its time; and when manned with its rowers or paddlers it must have presented a strange sight floating on the great estuary of the Humber.

"The vessel lay at right angles to and only a few yards from the River Ancholme, which discharges itself into the Humber at Ferriby Sluice, and as the stern was considerably lower than the head, it had the appearance of being stranded or beached on the bank of the river, where it must have sunk into the soft silt, ooze, or marine warp, which rising by degrees wholly enveloped it. It is quite clear that the upper part was never exposed to the weather or it would have perished, and the lower part only, as has been the case in other discoveries, would have been preserved.

"It is only a few years since a wooden causeway was found in the neighborhood of this excavation; it was some feet below the land surface, and apparently crossed the valley of the Ancholme before that river was confined within its banks. This causeway was composed of squared balks of oak about 15 feet long and 10 inches square, the ends being bored for pegs or stakes, which were driven into the subsoil to prevent the fabric from rising with the tidal waters."

CHARLES MATHEWS.

The elder Mathews, the miraculous mimic, married first a Miss Strong, who died young, without offspring. On her deathbed she joined the hands of her husband and her friend Miss Jackson, saying, "You two are to be married." This was wholly unexpected, as the parties had not the faintest idea of ever being so related. The husband, indeed, was angry, and thought that Miss Jackson was deeply offended.

However, they did marry, and their only child was Charles James Mathews, educated for an architect and surveyor, which business he practiced in London. His histrionic powers were chiefly developed in Italy, where he was an immense favorite with the family of the late Marquis of Normandy.

His health was so fragile that, one evening, as he was carried out of a London theatre, Madame Vestris remarked: "Poor young man! Who is he? He cannot live long." Yet he lived to be her husband for eighteen years, and for longer as the husband of his second wife.

This lady was the divorced wife of an American actor,

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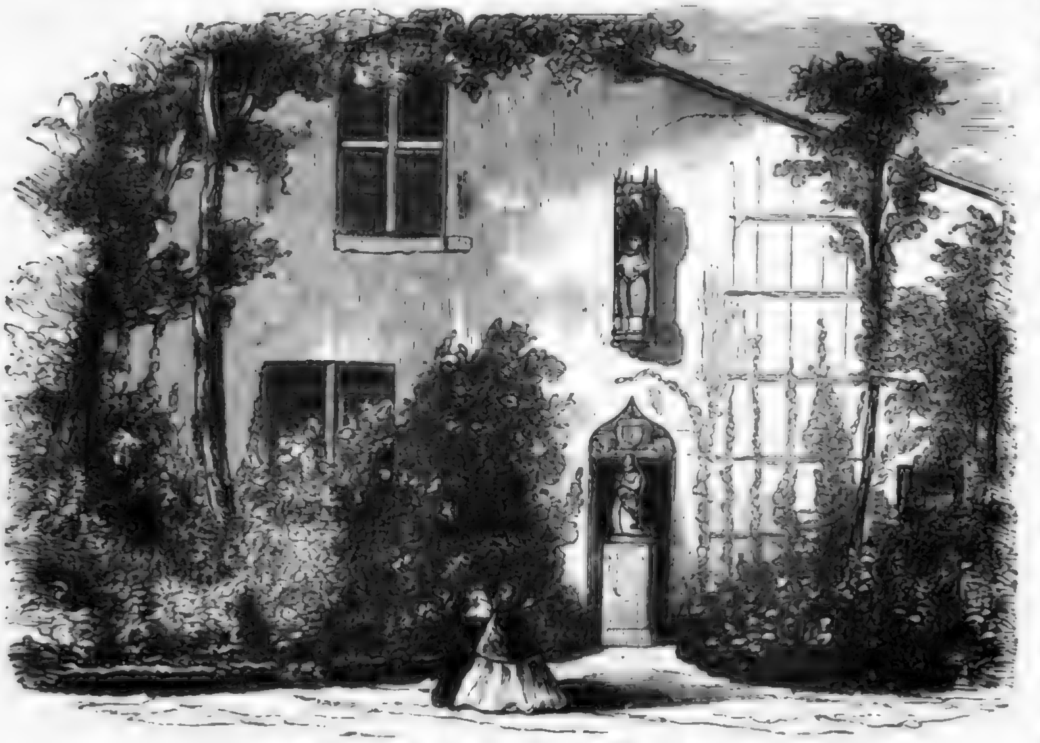


JEANNE D'ARC'S HOUSE AT DOMRÉMY.

named Davenport, and the marriage took place in America. Davenport assaulted Mathews in the street at New York, which caused much sensation. Mathews was somewhat injured, but acted the same night. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews were very popular in Melbourne.

A piece called "My Awful Dad" carried him triumphantly through the closing year or two of his life, but he was melancholy, like Jefferson. Mr. Reeve says Mathews was surprisingly thin, quite a skeleton. When carried to the hearse, in his coffin, the bearers remarked that he was lighter than a young girl.

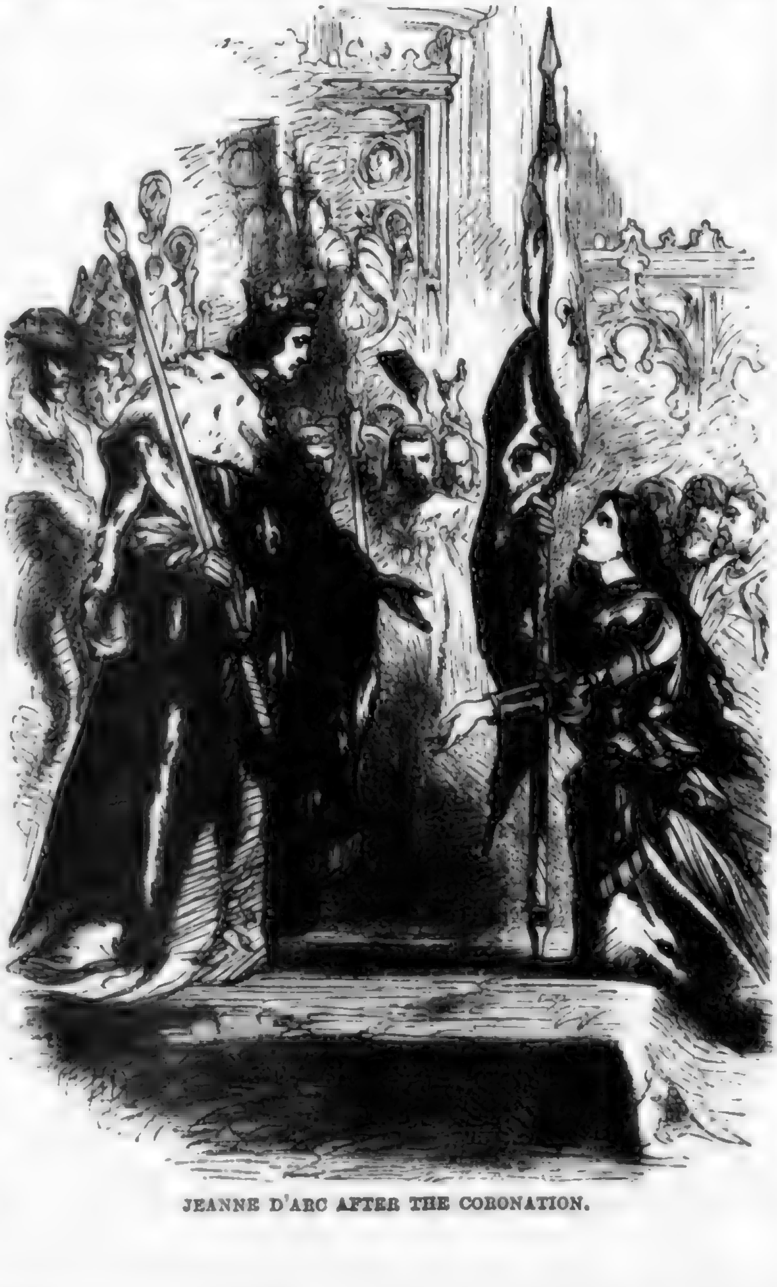
He was a great smoker of cigars, and pulled a few whiffs just before he yielded his last breath. His pluck was remarkable. He fainted one night, in Glasgow, just before going on the stage. The doctor said he would fall down dead in the piece if he insisted on acting; but he did, and amused the people enormously. The doctor said this was only a flash in the pan and he would die next day—but he didn't.

Exhuming the old records of his life, we find that his marriage with Madame Vestris was a terrible blow to his mother, who, although an actress, was a lady of very strict piety, and Charles had to report regularly to her on how he kept up reading the Bible.

FOOTPRINTS OF JEANNE D'ARC.

We get nearer to the personality of the good or the great when we see the actual scenes they saw; the dwellings in which they lived and their surroundings. When we follow the paths that those have trod who have left "footprints on the sands of time," we seem to read our history over again, written in illuminated text. It is most satisfactory where the places have not changed, as is the case with Domrémy, where Jeanne d'Arc opened her baby eyes one Epiphany morning, 476 years ago. We saw it in October when the trees were golden with Autumn foliage. The "Route Nationale" is lined with gray poplars, and the broad current of the Meuse winds like a silver ribbon among millstreams and rivulets that have no name beyond the hills among which they bubble forth.

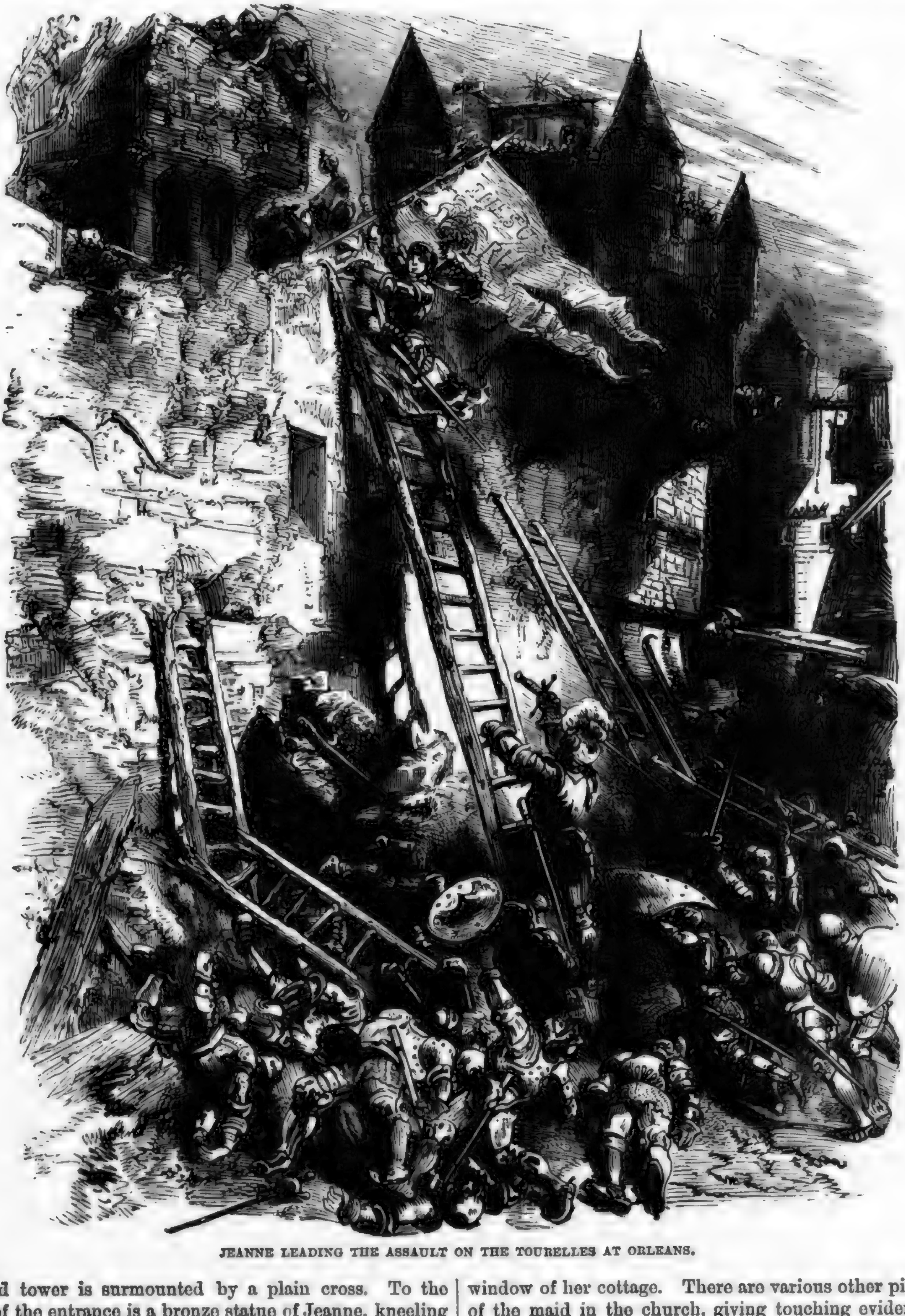
The little village of Domrémy nestles at the foot of a hill that slopes away into vineyards. The same kind of cattle, some black and white, others dove-colored, are grazing in the same meadows as when the child Jeanne led them to the pasture so many years ago. Children, in white caps and blue pinafores, are rushing out of school. We stand on the bridge and look into the sparkling tide of the Meuse and fancy Jeanne there, dreaming her dreams and hearing the mystic voices. Here is the little green orchard that Bastien Lepage has introduced into his picture of the maid.



JEANNE D'ARC AFTER THE CORONATION.

She stands under a tree in the bloom of Spring with half-averted face. She has seen the vision, and is full of reverence and self-questioning. The cottage home is in the background.

We stop at the church, whose tiled roof and gabled ended tower is surmounted by a plain cross. To the left of the entrance is a bronze statue of Jeanne, kneeling with one hand raised to heaven. Much is altered in this church, but on entering we find hollowed in the shortened shaft of a column the same holy water stoup which Jeanne used so often. Before this hang the three cords attached to the bells. Jeanne loved the bells, and always heard her "voices" more clearly when they were ringing. Above the stand for the wax tapers is a modern oil painting of Jeanne kneeling at a chair by the latticed window of her cottage. There are various other pictures of the maid in the church, giving touching evidence of the love and reverence of the people.



JEANNE LEADING THE ASSAULT ON THE TOURELLES AT ORLEANS.

Jeanne's home, like the few other cottages left of that date, was built as strong as a little fortress. It is a rough-cast cottage, with a low, sloping roof, forming a kind of gable. At one time it was painted all over with scenes commemorating her life, but there is now no trace of such painting. The cottage has sunk one step with the course of time. The low door has three escutcheons over it and above them a statue of Jeanne. She is represented with her hair flowing below her waist. Her face, seen in profile, has a certain calm beauty of expression.

The main beam of the kitchen has been hacked by the knives of countless pilgrims. In Jeanne's room are the self-same beams and wardrobe-cupboard that she used, and the smaller beams nailed up to accommodate her simple wardrobe. There is a honeysuckle climbing at the tiny window. Roses, vines and cabbages grow together in the primitive garden outside. The nuns who have charge of the house tend the flowers, and a Virginia creeper, its leaves turned flame-color by the frost, has climbed up among the sculptured escutcheons over the door.

The church is so near that Jeanne could hear the girls' voices singing while she knelt in trembling ecstasy in her little room. The nuns say that she saw her first vision in the garden in front of her own window. We gathered a pansy there for remembrance and left with a better understanding of Jeanne, as we were familiar with her people's ways and belongings and had stood within the very walls of her home. We left Domrémy by the same road that Jeanne took when, in obedience to the heavenly vision, she forsook her home to go out into the world. We passed the chapel of "Our Lady of Bermont," where she went every Saturday to pray. Some say that it was in this chapel she first saw the vision that warned her of her mission, to which she replied she was a poor girl and incapable of leading an army. Durand Laxart's house still stands. He was Jeanne's maternal uncle who cheered her heart with a belief in her mission, and took her to Vaucouleurs to see the Governor. The house looks very ancient, with two large archways allowing the passage of carts to the back of it. The winding road that Jeanne followed can be traced by a double line of trees. We stopped to rest by a wayside chapel, and looked at the sunny meadows set with willows and tall poplars, with a foreground of bright poppies, harebells and clover.

Vaucouleurs is situated on the Meuse, in the midst of a flowery valley. Here Jeanne came in her peasant's garb and presented herself to the Sire de Baudricourt, the commandant of the castle. The "voices" had told her to go to him. There is little now left of this castle but the site. The castle and town of Vaucouleurs was the last shred of French territory that Charles had been able to retain in the eastern extremity of his kingdom.

Jeanne's uncle accompanied her from this spot to Toul, where she saw for the first time a cathedral. Toul is now a dirty little town, packed within walls, but the graceful, flamboyant cloister, St. Gengoult, resembles those of Westminster Abbey. The only open space in the city is in front of this cathedral. Beyond the cathedral lie the barracks and military quarters.

The road becomes more charming as we gain the high land. There are woods on either side, and we can hear the horn of the huntsman. The sycamore leaves lie thick on the path—yellow and red, and tawny purple. At present the road to Nancy is carried across the valleys by two fine viaducts lined with ash-trees, but they were not here when Jeanne journeyed with her uncle to the place.

The bright, gay town of Nancy has no great architectural interest. It looks new, and the old things have too much of the Renaissance character to have been seen by our Jeanne. The Church St. Epore is, according to Murray, "old, but much altered," and it looks modern in every stone. It is as full of light as a conservatory. The windows are sheets of dazzling color. Rainbow-tinted glass is everywhere, and all breathes the very spirit of Nancy—gay, bright and modern.

But the Palace of the Dukes of Lorraine still remains, though somewhat altered. It was to see and help with her advice a sick Duke of Lorraine that Jeanne came to Nancy. The present building is part flamboyant and Gothic of the sixteenth century. There are some remains of old walls and city gates that are highly picturesque. Nancy cherishes no storied past, so these old walls are being leveled.

From this place Jeanne returned to Vaucouleurs to await her fate with patience. The defeat at Rouvray was reported, and she pressed the commandant to send her to the Dauphin.

We follow in the footsteps of the maid when, at last, she had leave to go to the Dauphin. The way lies through the heart of France, which was then for the most part in the hands of her enemy. The roads were infested with brigands. Portions of the Abbey of St. Urbain, where she stopped for the night, are still standing. Gien, high seated on its hill above the Loire, was chosen as the spot from which they should cross the stream, as it was faithful to the Dauphin. Gien is now a dull little town. It is proud of its potteries. Women are washing and beating their clothes in the stream, as when Jeanne left the shelving hills and vineyards, crossed the Loire and went on through the poplared levels of the south bank.

There is a splendor of crimson clover that seems to speak of fertile land in this region, but there is very little to describe. Tourists seldom come here.

We reach Touraine. It is less clean and inviting than Normandy, but more primitive, and carries us at once to the Middle Ages. On through winding lanes we go, among fruit-trees and golden pastures, with doves cooing and wild birds trilling, as they did, no doubt, on the day that Jeanne passed under the avenues of oak to the Church of Ste. Katharine de Fierbois and found her miraculous sword. The light, delicate spire is visible from the road at the left. At this church Jeanne attended services three times on the same day. A modern painted window shows Ste. Katharine, and beneath is a picture of Jeanne with the vision appearing to her, and this inscription: "Here Jeanne d'Arc took her sword in 1429 to save France. Remember the 10th of May, 1429." In a vault in this church was found the famous sword marked with five crosses. The crockery in the little inn depicts the story of Jeanne and how she hewed the English in the battle of Patay.

Chinnon, at last, where the court was held and where Jeanne waited to see the King. He walked up the paved lane to the castle. There is a fine view of the River Vienne and the surrounding landscape from the bridge. We were admitted into a garden of red roses within the loop-holed walls. The castle and even the cottages are built of the fair white stone of the country, and the whiteness makes the ruins ghostly by moonlight. We wandered at will amid a labyrinth of grass-grown walls, sown thickly with poppies, wild oats and mignonette. The royal apartments are a mass of ruins. There are no flowers, but grass-grown ground. There is a deeply embrasured fireplace, which marks the room where, as the tablet says, Jeanne recognized Charles VII. Some of the rooms are less ruinous, and we could sit in the pleasant window-seats. There is a large wild rose-tree growing in a corner of one of these rooms. We look across the garden to two round towers, one with a vaulted roof like a chapel. Here the stern young follower of duty faced the gay court and told of her mission. They could not choose but feel its influence. The character and deeds of Jeanne d'Arc stand out like fragments of Homeric tale.

"In God's name," cried Jeanne, "I am not come to Poitiers to make signs; but take me to Orleans." The Maid had been sent to Poitiers to be examined by the doctors of divinity and law.

The country grows more decidedly southern in its character, and one crosses the Vienne. Watermelons and great gourds and maize cover the ground. The walnut trees stand up inky black in the sunshine. The white, stony town of Poitiers reminds one of Jerusalem. The peculiar façade of Nôtre Dame is something like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Poitiers looks like a town familiar with forgotten years, which "carries the traces of its long growth and history like a millennial tree."

One sees a crumbling arch of Roman work, but there is not much left of the amphitheatre. The Christian antiquities are abundant; but in the suburb we saw the men working at the white stone, and the women in their high-crowned caps sweeping the floors of their houses, and the wine-shops with their tubs full of the must of new wine. The site of the battle of Poitiers is fixed by Froissart as five miles northwest of the town.

Poitiers teems with history. Of the churches in the town the crowning glory is Nôtre Dame; but the charm is outside only—the interior is poor. The round columns are baseless, but solid and lofty, and there is an abundance of sculpture. There is an old rampart about the city where one can sit and enjoy the view of the clear green Clain as it winds along. "I know neither A nor B," said Jeanne, when the learned doctors visited her in this place; "but I am sent by the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans, and to take the King to Rheims to be crowned."

We ride after the joyous cavalcade that went forth so many years ago. The spreading limbs of the trees are covered on one side with velvety moss. We pass into a well-watered land, where are hale men in blouses and women with clear eyes, and pretty faces surrounded by deep-frilled caps. At Candes the Vienne joins the Loire. There is a beautiful church at Candes, all white like a bride. There are many traces of castles half hidden in roses and honeysuckle on the banks of the Loire. We ride on by the cave dwellings of Sougé hollowed out of building stone. Doubtless the poor lived in those quarries then as now. The houses are quite attractive, set in banks of iris or roses, or with vine sprays wreathing the walls. Their only ventilation is through their chimneys, which serve as speaking tubes very often to the laborer in the fields above.

Delays were at an end with Jeanne. A complete military retinue was formed for her, and they rode across the fertile plain on the opposite side of the Loire. Spring in Touraine is a feast of roses. Tours Cathedral is a landmark in the gray distance. Here the King had a suit of complete armor made for Jeanne, and she sent to the church of St. Katharine for the sword with five crosses. We sat in the Square de l'Achevêché, and looked through the young palm trees into the open door of the cathedral. The altars were loaded with fresh flowers.

There are many old houses in Tours, cross-barred and rich in beams of carved wood. There is a fine old tower called after Charlemagne, and remains of arches with curious moldings show the spot where the grand basilica of Tours stood in the fourth century.

Out of Tours we pass again as we follow the footsteps of the Maid to Blois. The hill slopes are thickly studded with villages cut in the chalky tufa, shaded by shining poplar boughs and sunny acacia leaves. The vale lies deep in rushes and glistening water, starred with white water flowers. The tamarisk, that tree so soft and tender in color, is found flowering profusely in Touraine. The villages are built on hills to escape the floods when the Loire overflows. The country soon recovers itself when the waters retire, and the land glows with flowers again. The women wear blue cotton gowns and embroidered Touraine caps with narrow frills. They knit as they lead the cows down to tether them among the crimson clover.

Blois is half way between Tours and Orleans, and is finely situated on the Loire, being laid out like an amphitheatre, with terraces and streets of stairs. The bishop's palace has a fine position, and its kitchen gardens are among the ancient walls and terraces of the antique castle where Jeanne was entertained. It is delightful to sit in the lime-tree avenue and look down upon the wide sweep of the Loire and the lovely valley. On the western hill is the piled castle of Louis XII. and Francis I. It is a solid fortress, with oleanders beautifying the huge walls, which are veritable cliffs of masonry. The inner front is highly decorative, with its gilt and colored statue of the King on horseback and its carvings.

When Jeanne left Blois she took the south side of the river. The road skirts the forest land for miles. Women drive their tinkling herds through the woodland glades. There is the aromatic scent of pines, and the song of birds is continuous. Signposts point out the way.

The slender central spire of Orleans appears at last. We see the decorations of the cathedral and the roofs and chimneys of a large city. Jeanne had been deceived by the captain, who feared the English. She found herself opposite Orleans, and had no means to cross the swollen tide, so there was nothing to be done but to return to Blois and take the route she had first proposed. Mounted on a milk-white horse, attired in her flowing mantle of fine crimson cloth lined with white satin worn over her armor, she made a triumphal entry by torchlight into the town.

Orleans has been greatly altered since that eventful time. The restorers have been at work, and the town is no longer picturesque. We know how valiantly Jeanne fought at the old bridge, which was a double one in those days; how she waved her banner and led her countrymen to glory, crying, "Do not doubt, the place is yours." All the bells of Orleans rang out for the victory. The siege was raised in a week. A damp cellar is all that remains now of the famous fort called Les Tourelles, the taking of which was the principal feat of arms. The Cross of Pucelle marks the spot where the fight took place. To this day the statues of Jeanne are wreathed, through all the month of May, in her honor; flags wave in the streets, and colored lamps burn at night. There is a museum of works of art and objects connected with her history. Out from Orleans the army swept under the poplars covered with mistletoe on to Loches, where the King was staying. The idle, pleasure-loving King was in no haste to go to Rheims, even to be crowned.

The Castle of Loches is one of the finest fortified

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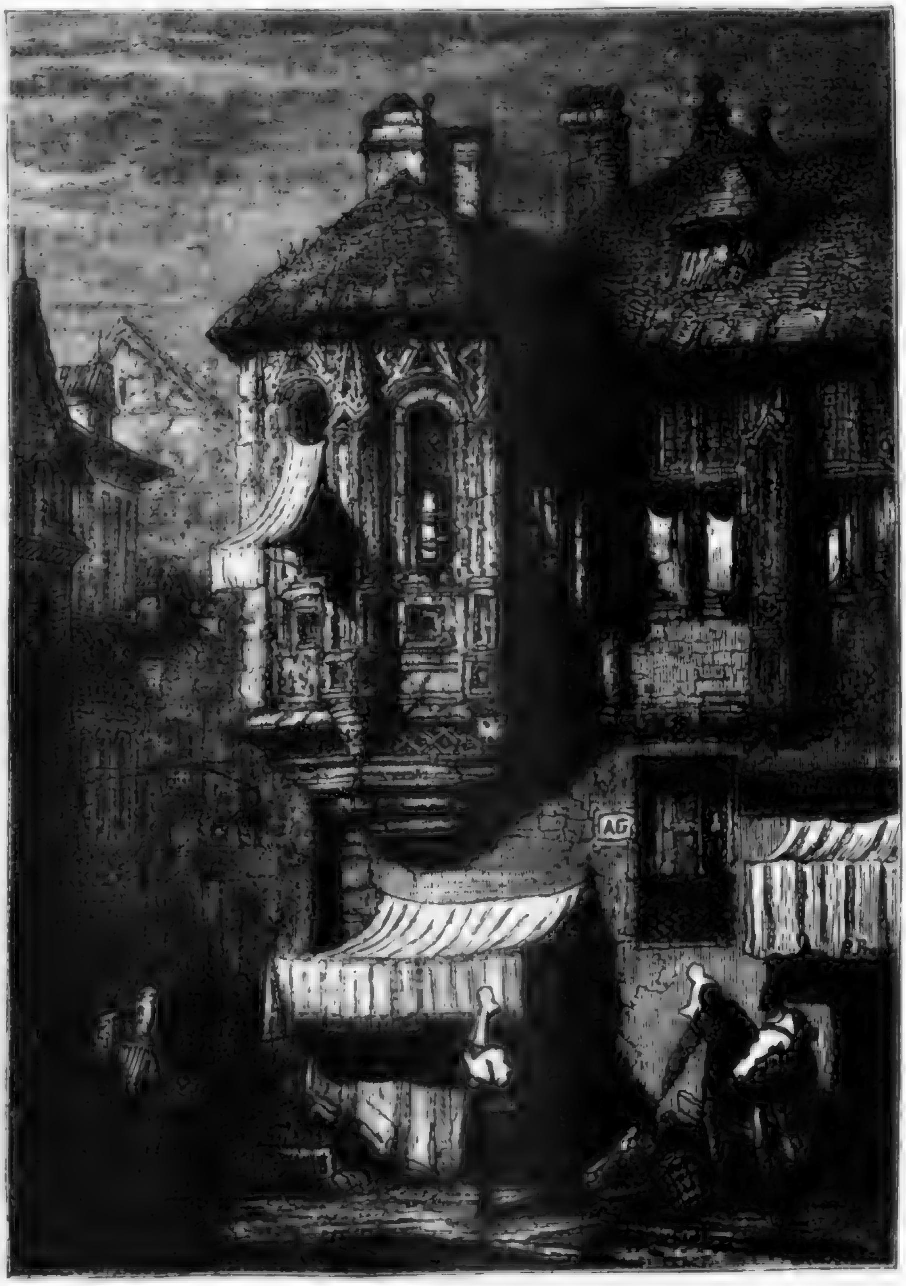
castles of France. One enters deep, dark dungeons, where the ivy leaves are blanched in the gloom. The town rises on a conical hill, and is highly picturesque. There is a tall, romanesque belfry tower and numerous portcullised gates.

Jargeau was held by the English, and here was the next assault made. The walls are now leveled, the moat filled up and planted like gardens. Flowers grow on the ancient walls, and tame rabbits are kept in the arches. The thick, walled streets are quiet and gloomy. The women have wonderfully fine, fair faces and fresh-colored complexion. The church, with its round arches, deep-set windows and slabs of flat stone on the round columns supporting the round-arched vaults, is unaltered since the siege of Jargeau. On at last to Rheims after innumerable delays, caused by the vacillation of the weak, vacillating King—on through Burgundy, famous for its vineyards. In Winter, even, this land looks green and very pleasant.



JEANNE D'ARC'S HOUSE AT ROUEN.

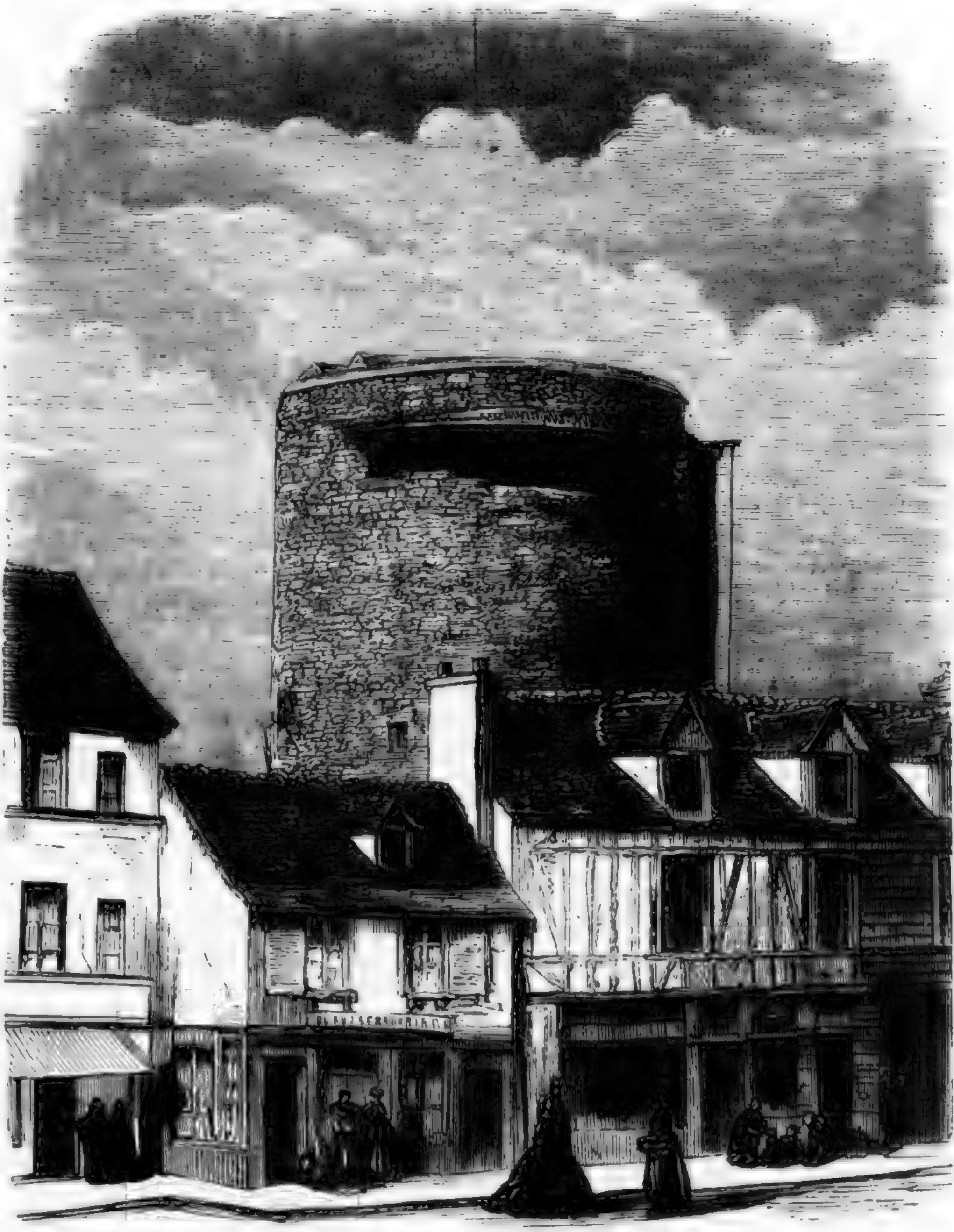
Rheims reminds one of Brussels. It is as gay as its own flower market, which we saw filled with bright blossoms. We can fancy how it looked that day when bent on welcoming the King. Peace at last; the work was done. "That was a glorious day in Rheims of old." The bells rang out for service; the troops, horse and foot, wind about the cathedral with the beat of drums. Then comes the abbot in full pontificals. At the foot of the altar stands the King, and by his side the Maid, holding her banner. The bells ring again, proclaiming to the city that the King is crowned.

Ancient tapestries, harmonious in color, drape the walls of the cathedral. There is an exquisite effect of light and color at the west end, where the wheel window is bright with jewel colors. Below this is a row of saints and kings in splendid hues. We could fancy, standing there, how the splendor of bright rays must have fallen on the face of the Maid of Orleans, beautiful in its enthusiasm, as she stood beside her King, in the centre of that sumptuous assemblage—the heralds, the nobles, the foreign magnates, with their banners, trumpets and insignia. The sacred pageant is acted out, and the last, "Amen," reverberates among the arches. The dazzling procession sweeps out, the trumpets flare, and the bells ring out a rapturous peal. All the pomp of that day has passed away, and those who saw it are laid in the dust; but the cathedral stands here unaltered, a benign and holy presence in the land.

The famous Abbey of St. Denis, where Jeanne settled with her forces, is not seen from the road. The country has no great interest or beauty save what is derived from knowledge of its history, or where one catches glimpses of the Seine winding among woodland slopes. It is a town of royal tombs. Jeanne found that Paris was held by the enemies of the newly crowned King. Indecision and internal dissension were fatal to the Maid's progress in this place.

The Abbey of St. Denis has been the burial-place of kings from the time of Dagobert, 638, and is one of the most sumptuous and gorgeous edifices in the world. It was nearly destroyed in the great Revolution, but has been carefully restored. It is a fine example of Gothic grandeur. Time, which engulfs so much, has swept away the throne of St. Denis. On entering the great bronze doors we descend four steps between the massive columns built of white stone. We walk up the long nave to a high, raised altar, all white and gold. The white stone tombs of the kings, with their folded hands, seem to represent a silent worship. The stained windows are absolutely dazzling in color. The clerestory of the nave is luminous with figures of the kings in a glory of colored splendor. The glass in the central chapel of the Virgin is said to be the oldest in France. The stone staircase leads into the crypt full of royal tombs. We were glad to come up into the glow of the nave again.

Here, upon Our Lady's altar of St. Denis, the Maid left her armor complete, though she still followed the King. These relics were afterward hung to a column of the temple, till the English carried them off as trophies. For the idle King had not followed up his victories, and the Maid's counsels were disregarded. Jealousies tore the army asunder and weakened it. But Jeanne kept up a brave heart, even when no more in command. She conquered the fortress of St. Pierre le Moustier, going first to Bourges.



THE PRISON OF JEANNE D'ARC.

Bourges is in a meadow-land stocked with grazing cattle. The people are provincial-looking and wear sabots. We walked up the hill through the picturesque and dormer-windowed town to the colossal gray cathedral of St. Etienne. It has five sculptured portals and two naves. Among the striking peculiarities are the lozenge-shaped piers of the western end, and externally, the massive, double flying buttresses. In Bourges is the house of Jacques Cœur, the goldsmith, who was a great capitalist in his time. It was said that all the gold of France passed through his hands. He provided the sinews of war for the King, who showed his gratitude at last by seizing his goods and banishing him. Bourges might be called the French Nuremberg, it is so full of odd gables, dormers, spires and turrets, and every sort of architectural freak. No. 44, on the way to the station, has a molding of lions and thistles mingled with birds feeding out of baskets. There is a shield on the door—heart-shaped—and held by cupids like a valentine.

There is something fresh and bowery in the landscape. The moist land makes a brilliant greenness, the trees are Autumn-tinted, and the white houses, with bright, tiled roofs, stand out gayly from the gray background. The cherry leaves are reddening about the homesteads. The dark-eyed women are fine-featured and fresh-colored. They wear coal-scuttle-shaped cottage bonnets, trimmed with black velvet, planted bolt upright on the top of their heads.

St. Pierre le Moustier, the place Jeanne rode forward to besiege, lies at the junction of the Loire and Allier. The high peaked hills, and gray and purple rocks, are set in greenest grass, but, as we see it, the foliage is changing to brown and yellow, varied by the scarlet leaves of the wild cherry. The mountains are covered with brushwood mingled with beech and fir. The ascents, with their zigzag terraces, have an Alpine aspect. The rivers are full of stone banks and islands.

St. Pierre le Moustier is a small village commanded by the ruins of the stony old tower that was held at that time by the enemy. Jeanne prevailed against them and took the fortress.

Montargis was the next important point. The tide was against Jeanne now, for the King had proved himself worthless, and the court was taken up with its pleasures.

Montargis is a flowery spot. On the balconies belonging to the tiled-floored rooms, blossoms overflow their pots everywhere. The women wear still, as in the days of Jeanne, the small, transparent frilled cap of lace or linen. We saw them washing their clothes in the river that flows below those old, wooden-fronted houses, with galleries overhanging the stream. High up among pink, feathery tamarisks, is the castle known as the "Cradle of the Infants of France," because it was used as a royal nursery. There was a fresco here, telling the tale of the dog of Montargis. It was before the eyes of Charles VII. that the sagacious dog singled out his master's murderer, but time has destroyed it. All that is left of the castle now is a tower and a few remains of walls.

When we reached Compiègne and stood in the Church of St. Jacques, where Jeanne received communion on the 24th of May, 1430, there was a grove of fir trees about the altar of the Madonna, and the whole place was fragrant with white flowers in her honor. The church, however, has been much altered since that day. In the fifth side altar, to the right, there is a painted window representing Jeanne receiving the sacrament. She is clad in complete steel, her standard waves in the background, and her saints, the "voices," appear above her. At Compiègne she was captured by the enemy.

Our journey in Jeanne's footsteps draws to an end. Sold into captivity by her own people, she was guarded in various places till the order came for the prisoner to be brought to Rouen. The way lies by the flowered ramparts of St. Valery, amid ruined fortifications, on by many small towns and picturesque churches.

Rouen still looks picturesque, with its close streets and glorious cathedral, that "romance in stone," which possesses parts belonging to all ages. The tower of Rouen Castle, where Jeanne was imprisoned, has been destroyed. Not far from the shadow of the splendid church she met her cruel death—the youngest of Christian martyrs. "Oh, Rouen, Rouen, I must die here!" she had cried, as she entered the city.

We stood in the Place and looked through the open doorway into the cathedral. It seemed so peaceful and sacred, with its shadowed altar and colored windows above the shrine, that war and rumors of wars drifted away from us. The dense shade of horse-chestnuts, all in flower, lent a cloistered coolness to the garden; the lilac and the May filling the air with perfume—all breathed the spirit of peace. We almost persuaded ourselves in the sacred stillness that:

> "The war-drum throbs no longer and the battle-flag is furled,
> In the parliament of man — the federation of the world."

A GOSSIP ABOUT GARMENTS IN OUR BALLAD LITERATURE.

Some years ago, through the kindness of Mr. Bradshaw, the late librarian of University Library, Cambridge, I had an opportunity of turning over the pages of an exquisitely written MS. of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The MS., which is supposed to have belonged to Gower, is illustrated with extremely interesting pictures of each individual story-teller in contemporary attire. More than one of these pictures are, however, missing; stolen, it may be, at the suppression of the monasteries; or in the more barbaric eighteenth century, when ancient MSS. were used as curl-papers and covers for the children's copybooks. The pictures which remain are interesting from their historic value and their singular artistic merit, both in draughtsmanship and coloring.

It is a curious satire on our modern inventions and improvements, that we have no pigments nowadays which would not look dirty and faded, even in skilled hands, beside these drawings which were probably wrought lovingly in the Scriptorium by some unknown Angelico, who may have wended in a pilgrimage to Becket's shrine himself in former days, or even watched the author of the "Tales" himself coming to see his old acquaintance Gower at his lodgings in the Priory, upon the Southwark side of London Bridge. The definite word-painting of ballad literature has its affinities with the delicate and vivid coloring of the best period of the illuminator's art. A word is sometimes all that is let drop concerning outward form, but in the very brevity of the description lies its irresistible impressiveness. Few that have ever read the ballad of Sir Patrick Spence can have forgotten the brief touch which indicates the ladies being dressed with care as for the coming of the lords they loved:

> "Oh lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
> Wi' thair gold kems in thair hair
> Waiting for thair ain deir lords
> For they'll see thame na mair."

Or who, again, can fail to be impressed by the significance of color in the picture of the loathly lad: "all in red scarlette"? She seems all burning in her shrinking sensitiveness to her own deformity. "A worse formed ladye than she was, no man mote ever viewe." I feel convinced she underwent a martyrdom under the cruel criticisms of Sir Kay, before the spell of sorcery fell off her through her marriage with Gawaine. It is a delicate and subtle touch to concentrate the inward feeling in the outward garb.

Zenelophon, the beggar maiden, "all in gray," wedded by King Cophetua in Africa; and fair Bessee, the beggar's daughter, "all clad in gray russett," indicate the uniform of beggary in ballad literature. Green, on the other hand, would seem to be the color most suggestive of prosperity. Thus, when the bailiff's daughter of Islington sets out to learn her lover's fate in London, she pulls off her "gowne of green," and puts on ragged attire. Gil Morrice, waiting for his mother in the forest, is arrayed "in robes of grene"; and Drayton's Dowsabel, that all-accomplished maiden who could bake and spin, and sing and broider, as well as help the priest to say his matins on a holy day, was clade in "frolicke greene." She makes a very pretty picture going forth in the sweet Springtime to pick meadow flowers and honeysuckle in green attire and hood

> "So neat and fine
> In color like the colombine,
> Ywrought full featously."

Yellow was sometimes worn as mourning in the sixteenth century. Thus, in Corydon's "Doleful Knell" for fair Phillida, he designs to deck her bier with "sundry-colored flowers" and "sundry-colored ribbands," "but chiefly black and yellowe with her to grave shall goe." And again, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, we find a lover saying:

> "Black and tawnie will I weare,
> Which mourning colors be."

There may be some reminiscence of this custom in the Scotch idea that yellow is unlucky. Certainly it proved unlucky for an English queen, for we learn from Hall's "Chronicle" that when Catharine of Arragon died (January 8th, 1536), "Queen Anne (Bulleyn) ware yellowe for the mourning." After the ill-fated Queen had been beheaded, on the 19th of May of the same year, "the kyng for mourning ware whyte."

Sometimes the picture of the ballad heroine is heightened by analogy. Fair Rosamond, when suddenly discovered by the cruel Elinor, "was like an angell sette"; and it is said of fair Annet, "she shimmered like the sun" when entering the dim old abbey where her lover was about to wed the brown bride who had "gowd and gear."

Embroidered lingerie was evidently worn by either sex. Fair Annet tells her maidens to array her in her smock—"one half is o' the holland fine, the other o' needlework"; and the indignant widow of the winsome Gilderoy informs us that she bought her robber bridegroom "a wedding sark of Holland fine, wi' silken flowers wrought." But Gilderoy was evidently somewhat of an exquisite, for he had roses "tull his shoone" and stockings of "silken soy," and loved the fashion of Sir Piercie Shafton better than his homely Scottish plaid. This golden freebooter is said to have existed in the days of Mary, Queen of Scots. The ballad I have quoted is an elegy over his execution, and really seems, from my little touches, to be written by a female hand.

Even in modern times, what pilgrim to the shrine of Worth could wish for a more fair attiring than the Passionate Shepherd offers to his love?

"A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Inbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold."

And yet, it may be, Sir Walter Raleigh is more in the vein of modern thinking when he answers to the shepherd, in "The Nymph's Reply," that flowers fade speedily, and Winter drives the flocks out of the fields, and Philomel becometh dumb, "and all complain of cares to come."

"A honey tongue, a heart of gall
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall."

HOLIDAY TIME IN RUSSIA.

The Russians are twelve days behind us in their mode of reckoning, for they still retain the "old style" in their dates, so that their New Year's Day falls on January 13th, new style.

If we were to visit at Christmas time the house of a Russian gentleman, we should find a party mostly consisting of grown-up people. A large tree, beautifully decorated, and lighted up with dozens of colored candles and lanterns, is certain to be the centre of attraction. On a table close by are ranged the gifts for all who are present, while another table is laid out with sweetmeats, dessert and wine. A Russian child is generally a dull, inanimate little being with no life in it, and, as a rule, we should find at this Christmas party that the children gaze at the brightly illuminated tree with a sort of stupid stare, and receive their presents with a stereotyped "Thank you" and a courtesy or a bow, after which the presents are carefully put by to be ready for the journey home. An American child will go into ecstasies over a toy, and show its pleasure in a thousand pretty little ways, although, of course, there are exceptions, and we have many children, too many, in fact, who are so shy that not even the present of a toy would make them forget their self-consciousness.

A Russian child is seldom shy. In this respect the children of France and of Russia resemble one another very much; but the French children are very much more lively and vivacious. It is really quite laughable to see these old-fashioned, sedate little boys and girls aping the manners and language of their seniors in their supremely ridiculous way. We must be understood to be talking at present of the well-to-do-classes. Amongst the peasantry we see the very opposite, for the village children are shy and reserved in the presence of strangers.

On looking round again at the party and the Christmas-tree, another peculiarity makes itself apparent, and that is, that although the grown-up people may be dressed in the latest fashion, the children are attired in the most peculiar way, especially the boys, who up to the age of twelve or fourteen wear a sort of blouse or tunic, with wide knickerbockers, and long boots up to the knees. During the past few years it has been noticed that the example of Paris in the matter of dressing children is being followed to some extent, and the Paris style will no doubt soon be more generally adopted; so that the appearance of the company at a youthful evening party will in time be considerably changed.

The long Russian Winter has a prejudicial effect on the health and general physique of the children of the upper classes, who are kept very much indoors during the cold weather; we therefore find that the majority of them can scarcely be called robust, and, in fact, at first sight they appear to be in a rapid consumption, so sallow is their skin and so peculiar their eyes. Taken altogether these pasty-faced little creatures are a sickly lot, always ailing and complaining.

Now that we have spoken thus much of the younger children, let us say a word about the older children, the young men and maidens who are old enough for courtship and matrimony. Their holidays are not spent as are our holidays. There seems to be no spirit in the majority of Russian youths of eighteen and twenty years of age. For, to take an example, although there is so much ice and snow for seven months or more in the year, the boys do not take to skating and snowshoeing and other Winter pastimes and pursuits; it is the young foreigners in Russia who do all the skating and snowshoeing and the going down ice-hills, as they do in Canada. The young man of St. Petersburg society does not pride himself on being a good football-player, a cricketer, a skater, a rider, a good shot, a good oar, or an expert swimmer. He prides himself on being a good dancer and a lady killer, and is proud in proportion to the number of cigarettes he can consume daily.

SOME THINGS THEY DO DIFFERENTLY IN CHINA.

It really is amusing to note in how many things Chinese customs are diametrically the reverse of ours. We shake hands with our friends; they shake their own hands, or rather wag their own clinched fists. American women cover their heads when they go out; Chinese women consider this very bad style—in fact, most objectionable; so even when they do wear headdresses they are open on the crown. American gentlemen remove their hats in presence of honored guests; Chinese gentlemen deem it courteous to keep the head covered. An American of the present day likes to keep his hair close-cropped; a Chinaman lengthens his long plait artificially that it may touch his heels. A young American rejoices in the early stages of his beard and mustache; but a Celestial knows that not till he is gray-headed may he indulge in the growth of such decorations. But when an American *does* shave, he generally (at least in America) is his own barber; whereas no Chinaman, however poor, would dream of shaving himself. He would consider that he was thereby demeaning himself. Of all contraries, what can be stranger than to see a whole race taking the greatest pride in the said long plait and shaven forehead, which are simply badges of subjection

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imposed on the nation only two hundred years ago by the Mantchu conquerors!

FOOTPRINTS OF JEANNE D'ARC.—ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION. SEE PAGE 360.

Furthermore, a young dandy of America considers his walking-stick an essential; in China the use of such a luxury is only permitted to aged and infirm persons. This law, which was passed in A. D. 903, replaced a far more arbitrary ancient law, which prohibited any man under fifty years of age from carrying a walking-stick, but permitted persons who had attained that age to use one when within their own grounds. This, then, was a privilege accorded only to the wealthy. On reaching his sixtieth year a man might walk about his own town or village, stick in hand; but not till he arrived at the ripe age of fourscore was he at liberty to support himself at all times with a trusty staff! Next to a walking-stick as the companion of an American's rambles comes his dog, instead of which the Chinaman carries his caged singing-bird. To him the dog is the guardian of the house, and is expected to remain ceaselessly on watch. In the matter of games, American children play battledore and shuttlecock with their hands; Chinese boys use their feet as the battledore, and occasionally catch the shuttlecock most expertly on their forehead.

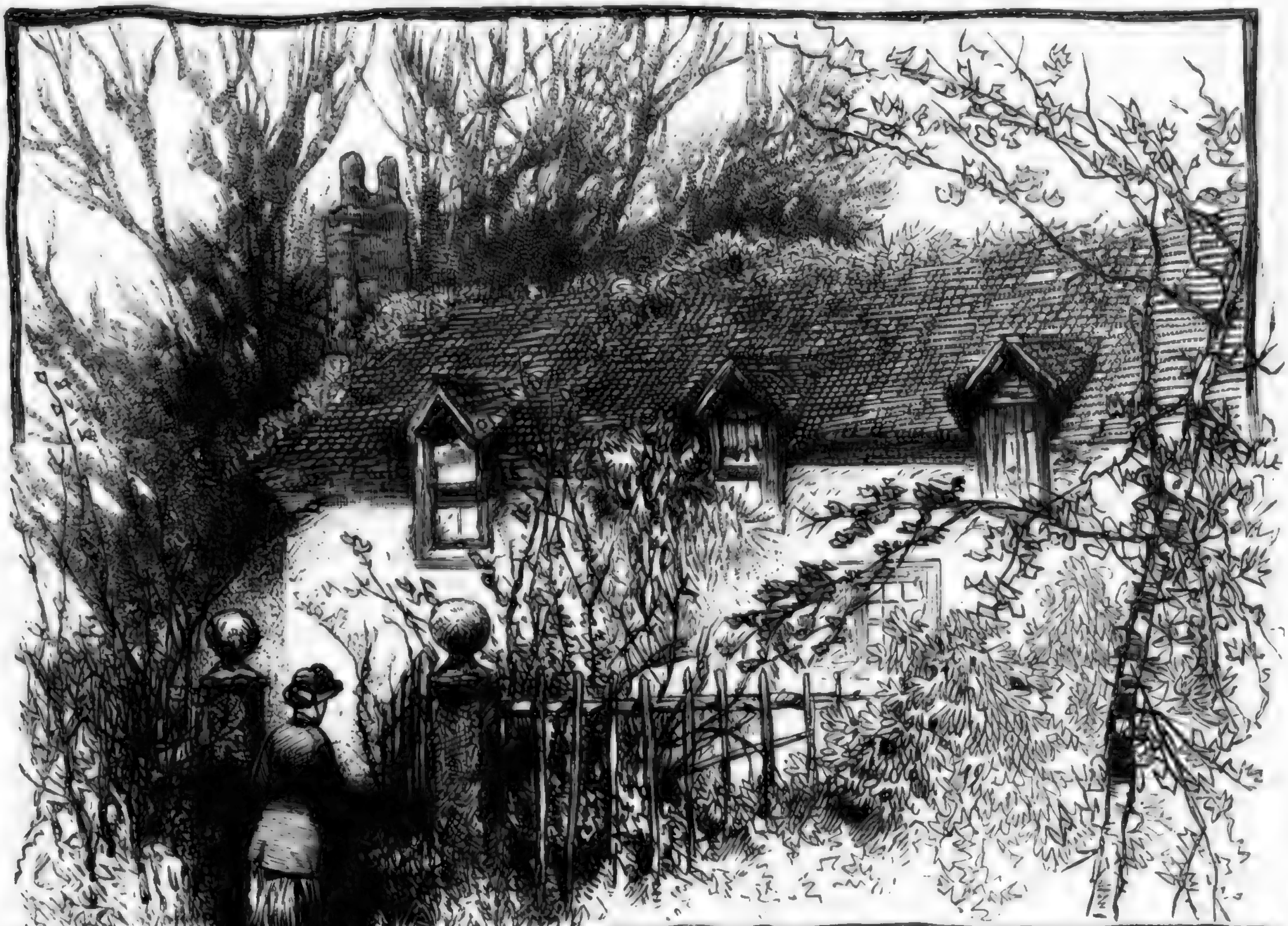
In England, when it was customary to put offenders in the stocks, it was their feet which were imprisoned; the Chinese equivalent is the cangue, the huge wooden collar, or, rather, large square board with a hole in the centre, through which is thrust the head of the criminal. We read our books from left to right, the Chinese from right to left. We write their names on the back, and arrange our bookshelves accordingly; they write the names on the end, and lay them so that the end shall be visible. In riding we hold the bridle in the left hand; a Chinaman holds it in the right. We have our address printed on the face of a neat, small visiting-card. If a Chinese visitor deems it necessary to note his address, it is inscribed on the back of a very large piece of crimson paper, which does duty as a card. Our doctors are content with feeling the pulse in one wrist; a Chinaman feels both as a preliminary to feeling many more, for he recognizes four hundred and one distinct pulses.

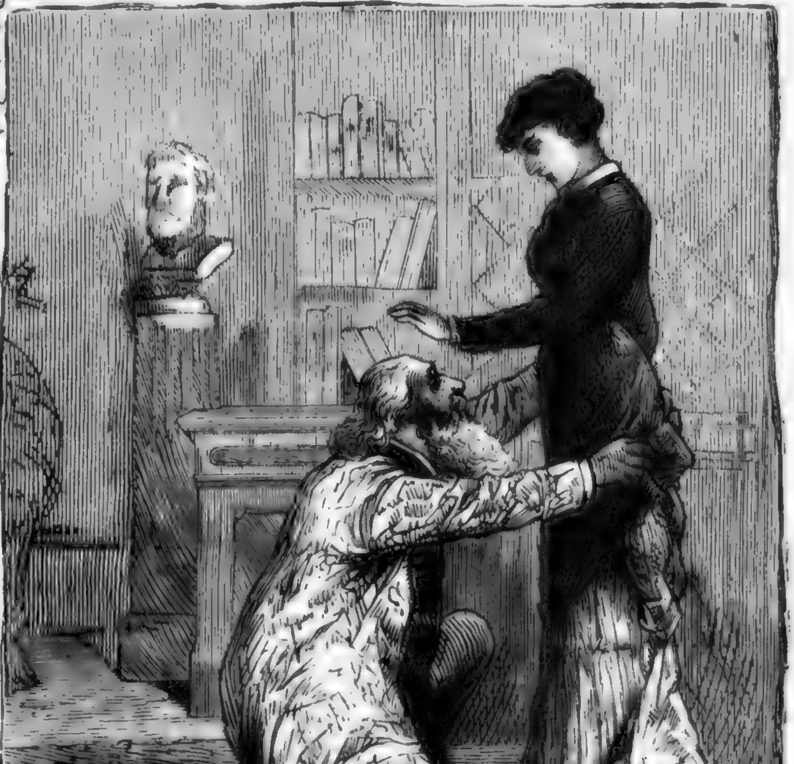
THE EARLY NEW ENGLAND MINISTER.

The minister and his family were in the front rank of social life in early New England days. To the people's adviser deference was paid. To the minister even the smallest of the boys took off their hats. The people of the town may have disagreed with him, still his position in society was acknowledged. He was the educated man of the town. In the early days he was the physician also. The first medical work published in America was by the pastor in Weymouth. It treated of smallpox. Vaccination was met with the strongest of opposition. The clergy opposed what was thought to be a means of intervening the will and providence of God. This discussion had much to do in separating the profession of medicine from the ministerial office. The minister likewise did much of the legal business of the people. Lawyers were rare men until toward the War of the Revolution. There was a dislike toward them—a feeling that they would take advantage of the people's rights. But America owes a debt of gratitude to the young barristers of the Revolution. They were true to the people and their best interests. When John Adams wished the hand of Abigail Smith, the people were anxious lest the dignity of Parson Smith's family would suffer. The next Lord's Day after the marriage he preached from the text, "And John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil."

MONUMENT TO JEANNE D'ARC, ROUEN.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous.





FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—"HESTER'S HEART SANK WITHIN HER AS SHE UNLATCHED THE GATE AND WALKED UP THE ROAD." . . . "'YOU WON'T BETRAY ME!' SHRIEKED THE OLD MAN, FALLING ON HIS KNEES BEFORE HER."

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

Two passengers left the train at Barnesville one pleasant afternoon in May. One was a tall, slender young man, with a pleasant face, frank blue eyes, and fair hair and mustache. The other, a young girl, dressed very plainly in gray serge, and wearing a thick brown vail which entirely concealed her face. But her figure was so graceful, and showed to such admirable advantage in the close-fitting dress, that the young man looked at her with very evident admiration in his eyes as he passed her on his way to the steps leading from the station platform. His look was not returned. The girl's eyes were riveted on a large placard which was tacked up on the door of the waiting-room, announcing that five hundred dollars reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderers of one Rachel Taylor, of Essex, and half that amount for the return of the property stolen from the house of the said Rachel Taylor on the 23d day of April. All communications were to be addressed to Holmes & Clifford, Attorneys at Law, Essex.

"It does not seem possible!" muttered the girl. "My old friend! Poor soul! What a sad end to her strange, lonely life!"

Then she turned as the station-master came near, and asked him if he could direct her to the house of Mr. Derwent.

"It's 'bout a mile from here," he answered, "mebbe a little more. Keep on up the road till you come to a lane on your right. Turn down that, an' Derwent's is the fust house you come to. Are you goin' to stop there?" he asked, with the curiosity which a monotonous country life is apt to engender.

"Yes; I am Mr. Derwent's niece," answered the girl, quietly, "and if you can manage to have my trunk sent up to Mr. Derwent's, I shall be very much obliged."

The man promised that the trunk should follow her almost immediately, for he would "have his son gear up the horse to once," and Hester Derwent left the station and took the road he had indicated as leading to her uncle's house.

She was a good walker, and it was not long before she came in sight of the place which she expected thenceforward to call her home.

A situation more lonely could scarcely be imagined. The house stood a long distance back from the road, and was completely surrounded by trees and shrubs. It was a low, six-room cottage, with a slanting roof and small dormer windows, about which vines grew thickly.

Over the greater portion of it crept the heavy trailing ivy, in which wild birds had built their nests. The decayed, sunken steps before the door were covered with vines. Several of the shutters, torn from their hinges, lay where they had fallen, and over them, too, was creeping the heavy ivy, which threatened to encompass everything. The chimneys were broken, the woodwork about the doors and windows warped and split, and moss was growing thick and green on the moldering roof. The grounds were an intricate tangle of brushwood. Flowering shrubs, which had been planted here and there, had grown, from lack of attention and pruning, into wild, unshapely trees. Rose-bushes, blooming luxuriantly in red, white and yellow, grew in every direction, and wild vines and unsightly weeds choked up the paths.

The rustic seats, dropped here and there, the fence and the gate, were broken and dilapidated, and about the whole place there was a look of such ruin and decay, that Hester's heart sank within her as she unlatched the gate and walked up the weed-grown path.

She had known very little of her uncle, and had not seen him for eight years; but she had imagined him such a man as her dear father had been, and was entirely unprepared to find him living in such a desolate abode.

Such a spot would never have suited the nature of Hester's father, who had gloried in sunshine and life and gayety.

The young girl's knock on the worm-eaten door was answered, when her patience was almost at an end, by an old, wizened-faced woman, who appeared to find it extremely difficult to comprehend that the handsome young lady on the steps was her master's niece.

But she consented to admit her, and after directing her to knock on the door of a room to the right, hobbled away into the kitchen again to resume her culinary operations.

"Come in," said a clear, manly voice, as Hester knocked timidly, and she pushed open the door and found herself face to face with the young man she had seen at the station.

"I was told that Mr. Derwent——" she began.

"Mr. Derwent went up-stairs a moment ago," interrupted the young man, kindly, seeing her hesitation and changing color. "He will be back very soon. Won't you sit down? Let me introduce myself. My name is Wilfred Clifford, and——"

"Wilfred Clifford!" interrupted Hester. "And you don't know me? You don't remember Hester Derwent?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Wilfred, seizing both her hands in a warm grasp. "And why are you here? I thought you were at school still!"

"I have been in a convent for eight years," said Hester. "Uncle sent me there when father died. I was to graduate in three weeks, but scarlet fever broke out in the school, and all those who *could* leave left at once. I did not take time even to telegraph to uncle. I knew that he was keeping house here, and that my coming a few weeks sooner than he had expected would probably make no difference to him. But I did not think to find him in such a place as this."

"Certainly it is not a proper home for you, Hester," said Wilfred, tenderly. "Such ruin and decay may suit your poor old uncle, but you deserve something different."

"I must make the best of it, since I have no other relative in the world," said Hester. "I will try to lighten the gloom. Do you remember what a lovely home we had in Essex, Wilfred? And to think your poor aunt should have met such a terrible death! I knew nothing about it until I saw the card at the station."

"It was a brutal murder," said Wilfred, his handsome face darkening perceptibly. "You know she would never trust her money and valuables in the bank. She thought them safer in her own care, and hid them away where she imagined no one would ever discover them. She once showed me a small chest nearly full of rings, bracelets, stones of great value, and heavy gold chains. Most of them were heirlooms in her family, and had descended to her from many generations. But she never told me where she kept them, and I never asked. I often tried to convince her that they would be safer in the bank, but she would not listen to me. The 23d of April I went to Ferrytown to visit my old friend, Frank Floyd, who had arranged a fishing-party for me. I left only a deaf old servant with my aunt. How I have reproached myself with my carelessness since! But I had grown so used to the idea that the valuables were securely hidden that I never even thought of danger. I did not return until the following night, and then it was to find my poor old aunt dead. She had been found on the floor of her bedroom, with her head almost severed from her body. In her desk was her will, in which she left all her property to me, and a letter, in which she told me that there was a false floor to the closet in her room, and on lifting that up I would find the chest containing the jewels and a canvas bag full of gold pieces. Of course, neither chest nor bag was to be found, and, with the exception of the house and lot, I am as poor as ever. And those I will sell if it is ever necessary to raise the five hundred dollars I have offered as a reward for the apprehension of the murderers."

"Has no clew been discovered yet?" asked Hester.

"None whatever. The matter is shrouded in the deepest mystery. But my partner, Dacey Holmes, is working like a tiger in the case. He is as shrewd and sharp a fellow as I ever met, and I have faith that he will unearth the villains yet. It was so unfortunate that he was not at home on the night of the murder. But, an hour after I had left for Ferrytown, he was called to Canada on some private business, and did not return until I had been home several hours myself," replied Wilfred.

At this moment the door opened to admit Mr. Derwent, an old man, with stooping shoulders, an uncertain gait and long white hair, which hung over his coat-collar. So much grayer, older and weaker did he look than when Hester had seen him last that she scarcely recognized him.

He seemed greatly surprised to see her, and it appeared to Hester, who was exceedingly sensitive, that he was annoyed and a little distressed by her arrival.

He said very little, however, but, turning to Clifford, gave him a small package, directing him to give it to Mr. Holmes as soon as possible.

"I suppose you would not care to remain all night," he added.

"I must not even think of it," said Wilfred, "much as I would enjoy talking over old times with Hester. But at any time Holmes may discover some clew to the murderers, and I must be on hand to consult with him if necessary. I should not have left Essex to-day for even the few hours that it takes to make a trip here, but Holmes could not possibly get off, as he had a case in court, and he wouldn't trust his letter to you by mail. He seemed anxious to have it put into your hands without any delay, so I offered to run down with it."

It seemed to Hester as if a peculiar expression, ironical and a little sad, rested on her uncle's face as Wilfred spoke, but it was gone in an instant, and he shook hands cordially with his visitor as he bade him good-by.

"I will come down again, Hester," the young man said in parting with her, "and try not to feel lonely."

But as time passed Hester grew very lonely indeed. From morning to night she was thrown on her own resources for amusement and occupation. Her uncle appeared only at meals. All day long he remained shut up in a little room he called his study, though Hester could not imagine what he found to employ him there; for the room contained no books, and was furnished with only a small, deep desk, a table and three chairs.

Wilfred Clifford kept his promise, and came occasionally to see Hester, and she looked forward to his visits as a traveler in the desert looks forward to reaching the water which will give new life to his frame. But it seemed to the poor girl as if her uncle was annoyed by Wilfred's coming, and more than once he refused to see him at all, so that her joy in the presence of her old friend was not unmixed with pain. She saw very plainly that Wilfred was learning to love her, and she knew that he was becoming dearer to her with every day; and she dreaded the coming of the time when her uncle must learn this, so sure was she that he would refuse his consent to her marriage.

She had been several weeks at the cottage before she saw Mr. Holmes. One morning her uncle announced that the lawyer would be with them that evening, and that dinner must be put off until the arrival of the late train.

"As he comes to see me entirely on business, you need not feel obliged to remain with us," said the old man. "He is good enough to come to me, instead of requiring me to go to him. We will be occupied in the study until late looking over—some—papers, and you'd better go to bed early, my dear."

"Yes, uncle," said Hester, quietly.

"It may be that I shall have to go abroad for a time," continued the old man, a little hesitatingly. "But it is not certain. Holmes will decide for me to-night; so you need not worry yet, Hester."

"I did not know that your business ever took you abroad, uncle," said Hester. "But I think the trip would benefit your health. You don't look well, and every night I hear you moaning and tossing in your sleep. Last night you screamed aloud several times. It really frightened me. Don't you think you ought to see a doctor, uncle?"

"No, no," said the old man, rising from his seat and moving toward the door. I'm not ill, Hester—I'm only tired; and sometimes I have the nightmare."

He left the room, and Hester, wondering at his strange, nervous manner, resumed her occupation of clearing the breakfast-table, which she had paused in the more closely to observe her uncle.

She was in her room when Mr. Holmes arrived, and overheard his greeting to her uncle, who opened the hall-door to admit him.

"So you expected me? You received my note, then? I think we can push matters now without any trouble."

"Hush!" said Mr. Derwent, tremulously. "My niece may hear you."

"Why the deuce do you have a niece, I'd like to know?" said Holmes, as he entered.

Hester wondered what kind of a man Wilfred's partner could be to talk so roughly to an old man, and she was predisposed to dislike him.

But she speedily forgot her half-formed prejudice when she met him an hour later at the dinner-table. His appearance was prepossessing. He was a handsome man, with keen, dark eyes, an olive complexion, regular features, and a long, black mustache, which he habitually caressed as he talked.

Though dignified in manner, he was as gracious as possible with Hester, who was young enough to be considerably flattered by the notice he took of her, and the delicate compliments he contrived to pay her before the meal was over.

As they rose from the table he took her hand and gave it an unmistakable pressure.

"I know your uncle intends to bury me in that gloomy little room he calls his study, Miss Hester, so I must say good-night and good-by now, though it is so early. Duty before pleasure, you know, and, however much I might desire it, your uncle would not let me off. But I shall hope to see you again."

As Holmes spoke, bending his dark eyes searchingly on her face, Hester saw her uncle's countenance grow dark and angry.

"Come," he said, more sharply than she had ever heard him speak before, "don't waste your time in silly speeches. Leave that to younger men."

"And better ones, perhaps," said Holmes, in a very significant tone; and little as there appeared to Hester in the words, they seemed to affect her uncle strangely. He shuddered, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

"I sometimes think your uncle is a little—peculiar," said Holmes, hesitating over the last word.

"I often wonder if Miss Taylor's death had anything to do with the singular change which has come over him since I last saw him," said Hester. "They were great friends when we all lived in Essex, and I know he thought very seriously once of marrying her. I remember hearing my father speak of it, and say that the old

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lady was more than willing. Was not her death horrible! And has no clew to the murderers been found?"

"Not yet," said Holmes. "And still—may I tell you something in confidence? I think, perhaps, you ought to know it."

"Please tell me," said Hester. "If it is anything about the murder, I will certainly take a deep interest in it. When Wilfred is here we talk of very little else."

"Ah!" with a peculiar look which made the blood rush to her cheeks. "I fancy I could find other subjects of interest. And, if what I suspect has any foundation, Wilfred ought to avoid the subject of his aunt's death."

"What do you mean?" asked Hester, turning pale at his significant tone.

"Only that Wilfred Clifford was tired of waiting for his old aunt's money; that he, of all people, ought to have known—had a better chance to know—where the property was secreted, and——"

"Stop!" interrupted Hester, trembling. "I will not listen to any more. You wrong him by your suspicions. They are unfounded. He was away at Ferrytown—that can be proved."

THE VASE.—FROM A PAINTING BY FORTUNY.

"Perhaps so," said Holmes, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I hope so, certainly. I am sorry I gave you even a hint of my suspicions. I had no idea, of course, that you would resent my confidence." And with a smile and a bow he left the room.

Hester went to her room and tried to think matters over calmly. She would not admit to herself that she was at all influenced by what Holmes had said of Wilfred; but, nevertheless, she was vaguely troubled and distressed.

The night was close and warm, and, thinking that in her present condition of mind sleep would be impossible, she concluded to go down into the garden.

She descended the stairs as noiselessly as possible, so as not to disturb her uncle or Mr. Holmes, whose voices she could hear as she passed the study-door, and gaining the garden, sank down in the first seat she saw—a rustic bench under a cedar-tree.

She was about to abandon herself to the quiet beauty of the night, and the fragrance of the flowers blooming about her, when she was startled by hearing a voice say:

"Well, now, that matter is settled, the sooner we go to work the better."

"I wish you could arrange to go," replied a voice that Hester recognized as her uncle's. "You always put the worst part off on me."

"Do I?" with a sneer. "I scarcely think you took on your shoulders the worst part of that business we entered on last April."

"There's a great deal of risk in going——" began Mr. Derwent.

"Oh, drop the subject. You've got to go, and that ends it. I have explained my reasons until I am tired. Are you sure that niece of yours is in her room?"

"Oh, yes; I heard the clock strike eleven a few moments ago. She is always in bed by nine at the latest."

"We don't want any surprises. Where's the old woman?"

"She went home to stay all night."

"Good. Where's the key to the desk?"

At this juncture Hester turned around and found that she was sitting within two yards of the open window of the study, the shutters of which were closed, however. She did not rise, but remained motionless, half paralyzed by what she had heard. What could be this business upon which they were engaged, and which would be ruined by a surprise? Turning the matter over in her mind, Hester at last determined to penetrate the mystery. It was not curiosity which urged her to decide thus. She was singularly free from any desire to possess herself unbidden of the secrets of others. No, it was a feeling which she could not smother, but something was going on in that room which merited detection. For her own sake, she must know whether her uncle could be trusted with her welfare.

Softly she advanced to the window, and trembling in every limb, peered through a crack in the shutter. What a sight met her eyes! As she looked she could scarcely repress a cry of astonishment. On the table in the centre of the room lay a glittering heap of jewelry. Massive old silver, some of the pieces incrusted with precious gems; gold chains, rings, costly bracelets, sets of valuable stones, and a necklace, tiara, cross, and pin of diamonds. A fortune was spread on that little table, a fortune which Hester felt sure did not belong to the two men in whose possession she saw it now.

With small instruments, both Derwent and Holmes were busily separating the diamonds and stones from their settings and then pushing them into little heaps as they fell on the table.

To whom did this fortune belong?

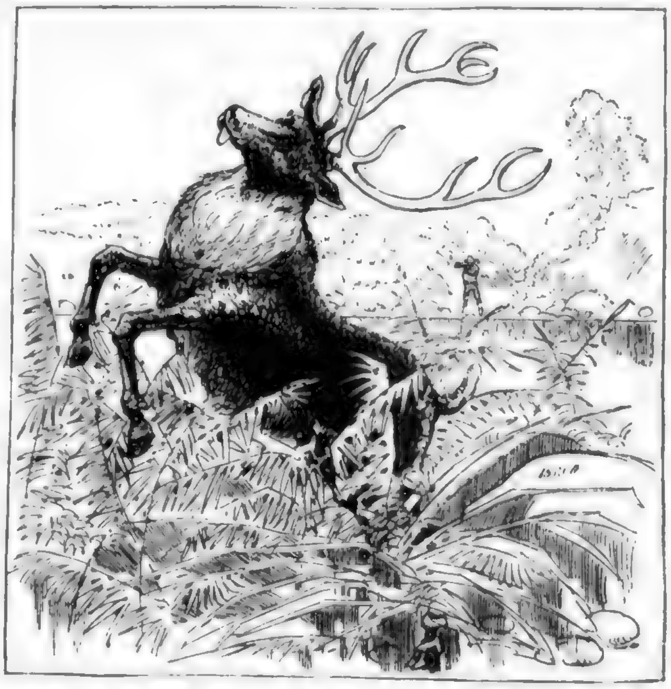
Hester had little difficulty in determining this question.

A small canvas bag and a square, black chest on the floor by the lawyer's chair gave her an unmistakable clew. She felt sure that she saw before her the murderers of Wilfred's aunt. And yet one of these men was her uncle—her father's brother—into whose care she had been committed eight years before!

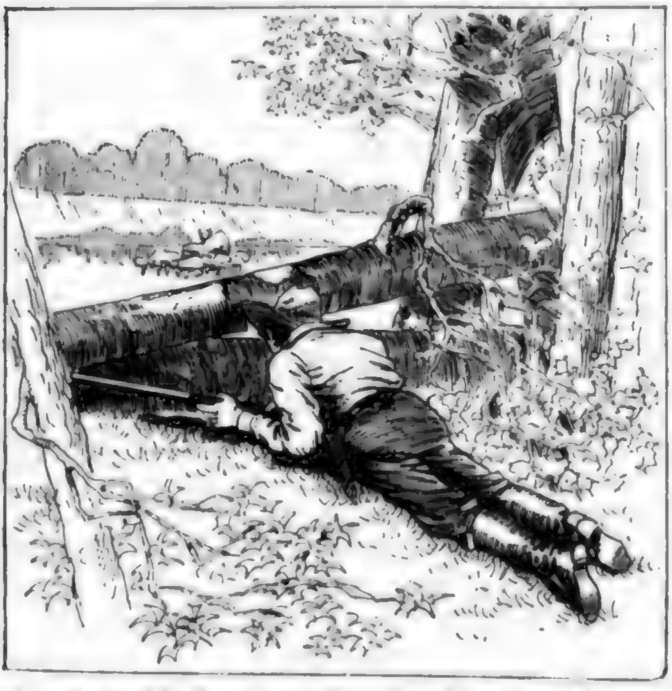
What was her duty? What steps must she take, now that she had made this terrible discovery?

She stood at the window until the work within the room was completed. She saw Holmes fill a belt with stones and fasten it about her uncle's waist. She saw him take from a similar belt about his own body a handful of gold, which he gave to Mr. Derwent. She knew now why her uncle was going abroad. It was to dispose in perfect safety of the illgotten booty.

It was daylight when at length she sought her room again. But, though she undressed and lay down, she could not sleep. That was impossible with such a load on heart and brain.



A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"AT THE REPORT OF MY RIFLE THE DEER SPRANG CLEAR OUT OF THE WATER, AND THEN FELL BACK WITH A GREAT SPLASH."



A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"LYING CROUCHED BEHIND THE LOG, I WATCHED EAGERLY FOR THE FIRST MOVEMENT OF THE QUARRY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

She descended to breakfast looking wan, pale and haggard. She had not decided what course to pursue. She recoiled from the thought of exposing her uncle; but could she, in justice to either the living or the dead, remain silent?

Holmes had left early in order to catch the first train to Essex; she was spared the trial of meeting him again. But she found it impossible to preserve her composure even before her uncle, who eyed her very sharply as she sat listlessly behind the coffee-urn, but who made no comment on her want of appetite.

As they rose from the table Hester formed a sudden resolution. She found a longer silence unendurable. Approaching her uncle, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Uncle," she said, "last night I saw you in your study, and saw the work upon which you were engaged. How could you stain your hands with the blood of your old friend?"

Her voice was solemn and impressive, and as she spoke Amos Derwent turned fairly livid.

He staggered back against the wall like a man struck by a sudden blow.

"I did not do it—I never touched her," he gasped. "I was outside all the time. It was Holmes. I never knew she was murdered until I saw it in the papers. He did not tell me. He kept it from me as long as he could. Hester, I swear to you, I thought it was only a robbery at first. But I knew it would come to light. I told Holmes that Wilfred would find out some day that he didn't go to Canada that day."

His voice had risen to a shriek. He was trembling like a leaf in a storm.

"Why did you take the money and jewels, uncle? Why help to defraud the innocent?" asked Hester, sternly.

"He—he made me," gasped the old man. "He had a hold over me. I couldn't help it."

He dropped into a chair, and, entirely overcome, let his head fall on his breast and burst into tears.

"But this property must be restored, uncle. It must

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be given to Wilfred Clifford. You must not keep it another hour."

"You won't betray me," shrieked the old man, falling on his knees before her, and clutching her dress with both hands. "Oh, Hester, spare me, spare me! Remember that your father was my brother. Don't betray me!"

"If I only knew what was right!" sighed Hester, as she helped him to his feet.

He did not answer; but she saw his face become suddenly distorted, his trembling increase. The next moment he fell in a fit at her feet.

Half an hour later the village doctor arrived breathless at the cottage, having been summoned in hot haste by the old servant. But his skill availed nothing. He found no use for the medicine-box he had brought; for within ten minutes of his arrival old Amos Derwent breathed his last.

* * * * * *

Late that evening, as Wilfred Clifford sat alone in the small parlor of the neat little house which his aunt had left him, he heard the sound of steps on the graveled walk. He answered the ring at the bell himself, and to his great surprise saw that his visitor was a woman. He did not recognize her until she came into the lighted hall and threw back her vail.

"Hester!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I," she said, in a low, tense voice. "Strange, is it not, that I should come alone to your house late at night? But I have come to tell you where you can find the murderer you have been seeking so long."

* * * * * *

An hour later Dacey Holmes, in his room at the Essex Hotel, was roused from the heavy sleep into which he had fallen by a loud knock at his door. He opened it, and was confronted by two policemen, who held a warrant for his arrest on the charge of willful murder of Rachel Taylor. The evidence was against him, and he was convicted, paying the penalty of his crime a few months later.

To the last he maintained his cold, dignified demeanor, and ascended the scaffold with a cynical smile on his handsome, dark face.

Wilfred Clifford and Hester Derwent were married a few weeks later, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the bride never returned to that desolate cottage where she had made such a terrible and important discovery. Nor did she ever claim the five hundred dollars reward. Love paid the debt, and her heart was more than satisfied.

A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

A TRUE STORY.

By Bang.

"It was in the Cheat River country, in West Virginia, that I killed that fellow," said the doctor, answering the look of admiration I had cast upon the finely mounted head and horns of a large buck which hung upon the wall of his cozy dining-room. "And a hard time I had of it, too," he went on. "Let me tell you of it," and settling himself back in his chair, his eyes glistening with the pleasure of his recollections, he told the story:

"It was in 1878, in November, that our party of five were encamped for our annual hunt on the banks of the Cheat River, away up among the mountains. We had had fair sport, for deer were plentiful, and bears could usually be found without great difficulty.

"At one particular 'stand,' however, we had had unvarying bad luck, and all of the party felt nettled about it; for each in turn had been stationed there, and although the hounds had always crossed the river at that point, as if in pursuit of deer, yet no one had had a shot.

"This stand was situated on the mountain side, close to the bank of the river, and about four miles distant from our camp.

"On the day in question I was assigned by our leader to that point, the other members of the party (excepting Old Jake, the mountaineer, who was to 'drive' for us), being stationed at various stands between my station and the camp.

"Starting from camp at four o'clock on that cold, frosty morning, having first secured a promise from Old Jake that he would hold back the dogs until I should have had ample time to reach my stand, I made my way as best I could over the fallen trees and through laurel bushes across the mountain.

"It was a dreadful walk. Road there was none, and by the time I had reached the crest of the slope overlooking an old log near the river-bank which marked the 'stand,' daylight had come.

"As I stopped for a moment to get my breath before beginning the descent, the yelping of a hound was borne to my ears on the fresh morning air, and a moment later a fine doe ran out on the sandbar on the far side of the river, swam swiftly across, and, passing within twenty yards of where I should have been, disappeared in the woods.

"Had I been less fatigued, or had the route to camp been less rough or difficult, I should at once have returned. As it was, however, I kept on down the mountain, and in two minutes was seated on the roots of a mighty oak close behind the old log which marked the 'stand.'

"Here I could see the stream for a quarter of a mile above me, and the sandbars which marked its further bank in that direction. Below me, for the distance of a mile, the banks on both sides were precipitous, and afforded no place where deer might cross.

"Musing on my ill-luck in reaching the stand too late, I yet, with a hunter's instinct, kept a keen watch upon the opposite shore.

"In a few minutes I again heard the musical baying of the hounds, and presently there stepped out upon the opposite bank, some three hundred yards up the stream, a lordly buck. To slip down and lie on my face, with only my eyes peering around the end of the old log, was the work of an instant.

The deer, after hesitating a moment, walked quickly into the water, and, reaching the middle of the river, swam rapidly down-stream. To my surprise he did not turn toward shore, but headed for a large rock which raised its head in midstream, just opposite my hiding-place.

"On reaching this rock the deer swam around it till near its lower side, then turning about, with head up stream, he drew himself close alongside of the rock, and lay there motionless, only the tips of his horns being visible to me, though his whole head was doubtless out of water.

"Another minute, and two of the hounds burst with loud yelps from the forest, and, following the hot trail to the water's edge, sprang into the stream, swam across to my side, and there quickly finding the trail of the doe, took it up eagerly, and were almost instantly lost to sight among the trees and rocks.

"The buck had not moved, nor had I stirred a muscle.

How he sustained himself in his position in that swiftly-running stream I do not know. Perhaps he was treading water, but it is more probable he had found a foothold on a shelving ledge of the rock.

"For half an hour after the disappearance of the dogs, the buck quietly retained his place, while I, lying crouched closely behind the log, watched eagerly for the first movement of the quarry.

"I was greatly excited, for in all my experience in deer-hunting, which had been considerable, I had never known a deer to act as this one was acting.

"At last, and just as I had asked myself if it could be possible that the buck would spend the day where he was, the deer's horns disappeared behind the rock, and a moment later his head came in view.

"He was swimming up-stream, and for a moment it looked as if my hopes would be realized, and the deer choose my side of the river for his place of landing.

"Should he land there, he would of necessity pass within twenty yards of my hiding-place, in which case he and I would probably dine together that evening. Should he, however, decide to cross the river and land on the opposite bank, he would, on reaching shoal water, be not less than two hundred and fifty yards distant, and my chance of getting him at that range would be very small.

"I was not left long in uncertainty, for in a moment the broad antlers turned toward the *opposite* shore.

"To say that I was disappointed inadequately ex-expresses my feelings.

"For a moment I was in despair; then, grasping my rifle firmly, I ran swiftly to the river-bank, and waited for the deer to land.

"Presently his feet struck the sand, and a moment later his body was lifted from the water as he waded toward the shore.

"At this instant I gave a sharp whistle, the buck's head turned quickly toward the sound, and almost simultaneously with the movement, the sharp crack of my Winchester rifle broke the stillness of the air. At the report the deer sprang clear out of the water, then fell back with a great splash. In my intense excitement, only partially relieved by the shot, I gave a mighty shout.

"But he was far from dead, and I did not permit my hopes to deceive me as to his true condition. He continued to thrash the water lustily, and I rightly (as it turned out), conjectured that my bullet had taken effect in his head, and that the wound was not fatal.

"I had aimed at the neck, and the shot was a good one at the distance, but unless I could succeed in speedily reaching the deer, I was sure he would recover himself sufficiently to escape me.

"For ten seconds I was greatly troubled to determine upon the proper course to be taken. To swim acrosswas out of the question. The river was swift and deep, the air was frosty, and I had no inclination for a bath under such circumstances. Suddenly I remembered that a few days before I had seen the prow of a dug-out at the entrance of a brooklet a few hundred yards up-stream, and with the thought I rushed toward the spot.

"The underbrush was quite dense, and the surface of the ground covered with rocks and old logs, over which I stumbled in my haste, with thought only of the deer lying kicking in the river, until, with bleeding face and hands and torn clothes, I reached the brook. To my delight the boat was where I had before seen it.

"Now this boat would not have commended itself to the eyes of one accustomed only to the boats of civilization, nor would such a craft be considered altogether 'safe' by the reflecting mind; but during my hunts in this unsettled country I had seen many such in use, and had learned to look on them as very good make-shifts in the absence of better watercraft.

"Built of rough lumber, with flat bottom, to enable it to be easily drawn over the 'rifflers,' it was twenty-two feet in length by thirty inches in width at its widest point. The stern was square, and the swell to the point of greatest width was very slight; the bow was sharp. That this snaky craft was leaky I could not doubt, for two inches of water lay in the bottom, and the sides showed unmistakable signs of contact with the rocks of the river.

"In my excited condition of mind, however, I would have used a raft had no other means of passage been near, and I did not hesitate to spring into the boat and push out into the river. There were no oars or paddles, but only a long pole, which did service in their place.

"I remember that my only deliberate act at this time was to lay my rifle across the stern seat out of danger from water, for all my cartridges were in the 'magazine' of the gun, and should they get wetted, my chase would of course be fruitless.

"As the boat swung clear of the bushes, I cast an eager glance to the sandbar on which my thoughts had been fixed. The deer was gone!

"For an instant my hopes were dashed, but they were as quickly revived, for, far away down the stream, my eyes fell upon a black spot, which I recognized as the head of the buck, moving downward with the current. Shoving the boat into the swiftest current, and heedless of the rocks against which I constantly struck, I pressed on in pursuit.

"I was not skilled in the use of the pole and could not keep my boat straight in the stream; half the time it was floating sidelong, and several times it turned completely round, but with all this I yet gained rapidly on the swimming game. It was necessary that I should reach him quickly, for the deer was rapidly nearing a point where he might land. This was a narrow path leading up the river-bank into the forest, and was distant about a mile from my late stand.

"Below this pathway there was no place at which the deer could land before reaching the stand on which was stationed the best rifle-shot in our party. To kill the deer before he should reach the pathway, or at least to prevent him in some way from landing at that point, was now my purpose, and to this end I bent all my energies.

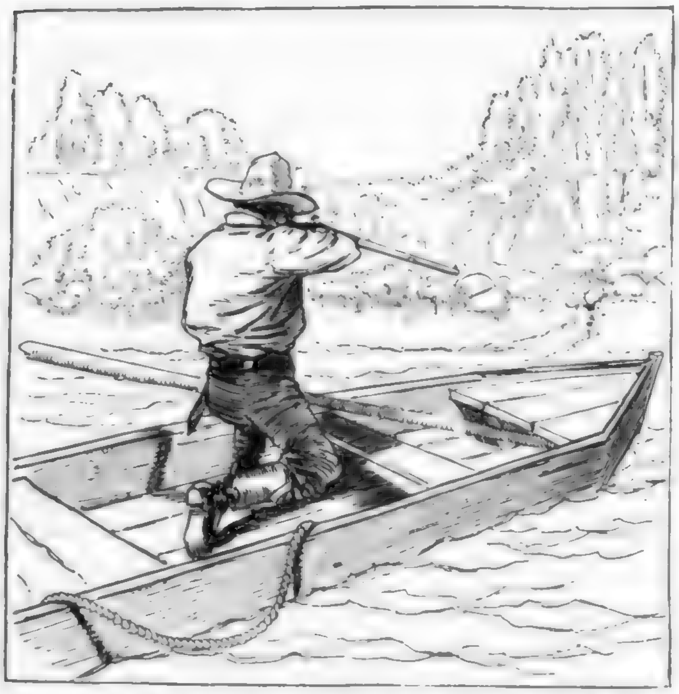
"Although I had gained rapidly on the game from the first, I was yet quite two hundred yards distant from the deer when he turned toward the pathway. I could go no faster. I had already strained my muscles to their utmost, and was streaming with perspiration, and I realized at once that I could not cut him off, or get between him and the bank.

"To hit, with a single ball, at two hundred yards, so small an object as a deer's head, when the shooter is in a rocking, dancing boat, requires greater skill than mine; but it seemed my only chance of success.

"Grasping my rifle, and kneeling in the bottom of the boat, unmindful of the water, I fired one shot at the low swimming head.

"The water dashing in the face of the deer at the report of the rifle, showed I had aimed six inches too far forward, and had not struck the game, but to my delight the shot turned him, and again he headed down the river.

XUM



A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"KNEELING IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, UNMINDFUL OF THE WATER, I FIRED A SHOT AT THE LOW SWIMMING HEAD."

"Throwing down my rifle and seizing my pole, I pushed on with increased excitement.

"Up to the time of this shot the deer had been apparently unconscious of the pursuit, but now he swam with desperate force and energy.

"Loss of blood, however, and his already long-continued effort had fatigued him, and as my boat came closer and closer in his wake, he seemed to abandon the idea of escaping by swimming, and heading toward a sandbar in the middle of the river, presently felt the river bottom, and wading into the shoal water until the ripples of the river broke about his knees, stopped quite still, and, bristling with fear and rage, stood facing his pursuer and awaiting his approach. He presented a magnificent appearance, but I had no time to admire him except from a hunter's standpoint, for the current bore me swiftly toward him, and I felt that the end drew near.

"When only forty yards distant I turned to grasp my rifle and give the death shot.

"Imagine my feelings when I found the gun—in the water in the bottom of the boat, where, in my nervous excitement after the last shot, I had carelessly dropped it.

"I could have cried with vexation, but, hoping against hope that the cartridges would yet explode, I threw the gun to my shoulder, and, with deadly aim on the buck's shoulder, pulled the trigger.

"There was a snap, but no report. The cartridge was wet. With nervous haste I tried the second cartridge with like result; the third and fourth, and all their fellows followed, each snapping in turn, and all this time the current bore me steadily downward directly upon the deer, which yet kept his ground.

"I was within ten feet of his sharp horns when the last cartridge failed me. What was I to do? My gun was useless, and I was without other weapon, saving only a short hunting-knife and the pole with which I had pushed the boat. Well, I knew that neither of these would suffice to protect me from the mad rush of a wounded buck.

"With the snap of the last cartridge, I dropped my gun, and, jumping overboard, seized the boat with both hands, and held it between me and the deer. The water was waist-deep and very cold, but such was my state of excitement I scarcely felt the cold, and only thought now how to secure my game.

"Prudence told me not to attack him with my pole and knife, and my experience with wounded deer had been sufficient to warn me not to let him attack me if I could help it.

"I realized that, but for the boat which afforded me a cover from any possible attack, I should be in a dangerous position, and that I might now very properly regard myself as the game and the deer as the hunter.

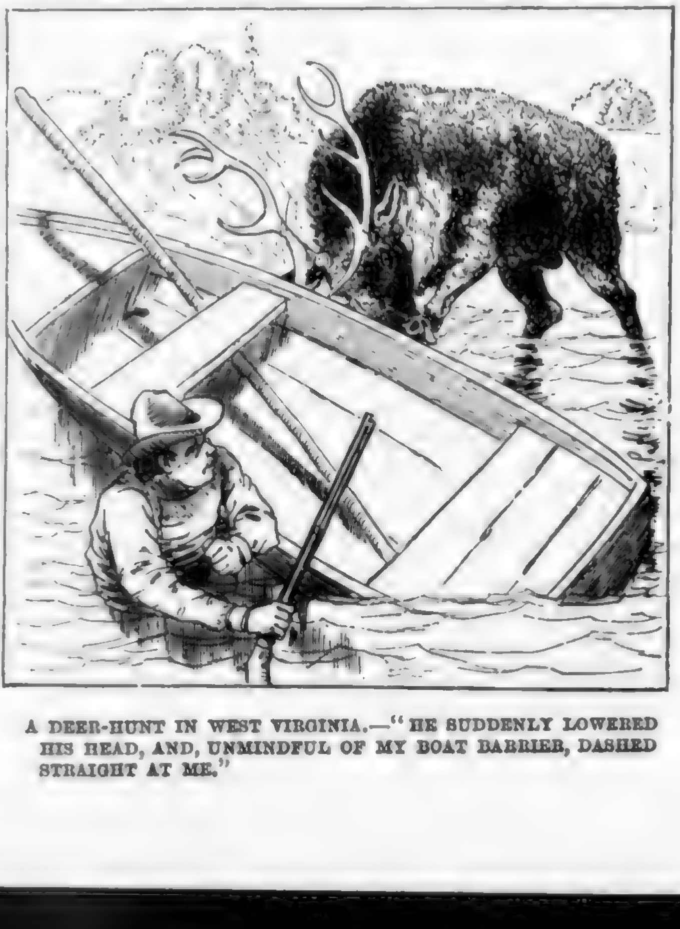
"The buck saved me the responsibility of deciding on my next step. He had been glaring at me across the boat, the bristles on his neck raised, and showing every sign of rage.

"Now he suddenly lowered his head, and, unmindful of my boat barrier, dashed straight at me.

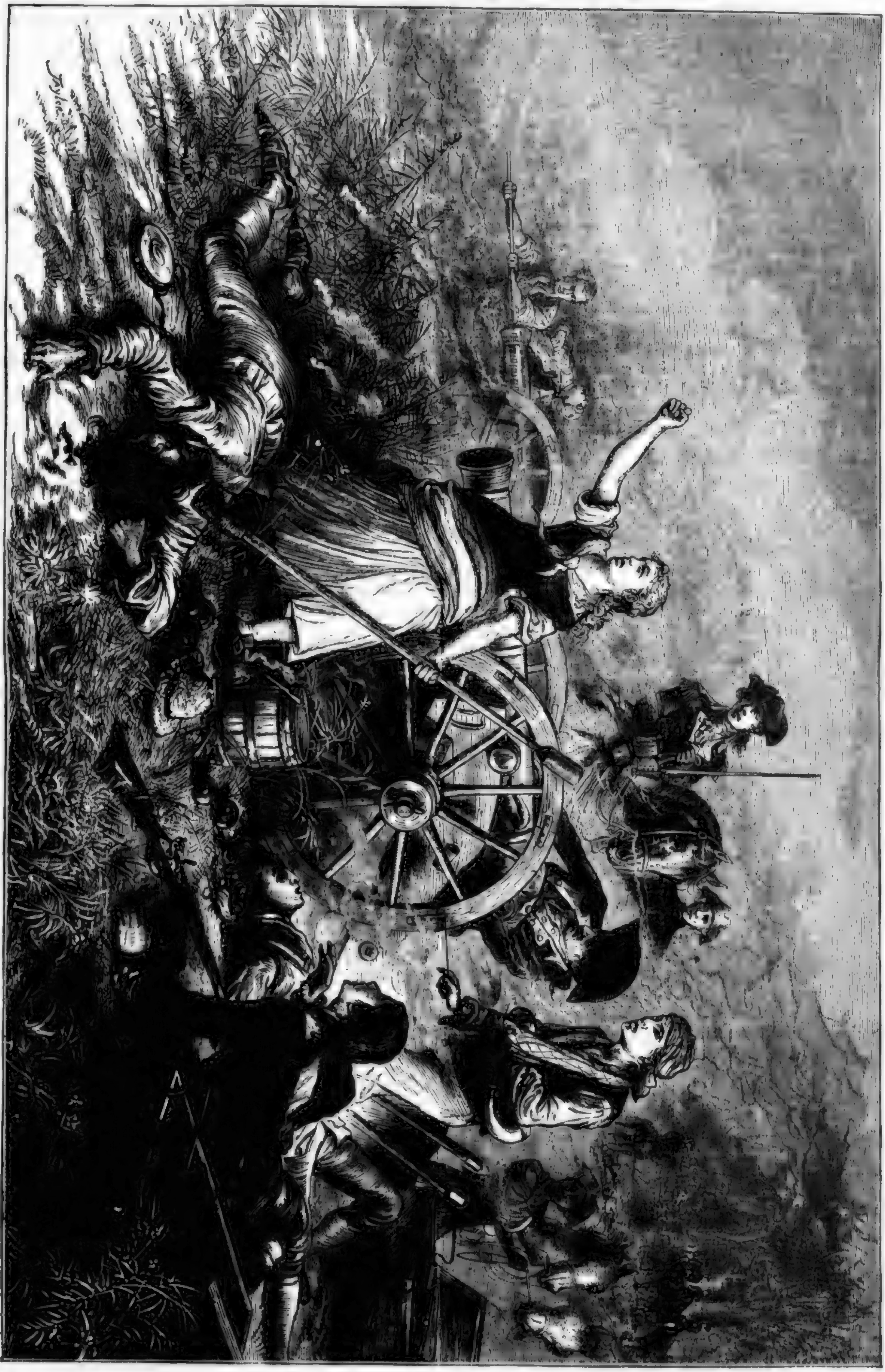
"Had I reflected an instant I might have held my ground, but there was very little time for reflection, and respect for the truth requires me to admit that as the buck's breast struck the boat and his horns lunged fiercely at me across the narrow barrier, I retreated precipitately, losing my grasp on the boat, leaving it and its contents to float down the stream. Nor did I stop to further dispute the deer's right to the sandbar, but, unmindful for the moment of the cold water, plunged into the stream and swam vigorously toward shore.

"As I landed, dripping with water, a glance behind me showed the buck quietly wading toward the lower end of the bar, as if intending to again take to the water, and my boat turned slowly into an eddy a short distance below. During my swim I had formed my plan of further action, and without stopping even to shake myself when I reached the shallow water, I started at full speed down the river. I could not climb the bank, but I could run in the shallow water at the margin, and thus perhaps reach our next 'stander' before the deer could find a landing.

"As I commenced my run, another look at the deer showed him again swimming down stream. He had a short start, but I could run faster than he could swim, and when, ten minutes later, I reached the 'crossing'



A DEER-HUNT IN WEST VIRGINIA.—"HE SUDDENLY LOWERED HIS HEAD, AND, UNMINDFUL OF MY BOAT BARRIER, DASHED STRAIGHT AT ME."



MOLL PITCHER TAKING CHARGE OF A GUN, AFTER THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND, AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, N. J.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

above the stand I was fully two hundred yards in advance. He had just then headed toward the shore, and was evidently determined to land at the crossing.

"Rushing up the bank in breathless haste, I dashed through the woods toward the stand.

"A moment later Captain Derby's startled face showed itself from behind a great oak tree. He was about to make some inquiry, and perhaps did so, for my sudden appearance and disordered condition were enough to excite question, but I cut short all attempts at conversation by snatching his rifle from his hands and running back toward the crossing. I was none too soon, for as I reached the bank the deer's feet struck the sand, and he ceased swimming. As his neck and shoulders cleared the water, I threw the rifle to my shoulder, and holding my breath to steady myself as much as possible, pulled the trigger.

"This time the cartridge did not fail, and the crack of the gun closed the career of as gallant a buck as ever trod a mountain path, and the most exciting hunt of my life."

MOLL PITCHER AT MONMOUTH.

Moll Pitcher was one of the true heroines of the American Revolutionary War, and no account of the battle of Monmouth is complete without the record of her part in it. The battle was one of the most bitterly contested of all the struggles of that war. It was fought June 28th, 1778, at Freehold, in Monmouth County, New Jersey.

The American forces were under command of General Washington, and the British under Sir Henry Clinton, who had evacuated Philadelphia ten days previous, with the intention of marching toward New Brunswick, and embarking by way of the Raritan River. In this intention he was frustrated by the American army, which was encamped at Valley Forge. Washington, hearing of Sir Henry Clinton's movements, sent out a force to intercept him. Sir Henry Clinton changed his route, and on the evening of June 27th was encamped on the high ground near Monmouth Court House. The American advance was at Englishtown, about five miles distant, under General Lee, the main body of the army being three miles in the rear.

Early on the morning of the 28th, Lee's division and the rear guard of the British came in conflict. Lee intended to hold his position until the main body came to his assistance, but his men became demoralized and began a disorderly retreat. It was charged that Lee also shared the demoralization, and when Washington, coming up with the main body, met him in retreat, he, with a severe rebuke, ordered him to rally his men and return to the field. The occasion is said to have been the only time that General Washington ever uttered an oath. The battle lasted all day, and resulted in a victory for the Americans. During the night the British silently retreated.

The intense heat of the day was fatal to many of the soldiers of both armies; yet, notwithstanding the heat, smoke and blood of the battle, Moll Pitcher stepped forward among these heroes and took a place in history from which she can never be dislodged.

When the British attacked the regiment of Livingston and Varnum's brigade, which lined a hedgerow that stretched across the open field in front of a causeway over a morass, the scene occurred which is depicted in our engraving on page 377.

Moll Pitcher was the wife of a cannoneer. She was a sturdy camp-follower, about twenty-two years old. During the action her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, and she was constantly employed in bringing him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed the brave cannoneer, and the officer in command, having no one to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. The intrepid wife saw her husband fall to the earth, and heard the order given by the officer.

"Not so!" cried she. "I will take his place and avenge his death."

She sprang to the piece, and there in the thick of the battle she loaded and fired with all the coolness and bravery of a veteran. The skill and courage she displayed attracted the attention of all who saw her. All day long she held her post, firing shot after shot into the ranks of the British.

The next morning, after the battle was over, covered with dirt and blood, she was presented by General Green to Washington, who admiring her courage and coolness, gave her the commission of a sergeant, and by his recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. But this distinction did not satisfy the enthusiastic soldiers who had witnessed her valor. They dubbed her Captain Molly, which title she bore for the rest of her life.

The French officers, who were charmed with her bravery, made her many presents. She would often pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and the admiring soldiers would almost fill it with money.

The battle of Monmouth was not Moll Pitcher's first experience under fire. She was in Fort Clinton, on the Hudson, when it was attacked by the British about nine months before the Monmouth battle. When the Americans retreated from the fort as the enemy scaled the ramparts, her husband dropped his match and fled. Molly caught it up, touched off the piece and scampered off. It was the last gun fired by the Americans in the fort.

Soon after the battle of Monmouth, where her husband was killed, she left the army and retired to a place between Fort Montgomery and Buttermilk Falls, on the Hudson, where she lived till her death. She was usually attired in the petticoats of her sex, over which she wore an artilleryman's coat.

She was a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced Irishwoman, with a handsome, piercing eye. Unfortunately, after the death of her husband, she fell into evil ways, and her death was in consequence of her dissolute habits.

SOME COMMON DANGEROUS PLANTS.

By W. Hamilton Gibson.

The Summer season, when so many city-bred children run wild in country parts, always brings reports of cases of poisoning by eating, or even touching, poisonous plants. It may be well to describe and picture the most dangerous of these to enable young and old to take heed.

If there are ever circumstances under which the lack of botanical knowledge is most realized and deplored, it is when one is smarting under the dreadful effects of unknown poisonous weeds, which make the unsuspecting passer-by a victim unawares, and often send him to a bed of intense suffering.

The study of botany, so little observed in our country, is here brought down to a practical basis, and to this extent becomes a necessity, as a preservative against bodily danger. It is true that some persons are proof against the poisonousp roperties of these plants, but this is the great exception, as the majority of individuals are seriously and often dangerously affected by them. Happily there are comparatively few instances of plants in our country whose mere contact with the skin is poisonous. There are other means, however, by which the system may be inoculated. Many varieties of plants yield tempting fruit, fair to the eye and agreeable to the palate, but of a most disastrous effect when, through tempted ignorance, they are taken into the stomach.

Plants of this character are the more easily guarded against on account of their conspicuous appearance; but the former class are often so unpretending in aspect and so intermingling in their habits of growth, that they strike their victim without a warning, and, what is still more aggravating, without any immediate sensation by which they they may at the time be discovered. Thus the nettle manifests itself, and thereafter, though inconspicuous, is always detected and avoided.

We are not in the habit of troubling our readers with botanical articles, but in a case of this kind, of such universal interest, it will, no doubt, be appreciated.

First and foremost among our poisonous plants, in universality and potency, is the Poison Ivy. This plant, as its name implies, is a creeping shrub. Its leaves are composed of three shining, green, pointed leaflets, as shown in the illustration on page 380, disposed on the end of a stem of about two or three inches in length. The flowers are small and inconspicuous, growing in little bunches from the axils of the leaves. The vine is decidedly of a rambling habit, and may often be seen either trailing along the ground and rooting at intervals, or climbing up the trunks of trees or on walls, attaching itself like ivy, and altogether presenting a beautiful appearance. It is exceedingly common, and has an odd trick of growing in thickets, amongst whortleberry-bushes and blackberry-vines, seemingly for the very purpose of stinging on the sly.

The leading characteristic features of the plant are truly represented in our engraving; these, together with its trailing and climbing habit, will easily render any one able to detect it. The leaves shown in our engraving have smooth edges, but they are sometimes slightly toothed also, and the twig is of a very light-brown color. Its botanical name is *Rhus toxicodendron*, and its poisonous properties are utilized in medicine.

The symptoms of poisoning by this plant do not manifest themselves until about a week or ten days after the contact. The first indication is in swelling and redness on different parts of the body, generally on the hands and face, as these are the parts more likely to come in contact with the leaves. These symptoms are followed by inflammation in large blotches, after which small pustules arise. These become filled with watery matter, and are attended with intense burning and itching. In two or three days the eruptions suppurate, after which the inflammation subsides. It operates somewhat differently and much more quickly on various constitutions, however, and some persons are even incapable of being poisoned by it at all.

The writer himself has often seen his fellow-schoolmates, in a spirit of braggadocio, rub their faces with the leaves, without subsequently suffering therefrom, while others have been laid on their backs for weeks by the mere *touch* of the branch. It is said that persons of irritable habits are most liable to be affected. Country people generally have such a dread of this plant, that they often fasten their suspicions on various twining plants, perfectly harmless in themselves, but bearing a slight resemblance to the poison ivy.

Chief among these is the common woodbine, or Virginia creeper, and it is so often associated with noxious qualities that its beauty and usefulness as an ornamental shrub are entirely overlooked. An illustration in point comes to the writer's mind, and as it may serve as a timely warning to others, it may be well to mention it.

A gentleman of the writer's acquaintance, possessing a beautiful home and farm on the Hudson, was very bountifully blessed by a rich and natural growth of this Virginia creeper. It ran over his fences, stone walls, and many of his trees, and gracefully festooned from them, and in the Autumn clothed them with brilliant scarlet. A rustic arbor on the premises had become completely overrun with the luxuriant vine, and the effect was remarked upon by many. Like many of our *wise business* heads, this man's head had little of other knowledge in it, and that of botany and natural history was entirely *absent.*

Well, it happened one day that two of his children were attacked with the most violent symptoms; their faces became swollen, and then followed ulcers of a serious character. The doctor was sent for, and pronounced the symptoms those of poisoning. They were treated accordingly. After the doctor had taken his departure, one of the neighbors came in to offer his share of advice, which was in substance as follows:

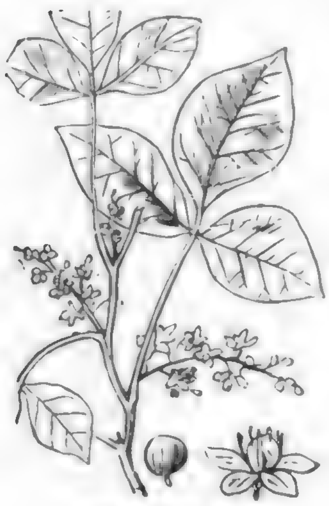
"Naow, squire, it's fetched 'em at last. I've been tellin' Abby all along that the pesky stuff wud fetch ye arter a while, an' it's jest a s'prised me that the hull on ye ain't been laid aout with it before. Well, *thar*, goodness an' truth! time an' time agin, when I've been goin' by the gate toward the post-office, and seen them 'ere children er yourn playing in that summer-house, it's made me feel tarnal ticklish over 'em, an' I've said, *time* an' *agin*, an' told Abby so, teu, that I'd bet my bottom dollar they be broke out before the week was passed; an' now they've done it, an' if yeu take my advice, yeu'll cut the pesky weed down an' burn it. You needn't look so surprised, squire; what I'm tellin' ye is fur yer own good. *That* ar weed is '*pison shumake*,' an' it'll nigh on teu kill some folks. That's jest what's done it, you may depend, an' I swaon I wonder it h'ain't done it afore."

Such advice coming from a practical farmer, in whose judgment the "squire" had implicit confidence, was imdiately received and acted upon. The vines were ruthlessly sawn off at the roots, the picturesque arbor was laid bare of its beautiful luxuriance, and the many fences which hemmed in the place were forced to expose their angular outlines for the first time in a dozen Summers.

It was a great mistake, and a peep into a *Botany* might have prevented it. The woodbine is botanically known as *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, and has several popular names, the American Ivy and Five-leaved Ivy among the rest. It may always be identified by its five leaves, arranged on the end of a long stem, and toward Fall by its small berry-like fruit of a green color when young, and afterward purple when ripe. Its habits are exactly similar to those of the *three-leaved*, or *poison* ivy, and the leaves generally assume a brilliant crimson color in the Autumn.

There is another shrub belonging to the same family as the Poison Ivy, than which it is said by *some* to be even more poisonous. We refer to the Poison Sumach (proper), Poison Elder, or Poison Dogwood, all of which names are commonly applied to the plant. I have spoken of the Ivy as being the most potent of our poisonous plants, but perhaps that remark might be allowed to apply to these *two* plants, inasmuch as they both affect different persons similarly in a greater or lesser degree, thus rendering it difficult to decide between them.

The Poison Sumach, unlike the Ivy, is a tall shrub, often attaining the height of fifteen feet. Its leaves are composed of from six to thirteen smoothish leaflets, arranged on a simple stem, as shown in our engraving. The flowers are there indicated also. They grow in little clusters from the base of the leaf-stalk, and are greenish in color.



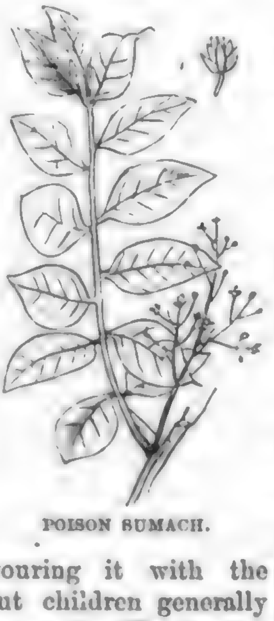
THE POISON IVY.

The poison of this plant acts much more quickly than the previous variety, but the symtoms are very similar, and it frequently happens that the hands and arms, and even the whole body, become greatly swollen from the simple act of touching or carrying a branch of the shrub. It is also affirmed that the poison may be communicated to some by merely *smelling* the plant, while others may handle it with impunity.

An interesting story is told by an English botanist of two sisters, one of whom could do anything she desired with the tree without ever being affected by its venom, while the other felt its exhalations on approaching within ten feet of it, or even at a still greater distance when to the windward of it.

This same authority says that he himself was perfectly proof against the poison, and that once some of the juice from a bent twig of the tree squirted into his eye without subsequent trouble, while the hand of another person, which was sprinkled with the same juice, became as a piece of tanned leather, and the skin afterward peeled off in scales. This will show the marked difference in its effect on different persons, but, as a general rule, it is not safe to experiment with the plant, as probably the exceptions of poison-proof individuals are rare.

These varieties constitute the chief examples of plants whose mere contact with the skin is dangerous.



POISON SUMACH.

We now come to another class of poisonous plants, which are more conspicuous, and which seize their victim through his misplaced confidence in their delicious-looking and tempting fruit. Of these, there is no variety better known than the common Bitter-sweet (*Solanum dulcamara*), so often seen growing by river-banks, scrambling over hedges or fences, brilliant in effect, with its dropping clusters of oval scarlet berries.

This is in truth a most beautiful and ornamental plant, if one is only content with "devouring it with the eyes" instead of the mouth. But children generally will not be content with looking at it. The berries really look as if they were *made* to eat, but the eyes are deceived, and the stomach will always prove the better judge. When eaten, they produce violent vomiting, followed by severe purging and subsequent exhaustion.

The Bitter-sweet is also known as the "Deadly Nightshade," but it is seldom quite so severe in its effects as this name would imply, and, indeed, never, unless the berries are eaten in extraordinary quantities.

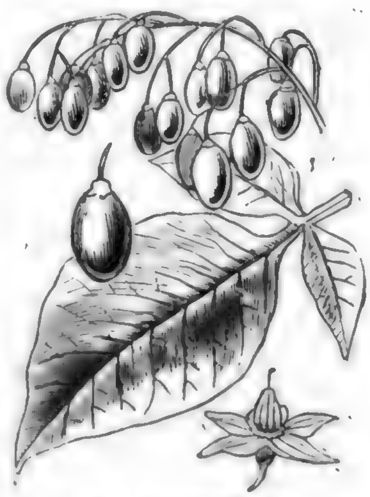
In our illustration we give a cluster of the berries, with one detached, which is of the natural size. They are of a brilliant, polished scarlet when ripe, and begin to assume this color toward the middle of August. The leaves vary considerably on the same plant, sometimes being simple, and often compound or divided into three lobes, as shown in the engraving. There will also be found instances where but one of the side-leaflets will be present. The flowers are of a delicate lavender-tint, with a yellow projecting centre.

The Bitter-sweet belongs to the same genus of plants as the potato, and, like it, has tuberous roots, from which it is said to receive the name of "Bitter-sweet," as these roots, when tasted, are at first of a decided bitter flavor and afterward leave a sensation of sweetness in the mouth. The young stems are collected in the Autumn for medicinal purposes and possess the same bitter-sweetness as the roots.

Who does not know the Poke-weed, with its immense rank growth of one year, its thick purple stems and purple-black berries? Perhaps if we call it the "Red-Ink Plant," some of our boys will better remember it.

The French call these berries "American raisins," but it would not be safe to infer from this that a handful of them could be eaten with impunity. Although not even as poisonous to the system as the bitter-sweet berries, they, nevertheless, affect some persons very seriously, and particularly young children.

In our illustration we give drawings of the leaf and berries, which will readily bring the plant to mind. It is astonishing, sometimes, to see the extent of the growth of this plant in a single year; a height of ten feet is not very uncommon where the soil and situation are favorable.



THE BITTER-SWEET.

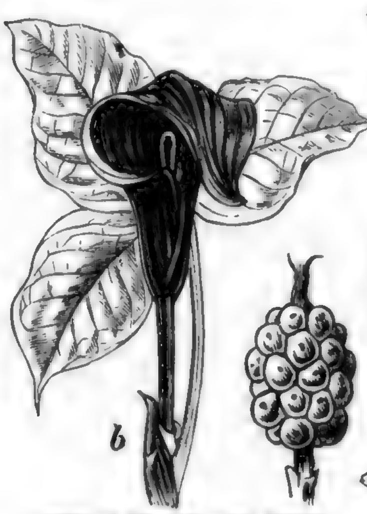
The Poke-weed (Fig. *a*) is botanically styled *Phytollacca decandra*, and is much esteemed in some parts of America and the West Indies as an article of food; for, despite its poisonous properties, the young shoots of the plant when boiled lose all their dangerous qualities, and form a very palatable dish, generally known under the name of "greens."

The root of this plant is very large, and is used to some extent in medicine as a cathartic and emetic. The berries yield a rich dark-purple juice, and are extensively used by schoolboys in the manufacture of red ink, and in the staining of nice clean clothes. The "ink" produced from them would be very desirable if it did not fade; and until some bright schoolboy invents a method of *fixing* the color, he will never be able to do much with it as an *ink*.

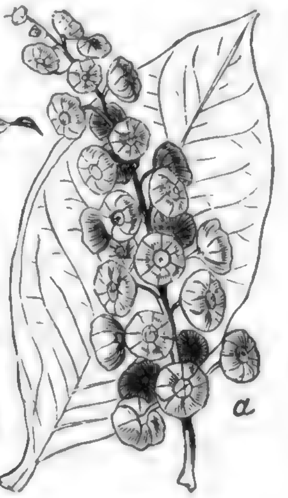
A ramble through the woods, or other moist, shady places, during the months of September and October, will often reveal a brilliant cluster of crowded scarlet berries growing close to the ground, almost hidden from sight by the low undergrowth of ferns or weeds, and only betraying its presence by its vivid richness of color. The cluster of berries, often attaining the size of a hen's egg in dimensions, is the fruit of the plant commonly known under the names of "Jack in the Pulpit," "Wake Robin," "Lords and Ladies," and "Indian Turnip," (Fig. *b*.)

The plant properly belongs to the *Arum* family, and is scientifically named *Arum triphyllum*, or three-leaved arum. It may be seen in bloom throughout our moist woods during the month of May; and our illustration of the flower and leaf will readily bring it to mind.

Both the berries and root of this plant are poisonous, although there exists that same discrepancy in regard to its manner of affecting different individuals that we have mentioned in the other instances. The writer has known the case of a boy who would devour a whole cluster of the berries without seeming to be affected, while a single berry taken into the stomach of another person was perceptibly and inconveniently felt.



INDIAN TURNIP AND FRUIT.



POKEBERRY.

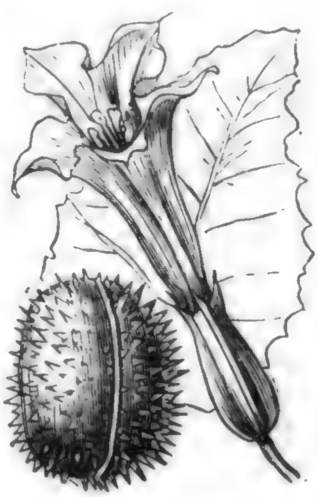
It is well to let the berries alone, at all events, and be on the safe side; for, although they are seldom really dangerous in their effects, they sometimes produce serious derangement of the system.

In regard to the root, let our young readers take warning. It will often happen—particularly in the country, where the plant is most easily found—that some mischievous young rascal will be seen circulating among his schoolfellows or playmates, exhibiting what he calls a "Honey Root," or "Sugar Root," nicely pared, while with remarkable generosity he urges all his fellow-playmates to "take a bite" of what he makes them believe is a delicious morsel.

He invariably succeeds in finding at least two or three eager ones who are only too willing to partake. The "bite" is taken, and the mouthful partially chewed. There is at first an accompanying expression of disappointment; this is soon followed by a look of suffering, and the mouthful is spit out in disgust, amidst a roar of derisive laughter. This is a common and contemptible trick amongst country boys, and often leads to very serious consequences.

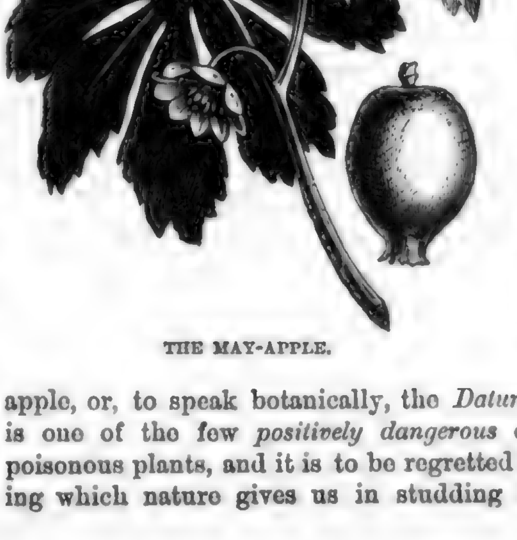
The root or corm bears some resemblance to a turnip in shape, but is somewhat smaller. When first taken in the mouth, scarcely any taste is perceived, but in two or three seconds the tongue begins to smart with a most intense burning and pricking sensation, as if that entire member were literally stuck *full* of sharp needles. When this extends down the throat, it becomes terrible; and if it happens that a piece of the root has been swallowed, the most violent vomiting is likely to ensue. The simple contact of the tongue to the cut surface of the corm is enough to excite intense irritation. What, then, must it be when a mouthful is taken and crushed between the teeth!

We would caution our young readers never to tamper with so dangerous a vegetable. This acrimonious property seems to leave the root after it becomes dry, and then the irritation it produces may be relieved by the application of milk, butter, or oil. It is said that a slice of this root applied to the skin, will raise a blister; and, if we are to judge from its effects on the tongue, we need not wonder.



THE MAD-APPLE.

We now come to a common poisonous plant, by no means the *least* in its dangerous properties—the Thorn-apple, or Mad-apple; called also, from its offensive odor, "Stinkweed." Many of our young readers will recognize it from the accompanying engraving, and will doubtless have seen it, time and again, throughout the Summer, growing in waste places about barnyards, compost-heaps, etc., bearing thickly its white spiral flowers and prickly pods. This plant cannot be said to be of that class which bear tempting fruit, as the name *Thorn-apple* and *Mad-apple* too evidently imply. However this may be, it certainly *must* possess some charm, if nothing else than its oddity, for children are repeatedly poisoned by eating leaves, flowers or seeds, and sometimes, in rare instances, even fatally so; for all parts of the plant are poisonous. It is called, in some parts, the Jimson-weed, the name being a corruption of Jamestown, some of the first settlers of that pioneer city of Virginia having incautiously cooked the leaves for greens, mistaking it for some plant so used at home.



THE MAY-APPLE.

The Thorn apple, or, to speak botanically, the *Datura stramonium*, is one of the few *positively dangerous* of our native poisonous plants, and it is to be regretted that the warning which nature gives us in studding the fruit with spines is not always heeded. Young children are generally the ones to be affected. They are not aware of the danger, and are attracted by the ripe and bursting pods rattling with the loose seed, and it is not an uncommon thing in the country to see children thus amusing themselves in gathering the seeds of the plant. Generally speaking, the mere *gathering* of the seed is not dangerous, but there are said to be cases on record where the mere *odor* of the plant has produced violent symptoms of poisoning. It is a proverbial fact that young children are woefully indiscriminate in regard to what they put into their mouths, and the writer himself, at the age of four years, learned a severe lesson in regard to this fact, from a fit of sickness brought on by a small meal of these very seeds of the Thorn-apple.

Its effects upon the system are different from any of those previously described. It is an example of that class of plants known as narcotics. They produce sleep and insensibility. When a small quantity of the seeds of the *Datura* are taken into the stomach, they produce a sort of intoxication, followed by a deep and long sleep. The leaves produce a like effect, but not to such a degree as the seeds. Taken in large quantities, it will bring on violent convulsions, prolonged stupor, delirium, and even death.

The plant is common throughout all the warmer parts of the globe. It is a large, coarse weed, often growing to the height of three feet, with dark, jagged leaves, and thick, smooth stalk. A glance at our illustration will convey a correct idea of its principal features. Properly regulated, it is a useful medicine, and has been very beneficial in asthma, epilepsy, neuralgia and other disorders.

The May-apple is the American species of the genus *Podophyllum*, and is known very commonly under the name of mandrake, although it should not be confounded with the other plant of that name (*Atropa Officinalis*), which entirely differs from it, belonging to an utterly separate family. The May-apple is a low, herbaceous plant, and grows in damp, shady places in woods. It has a thick, creeping root-stock, sending up, each Spring, a single stem, bearing two large, deeply palmated and peltate leaves, with a solitary nodding white flower at the junction of their stems. The flower is inclosed in the bud by six thin sepals, which lose their hold and fall off as the flower expands. The petals are six or nine in number, with about as many stamens surrounding a very small, egg-shaped ovary. This ovary ultimately becomes a large, fleshy, oval berry, completely filled with seeds, enveloped in pulp.

The color of the fruit is a light-yellow, and it somewhat resembles a lemon, for which reason it is in some localities known as the wild-lemon. The May apple is, however, its most universal name. The leaves of the plant contain a poisonous narcotic principle; but the fruit is said to be eatable, though of a mawkish flavor. Pigs, it is said, are fond of it, and in some parts of the West feed upon it eagerly.

The root-stocks possess active medicinal properties, and it is in this portion of the plant that its chief virtue lies. It is from here that the extract podophyllum is obtained. This extract is in very general use among American eclectic physicians, and is said to be an excellent substitute for mercurials, and also to act equally well as a cathartic; although, if taken in too large doses, it is dangerously drastic.

The botanical name of the plant is *Podophyllum peltatum*, on account of its peltate leaves. It is common in the West, but seldom met with in the Eastern States. The root of this plant was used by the Indians as a poison, although the fruit was eaten. If an Indian girl was disappointed, or was rebuked by her mother, she would often seek death by means of the May-apple.

The French—better botanists than the English colonists—at an early date became aware of its medicinal properties.

These seven species form the chief instances of poisonous plants which are commonly met with, and in thus presenting them to our readers, we believe we have done them a service.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Manufactures from the Air.—The process of Brin Brothers is about as follows: First, the air is drawn, by means of a partial vacuum, through a vessel of quicklime, which absorbs all the carbonic acid and moisture, and reduces it to a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen. These gases are then drawn into the retorts, heated at 500 degrees, and the artificial lung absorbs the oxygen, while the nitrogen is drawn off to a gasometer for conversion into ammonia, etc. The Brins have, for the first time, made the artificial lung indestructible. The use of baryta for the purpose is not unknown; but hitherto the baryta has been perishable, and has required renewal every four-and-twenty hours, at great expense. They make it virtually indestructible and unchangeable. In this way they claim to have effected an absolute revolution in chemistry, for with a lung for the machine, and the atmospheric air for the material, they can make just as much oxygen as they like, and its uses, present and prospective, are almost innumerable and incalculable. For ventilation, aerating water without carbonic acid, for increasing the heat of blast furnaces and the light of lamps, its uses are self-evident. The nitrogen, which was at first looked upon as wasted, has, by a process due to the same inventors, been turned into ammoniacal salts for manure. Most of the uses of these products were known. What is claimed is the almost fabulous reduction in the cost of production. The chemical text books, according to Messrs. Brin, are at fault as to the possibilities of baryta. They all teach that it is destructible; and the Brins maintain that, as they know how to treat it, it is indestructible. Oxygen in large quantities means a revolution in half the processes of chemical industries.

Improved Javelle-water.—The *eau de Javelle*, or "Javelle-water," has long been a popular bleaching fluid for domestic use, not only in France, where it originated, but throughout the civilized world. The *Chemist and Druggist* gives the following formula for a cheaper and better article of the same kind—Chloride of lime, 100 grammes; water, 3,000 grammes; washing-soda, 125 grammes—a gramme is neatly fifteen and a half grains English. Put the chloride of lime into a tall earthen vessel which is provided with an easily removable cover. Add water to make a smooth paste, and continue to pour in water, stirring all the while with a wooden rod, till about half a litre has been added. To this add the soda, previously dissolved in the rest of the water, stirring well all the time. Cover the vessel, let it stand for five hours, and decant the fluid, or filter it direct through a funnel with a little cotton-wool into a wide-mouthed vessel. The preparation should be kept in a cold, dark place. To bleach linen, dilute this fluid with an equal quantity of water, and with the mixture moisten the linen. But the liquor must not be in contact with the linen for longer than fifteen minutes; at the end of that time it must be well rinsed in fresh water. To remove fruit or wine stains, or iron-mold, wet the spot with the liquor, and wash it thoroughly in clean water when the stain has disappeared. This solution is poisonous. If by accident any of it should be drunk, administer plenty of oil and send at once for a doctor.

A Mustard-sponge.—Dr. B. W. Richardson recommends the use of a sponge for mustard poultices. He says: "A sponge makes the best of mustard-carriers. The nurse mixes the mustard in a basin with water until the mass is smooth and of even consistency. Then she takes the soft mass all up with a clean sponge, lays the sponge in the centre of a soft white handkerchief, ties up the corners of the handkerchief neatly, to form a hold, and applies the smooth convex surface to the skin. This mustard-sponge, warmed again by the fire and slightly moistened, can be applied three or four times, is good for several hours, and saves the trouble of making a new poultice for re-application, often a matter of importance during the weariness of night-watching. The sponge can be washed clean in warm water."

Heliography.—The silvered balls frequently seen in gardens are advocated by Mr. Hate, in a note to the French Academy of Sciences, for heliographic purposes, in preference to plane mirrors. Their advantage lies in the greater intensity of the luminous point, which can therefore be seen to greater distances. From experiments made by him during the past Summer, he found that with a sphere of a small diameter the image perceived at fifteen kilometres with a lunette had a splendor comparable to that of a star of the second magnitude in a field feebly lighted. Such an image, which can be produced at little expense, would, he thinks, be useful in topographical triangulation.

Aluminum Iron and Steel.—Mr. T. Nordenfelt has found that castings of wrought iron or mild steel may be obtained solid, without changing the intrinsic quality of the metal, by the addition of the metal aluminum, either alone or in the shape of an alloy. The aluminum makes the molten metal more liquid, and thus the gases in the metal pass away easily, the metal runs freely into the molds, and a more perfect product is obtained. He has discovered that even a minute quantity of metallic aluminum added to the molten iron has an appreciable influence. By this new invention, for which he has taken out a patent, Mr. Nordenfelt has succeeded in making perfect castings from the softest wrought iron, which castings in every respect retain their ductility and nature of wrought iron, though their tensile strength is greatly enhanced. The iron or steel is melted in crucibles, converters or metal smelting furnaces of any description, and the addition of the aluminum or alloy of aluminum is made to the metal when molten, shortly before it is to be poured. The addition may, however, be made earlier. It is convenient to provide a plug in the cover of the crucible, which is removed when the metal is completely melted, a tube is inserted into the aperture, and the aluminum to be added is passed down the tube. The tube is removed and the plug replaced, and the metal is soon ready for pouring.

Balata.—The dried milk of the bullet-tree, or *Mimusops globosa*, from Guiana, is likely, says a contemporary, to come into greater use as a substitute for india-rubber and gutta-percha. According to Sir William Holmes it possesses much of the elasticity of india-rubber without its intractability, and much of the ductility of gutta-percha without its friability; while an American firm of manufacturers recently pronounced it "the best gum in the world." According to a recent report of Mr. Denman, Government Botanist of British Guiana, its strength is very great, and it is specially applicable to belting for machinery. Balata withstands exposure to light and air, whereas gutta-percha is apt to deteriorate under exposure. The electrical properties of the gum are also said to be equal to those of gutta-percha. Balata is now regularly collected in British Guiana; but it is usually worked up at home as a superior kind of gutta-percha; whereas it is a different gum, being softer at ordinary temperatures and less rigid in cold ones. It appears, in fact, to occupy an intermediate place between india-rubber and gutta-percha, and is growing in use as it becomes better known.

Worms in Ice.—Professor Leidy had examined a block of ice which was part of the stock of ice stored at Moorestown, N. J., and had been nearly a year in store; it was full of air-bubbles and water-drops. On being melted a number of worms were liberated, and proved to be in a living and quite active condition. It is probable that while imprisoned in the ice they may not have been frozen, but perhaps remained alive in a torpid state in the water-drops; but it seems remarkable that these animals should remain so long alive in the ice, and yet die, as they did, almost immediately, in the melted ice-water. Of course the fact points to the advisability of not employing spongy ice as an article of food. Dr. Leidy, believing the form to be as yet undescribed, gives a diagnosis of it under the name *Lumbricus glacialis*. It is from 4 to 6 centimetres long, of from 35 to 50 segments; oral segment unarmed, eyeless; succeeding segments with four rows of podal spines, in fascicles of three.

It is estimated by the Marquis de Nadaillac (*La Nature*) that Europeans can endure temperatures as widely apart as 130° C. at least. Thus, on January 25th, 1882, a temperature of — 65° C. was recorded on board the *Verna* and *Dijmphna*, when blocked by ice in the Sea of Kara, east of the Straits of Waigatz. On the other hand, M. Duveyrier, in the country of the Touaregs, in Central Africa, has seen the thermometer rise to 67.7° C.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The darkest hour is when you can't find the matches.

You should never run into debt if you can get anything else to run into.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady, he naturally puts his *armor round her*.

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the *higher branches*.

It is admitted that a woman may not tell her age; but it is a stern fact that her age is less considerate. It tells on her.

A young man was seen lately at Aberdeen with two heads on his shoulders. It was not a curiosity, as one belonged to his Highland lassie.

Miss F., a belle of more than one season, hearing her aunt say, "Men wear muffs," exclaimed, "It is not a matter of the past tense at all; men *are* muffs?"

A young lady who read that hops were being seriously injured by wet weather, declared that no amount of wet weather would prevent her from going to a good hop.

A Miracle.—One of Sir Garnet Wolseley's officers, who happened to have a glass eye, was one day examining a prisoner, a zealous follower of the Mahdi. "Why do you believe in the Mahdi?" asked the officer. "I believe in him," replied the man, "because he can work miracles." The officer immediately took out his glass eye, tossed it up in the air, caught it, and put it back into its place. "D'ye think the Mahdi could do that?" he asked. The man was appalled, and couldn't say another word.

A bachelor statesman said it would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty, because there isn't a woman living who would not come to be assessed.

"How can I tell classical music?" That is easy enough. When you see everybody applaud and look relieved after the piece is finished, then you can know that it is strictly classical.

Young Lady: "And how is Johnnie getting on at the school, Mrs. Polyglot?" "Oh, beautifully, my dear! He's learning six languages—French, German, Latin, Greek, Algebra and Euclid!"

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does any question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student. "Not at all. The questions are quite clear. It is the answers that bother me."

"What do these letters stand for?" asked a curious wife of her husband, as she looked at his masonic seal. "Well, really, my love," he replied, encouragingly, "I presume it is because they can't sit down."

"The early bird, you know, catches the worm." "Yes, father, I know the early worm got caught for his pains." "Nonsense, my son; that worm was not an early riser. He had not been to bed; he was crawling home."

A game of three sticks, a ball and a bat,
  The first we protect with the latter;
For of cricket, like pancakes, the goodness, you know,
  Depends very much on the *batter*.

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

"Are you in favor of enlarging the curriculum?" asked a school-board member of a farmer in his district. "Enlarge nothing," replied the old man; "the building's big enough. What we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

A prompter at the Comédie Française who had prompted Rachel for years, one night put his grown-up son in the box. "Where are you going, father?" he asked. "In front, to see Rachel play; I have never seen her," was the reply.

We have just received a small circular setting forth that "Mrs. H. B. Parsons, *née* Mrs. F. C. Wood," is retiring from business, having sold it, etc. Fancy having been born already married. Quite a novelty in experiences, I should imagine.

In order to induce Dr. Johnson to take greater notice of the performance of a celebrated violinist to which he was inattentively listening, a friend told him that the piece was very difficult. "Difficult, sir! I wish it were impossible," was the doctor's reply.

The price of real estate was under discussion at the club, when one gentleman remarked: "Jones, old boy, I know where you can buy just the nicest little home—splendid cottage, grand fruit trees, and all that—for a song." "Just my luck," said Jones, "I can't sing a note."

"Ma," said a little four-year-old," I saw something run across the kitchen-floor this morning without any legs! What do you think it was?" The mother guessed various legless worms and things, and finally gave it up, when the little fellow said, "Why, ma, it was water."

"Is Mr. Brown at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Mrs. Brown in?" "No, sir, she's out." "Young Mr. Brown, then?" "No, sir, he's out." "Is Miss Brown in?" "No, sir, she's out." "Ah, then, I'll come in and sit by the fire till they return." "That's out too, sir!"

The Spanish ambassador one day entered the room in which Henry IV. was on all-fours, with his little son on his back. The King stopped, and looking at the ambassador, said to him: "Pray, sir, have you any children?" "Yes, sire, several." "Well, then," said the King, "I shall complete my romp."

A teacher took an apple from one of his boys during school hours. After a while, the teacher ate the apple while the pupils were busy with their sums. The lad, noticing this, began to cough. "What is the matter with you," inquired the teacher. "Oh, please, sir," answered the boy, "the apple has gone down the wrong way!"

"My husband is a brute," declared Mme. X. to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, say, dear, what is the matter?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a candlestick at his head; then, what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror so that I couldn't throw the other." "The brute!"

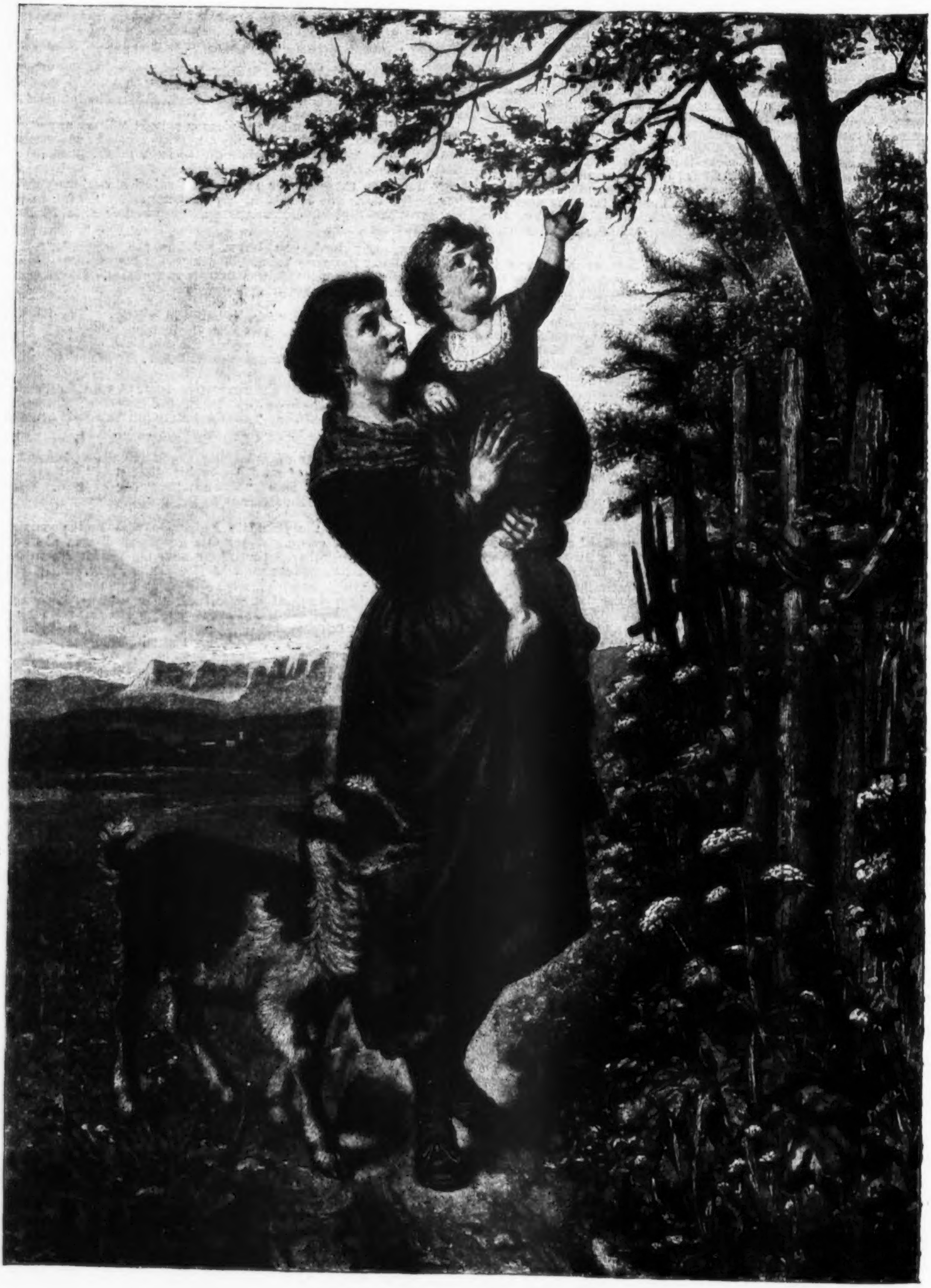
A gentleman who could not pronounce the letter R was asked to read the following:

Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs
For roasting the rabbit so rare.

He evaded the difficulty in the following ingenious manner:

Bobby gave Dicky a thump in the side
For cooking the bunny so little.

XUM



THE PETS.—FROM A PAINTING BY R. EPP.

XUM